THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded by Benj. Franklin

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More Than a Million and a Quarter Circulation Weekly

HARTFORD

Dunlop Detachable Tires

"The Tire That Lasts"

Personal Safety

The First Consideration in Buying Tires

Comfort comes next; wearing qualities next; then convenience in taking off and replacing.

If every owner of a motor car will investigate a little and insist on the tire that comes nearest to all these vital essentials, his selection is bound to be

Hartford Dunlop Detachable Tires

"The Tire That Lasts"

Because in Dunlop construction the workmen are enabled to work the layers of fabric up equally on a round mould with no sharp angles to strain or break the fabric. The tensions are equal. Because the Dunlop is positively the safest tire in the world, being held to both sides of the rim by endless wire embodied in its edges. These wire cables are naturally non-extensible, and as soon as the tire begins to become inflated, a pull or pressure is exerted which locks it securely to the rim. The edges being non-stretchable, they cannot lengthen or yield in any way under pressure. Therefore, it cannot creep. It must grip the rim all around—not merely at intervals. The greater the pressure the firmer the grip. Therefore the Dunlop Tire cannot blow off the rim.

The two steel cables in the base of the tire are made of five or six strands of heavy imported steel music wire of the very highest grade. Each of these strands has a breaking strain of 650 pounds, or 350,000 pounds to the square inch. Compare this with the principal container of the clincher tire—sea island cotton—which breaks at about 350 pounds to the square inch. The Hartford Dunlop Tire is the easiest and quickest operated tire in the world. Hartford Dunlop Tires are made in standard sizes, with plain tread, and with the famous Hartford Wire Grip Non-Skid Tread (Midgley patent).

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Specify Hartford Tires *now*

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Waltham Watches at The Poles

FOUR INTERESTING LETTERS

PEARY

NEW YORK, June 19th, 1908.

Dear Sir:—In regard to the watches . . . . . furnished me by the Waltham Watch Co., three years ago, the behavior of the meantime watches was particularly excellent.

Watches carried by men in charge of different parties on the sledge journeys over the sea ice ran for weeks without any considerable variation from each other. This feature was a very distinct comfort to me in making me feel sure of my observations when the drift of the ice had carried me far away from all dead reckonings.

Most of these watches are now on Eagle Island, Maine, where I am going the end of this week. I will endeavor to get them on to you as soon as possible. . . . . Very sincerely,

(Signed) R. E. PEARY, U. S. N.

Mr. James W. Appleton.

WELLMAN

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 27th, 1899.

AMERICAN WALTHAM WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.

Gentlemen:—The nine watches made by you, which were carried in the Wellman Polar Expedition, proved entirely satisfactory. Two of these were injured slightly by the Norwegian sailors in the early winter. The remaining seven were used by me in ascertaining time and also positions of latitude and longitude. Position of stars computed by the aid of these watches could be depended upon to the accuracy of a second. Positions of longitude ascertained by Julius Payer twenty-five years previously were verified.

Extreme cold affected the movements but slightly, and in no way injured them. After returning to Norway but slight discrepancies were found upon comparing with Greenwich time.

In my judgment these movements are thoroughly reliable for any use and in any clime, being thoroughly compensated. Yours truly,

(Signed) QUIROF HARLAN,
Physicist to Wellman Polar Expedition.

THE SHACKLETON RELIEF EXPEDITION

BRITISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION, 1907.
S. Y. "Nimrod."
LYTTELTON, 27th March, 1909.

MESSRS. R. W. CAMERON & Co., Wellington.

Sir:—Herewith I forward to you, per Purser S. S. "Maori," the seven Waltham watches so generously loaned to my officers and self by your Company for our use in the Antarctic.

Two of them unfortunately have been damaged. One of them by an accident down a crevasse, and the other during a sledge journey.

My officers and I found the watches reliable under all conditions. After a time we gained so much confidence in their rates that we had no hesitation in trusting to them when taking observations which required time-readings to seconds.

On their behalf and my own I beg you will convey to your Company my thanks for the use of the watches. I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

(Signed) FRED P. EVANS, Lieut. R. N. R.,
Officer Commanding.

MR. E. A. MARSH, Waltham Watch Company,

LEFFINGWELL

The Quadrangle Club, Chicago, Dec. 8th, '08.

Dear Sir:—About three years ago your Company loaned me four of your watches for use on the Anglo-American Polar Expedition. I received them from Robins, etc., here, and yesterday I returned three of them to the same people. . . . . I wrote to you from the North last summer telling of the remarkable performance of these watches and my private Waltham, during a two months' sled trip over the ice. They were compared with each other and chronometer corrected by observation nearly every day for a year and rates assigned for the ice trip. Daily comparisons were made among the watches on the trip, also, and with the chronometer after our return. The field rates were found to be practically the same as those assigned from the rates during the several months previous to the field trip. If it were not that all three watches came out the same, I should say that the obscure field rates were accidentally close to the calculated rates. The performance of your watches is emphasized by the fact that Capt. Mikkelsen had a hand-made pocket chronometer made to order in London at a cost of $250.00. On this trip this expensive time-piece varied so greatly from the mean of the other watches that it had to be disregarded after the first week. The rates of your watches were changed but a fraction of a second, while the Captain's watch increased 35 seconds in its daily rate.

I took the greatest care in getting the best possible performance from the watches. I wore two myself, and insisted that others took good care of theirs. The watches were worn night and day next to the skin and every precaution taken to keep their temperature constant.

Thank you very much for your kindness to us in loaning the watches. Yours, etc.,

(Signed) E. DE K. LEFFINGWELL.

N. B.—In buying a Waltham Watch always ask your jeweler for one adjusted to temperature and position

Buyers of Guaranteed Hose

Please Be Careful

None but the *genuine* Holeproof Hosiery bear this trade-mark on the toe. If you don't see it, the hose are not the *original* "Holeproof"—the kind you want and are paying for—the kind that have 31 years of experience back of them.

The genuine "Holeproof" were the first guaranteed hosiery ever made.

Now there are any number of "guaranteed hose" offered. But please don't judge "Holeproof" by them. The kind you want bears the trademark below. Look for this trademark on the toe. Then there can be no mistake.

Note the Reasons

The real Holeproof Hosiery is soft, comfortable, stylish.

Each pair will wear for six months without a hole. The guarantee coupon is your insurance policy. It means a new pair if you wear through Holeproof Hosiery in six months.

So there is no need for darning. And with "Holeproof" there is no need to wear coarse, cumbersome hose. They are as comfortable, as easy on the feet as any hosiery you ever wore.

31 Years' Experience

"Holeproof" is not a chance discovery. We experimented for years before we perfected it—before we felt safe in offering hosiery that we and our dealers could guarantee for six months.

No amateur maker with less experience can make hose even one-half so good.

Now we sell four million pairs a year. This alone is one of our strongest arguments. For no goods would reach this enormous sale if they did not please the purchasers. Isn't it likely that the hosiery that have satisfied so many will please you, too?

Holeproof TRADE MARK Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office, 1906

Look at the Toe

We cannot emphasize too strongly the importance of looking for our trademark on the toe.

Once you have worn "Holeproof," inferior makes will not satisfy you.

The trademark also means that these particular hose have passed our keen-eyed inspectors. They are up to the "Holeproof" standard.

We pay $30,000 a year for inspection. 80 people are employed for no other purpose. It is expensive, but it insures you good hose.

You can get "Holeproof" in all the attractive weights and colors for fall and winter wear.

Ask your dealer to show them to you. We know of no other hosiery that offers so wide a choice.

We Pay 63c for Yarn

That is one reason for "Holeproof's" stupendous success. The cotton from which our yarn is made is imported from Egypt and from the Sea Island district.

We could buy yarn as low as 25c a pound, but cheaper yarn would make heavy, clumsy hosiery, not the soft, comfortable "Holeproof" kind.

Don't Be Misled

You can get the genuine "Holeproof" in your town. Look for the yellow box with the red and black lettering, on your dealer's shelves.

On request we will tell you the dealers' names, or where we have no dealer we will ship direct, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

See the price list below. Write for our free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy." [17]

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.
372 Fourth Street Milwaukee, Wis.

This is how the box should look.

Holeproof Sox—6 pairs, $1.50. Medium and light weight. Black, black with white feet, light and dark tan, navy blue, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12. Six pairs of a size and weight in a box. All one color or assorted, as desired.

Holeproof Sox (extra light weight)—6 pairs, $2. Mercerized. Same colors as above.

Holeproof Lustre-Sox—6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Black, navy blue, light and dark tan, pearl gray, lavender, light blue, green, gun-metal, flesh color and mode. Sizes, 9 to 12.

Holeproof Full-Fashioned Sox—6 pairs, $3. Same colors and sizes as Lustre-Sox.

Holeproof Silk Sox—3 pairs, $2. Guaranteed for 3 months—warranted pure silk.

Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2. Medium weight. Black, tan, black with white feet, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Holeproof Lustre-Stockings—6 pairs, $3. Finished like silk. Extra light weight. Tan, black, pearl gray, lavender, light blue and navy blue. Sizes, 8 to 11.

Boys' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 11.

Misses' Holeproof Stockings—6 pairs, $2. Black and tan. Specially reinforced knee, heel and toe. Sizes, 5 to 9½. These are the best children's hose made today.

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Are Your Hose Insured?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Health of Working-Women

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

MAN'S darling ambition is the discovery of the new. His most frequent feat is the rediscovery of the old. Two great discoveries in the economics of human efficiency have been reserved for the twentieth century: that women work, and that they may injure their health thereby. It is to be presumed that previous to this discovery they spent their days in idleness, and that this idleness enabled them to acquire such high potencies of health that they never fell sick and seldom died. Idleness is notoriously healthful. At the same time that a satellite star was discovered circling round this great central planet another truth was discovered, bearing on this same subject, namely, that when a woman works she takes the bread out of the mouth of some man who has other women depending upon him for support; which renders inevitable the distressing conclusion that the more a woman works the more harm she does to her sex as a whole. This leaves her in the embarrassing position of the cat in the well in the nursery arithmetic problem, which fell back eighteen inches every time it climbed up a foot—to say nothing of the damage to its claws and temper in the process.

Thus woman as a producer is put in an absolutely unique and anomalous position in the economic, or, indeed, the physical world. But then woman is notoriously an exception to every rule, obeys none, and is the most illogical of all creatures—except some of the men who undertake to discuss her affairs and settle her problems for her.

It is, of course, to be presumed that man as a whole, who nobly supported woman as a whole before her suicidal attempts at self-support, never required any equivalent in the form of labor for such support; and that his self-assumed burden of her support is in no way lessened by the subtraction of that percentage of the sex that insists on supporting itself.

The Long Hours and Scanty Rewards of the Housewife

IT WOULD be sheer presumption for a mere doctor to attempt to pronounce upon the economic aspects of the problem—for doctors are so unpractical. But upon the hygienic side there are facts and factors of much weight that are not usually recognized at their full value in discussions of the subject. The first of these is that the real question to be considered is not whether employment in industrial occupations is in itself beneficial or detrimental to the health of women engaging in it, whether their hours and surroundings are ideally hygienic, but how such employment and conditions compare with the work that women did and the conditions under which they lived before engaging in industrial employment, and to which they would be compelled to return if they should withdraw from it. It may be, and unfortunately often is, true that in the factory, the shop and the office hours are too long and work too exhausting, wages too low and hygienic conditions abominable; and these injustices should be remedied and are being remedied year by year. But the real problem is, how do these compare with the hours, wages and conditions in the homes in which these women would otherwise be compelled to live and work?

He would certainly be a rash man who would assert that the hours of any factory or sweatshop were longer than those of housework, or that the wages were lower. The only questions open for discussion are whether industrial work is more exhausting and the hygienic surroundings more favorable. As for length of hours, the old distich sums it up:

Man's work is from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done.

For almost every man or boy who has to rise in the gray dawn of the winter morning to report for work in the factory or shop at six or seven A. M., some woman has to rise an hour or more earlier in order to prepare his breakfast. And at whatever hour he plods wearily home in the dusk of evening to his supper, some woman has to go on working an hour longer to clear up the table and wash the dishes.

Women's Hours Compared With Those of Men

MOST factories have got down to the ten-hour day and many to the eight, and all are rapidly approaching this standard; but the average household day, whether for housekeeper or for domestic, still runs from fourteen to sixteen hours. It is true that the average rate of work is slower and that there are many lowerings of tension and occasional complete intermissions, even periods of rest, during the day, but the sense of tension, of obligation, is never entirely relieved. The feeling that the day's work will not be done until the clock strikes eight, or nine, or ten, and the realization, every day in the week and every week in the year, that it will inevitably begin again at daylight on the following morning are always present. The work may be light or it may be heavy, it may be enjoyable and interesting, or dull and wearisome to the last degree, but it will constitute a first mortgage on all a woman's time from the moment that she wakes up in the morning until she lies down at night. And the monotony, and what is worse—to coin a word—the "resultlessness" of it! Buying food with which to dirty pots, pans and kettles in the cooking and serving of food, and cleaning pots, pans and kettles in order that they may be ready to get dirty again; washing the breakfast dishes that they may be ready for dinner, and dinner dishes for use at supper, and the supper dishes for breakfast again—the only change being that gradually dishes enough are broken and a new set is bought. Dusting and sweeping and scrubbing and mending from dawn till dark, with the net result that you are still alive and clothed at the end of the year and none of the family is dead, or sick, or in rags.

If any man thinks that domestic labor is light work and housekeeping a nice, easy job, just let him trade places with his wife for a week—a month of it would drive him crazy or send him to a sanitarium.

Much has been truthfully said of the deadly monotony of factory work, of shop work and of office hours, but at least this work comes to an end at a definite hour each day and at a definite time on Saturday afternoon of each week. It results, usually, in a visible and definite output of manufactured product or business of some sort accomplished, and the wages, however scanty and hard-earned, are placed in the hand in a solid, palpable lump at the end of each week or month, which at least gives the recipient the pleasing illusion that she can spend them as she wishes.

So far, then, as the hours and the general mental tension are concerned, there appears no good reason to anticipate that industrial occupations will prove any more

dangerous to the health of women than those to which they have been accustomed from time immemorial. If anything, the probabilities would appear to be that they would be rather less so.

The next vital question is whether the conditions under which the work is done are more favorable in the home than in the factory or shop. This may be considered roughly under three heads: the actual muscular and bodily strain involved, and the possibility of cramping or unfavorable posture; the amount and character of the food upon which the work is done; and the surroundings under which it is done as regards ventilation, light, purity of air and so forth. Heterodox as it may sound, my observations have distinctly inclined me to the conclusion that all these conditions are, on the whole, more favorable in the office, shop and factory than they are in the house or home in which this class of industrial workers has been, or would be, compelled to live and work. I am aware that it will seem a little less than blasphemy to intimate that conditions in that last earthly refuge of Paradise, the home, can be as unhygienic and as unfavorable as in the shop or the factory, and in the ideal home, of course, they are not. But, alas, ideal conditions are always rare on this mundane sphere, and any one who, as a physician, health officer or social worker, has had practical experience in visiting and inspecting the sanitary conditions of the homes, not merely of the poor but of the average worker as well, knows that the factory and the shop are far from having a monopoly of poor light, poor ventilation, smells, dust and lack of sanitary conveniences. In the homes of the working classes—which form from sixty to seventy per cent of our population—ventilation is a lost art, or rather an art that has never been acquired.

Not merely in nine-tenths of these homes, but in at least seven-tenths of the thirty per cent of middle-class homes in these United States, a window is merely a transparent piece of the wall through which light is to be admitted, but never air, save during the summer months. This may seem like an extreme statement, but in the course of our Fresh-air Crusade a few months ago, one enthusiast, who had occasion to go through the streets of one of the well-to-do residence portions of a large city at about five-thirty A. M., reported that, out of some two hundred and fifty houses counted, less than twenty had a single window open in their fronts and such sides as were visible from the street. The burglar dread accounts for some of this, of course, but the fact remains.

Any circulation of air that occurs in such homes comes through unintentional chinks and cracks around windows and doors, the porousness of brick or other building materials, and from the opening and shutting of doors. On an average, one window in a bedroom and two in a living-room are considered abundant, and if reading, writing or sewing is to be done it usually must be taken near these windows in order to get light enough for the purpose. The rooms are continually occupied both day and night, and throughout the cooler and cold months of the year the vast majority of them never have all of the air they contain blown out and replaced with fresh air, because, at almost every hour of the day or night, they contain inmates who would bitterly object to the draft.

The Horrors of the Wash-Kitchen

IN THE average house, flat or suite of rooms all the cooking is done on the premises, and from motives of convenience in access to supplies, getting in coal, disposal of waste and so forth, the kitchen is usually on the ground or basement floor, where every odor of food or cookery, following the invariable law of heated air, rises and circulates comfortably through the entire establishment whenever the door is left open. And wherever economy of heat is a consideration, which is the case in two-thirds of all working homes, the kitchen is made the central and most accessible part of the house for the sake of the warmth derived from its stove or range. In at least two-thirds of the average homes, washing and other cleansing of garments is done under the same roof. And in small houses and tne two or three room homes of tenement-dwellers, the whole establishment becomes a combination of clothesbag and wash-kitchen—a receptacle for progressively accumulating soiled clothing six days of the week and for the steam of its stewing on the seventh.

On the other hand, many as are its drawbacks and defects, the commercial establishment—be it factory, shop or office—has also certain offsets from a sanitary point of view. In the first place, like all commercial and public buildings, it is usually constructed upon larger and more liberal lines, with less pinching regard for economy of space. This is partly due to a desire to present a good appearance and make a favorable impression upon the public and upon prospective customers; partly to a recognition of the need of elbow-room and an adequate space for the carrying out of operations and the storing of products. When it comes to a question of light, the average workroom, office, shop or factory has distinctly more window space in proportion to its floor than the average living-room. One reason for this is that it is physically necessary that there should be light enough to do work as nearly as possible in every portion of the room; another is a natural pride of appearance and the same recognition of the advertising value of display that operates in the direction of large rooms and high ceilings. The most crowded, worst-lighted and worst-ventilated factories and workrooms are the sweatshops that are housed in living-rooms and private dwellings.

As regards ventilation, when it comes to the actual opening of these large, handsome windows, shops, factories and offices have little to boast of over private houses; many of them, in fact, are so arranged that only a single pane out of thirty or forty can be opened for the admission of air. On the other hand, by the greater height of their ceilings, the much more frequent opening and shutting of doors to permit the ingress and egress of customers, or the raising of hatches to allow of the passage of raw materials or manufactured goods, there is apt to be in proportion to the individuals present a larger circulation of air *per capita* than in the average home, living-room or bedroom. The store, the salesroom and the office make no intrinsic addition to the impurity of the air to compare with that made by the kitchen, the wash-boiler and the cellar in the private house; and only the factory or the workshop equals or exceeds the home in this respect.

Sanitary Mills and Shops

A CERTAIN group of factories and workshops add markedly to the impurities and the unwholesomeness of the air, especially those that throw quantities of dust or lint into circulation—as do certain of the woolen and other textiles factories—or those that give off poisonous or otherwise injurious vapors and fumes, such as match factories, pottery works where lead is used, certain dye works, and so forth. But these do not form a very large percentage of the places where women are employed.

The greed of capital is, of course, unlimited, but people are beginning to discover—with the assistance, in a good many instances, of strikes on the part of the workers on the one hand, and factory-inspection laws, passed at the demand of the thoughtful element of the community, on the other—that a reasonable regard for the health and comfort of its employees is, in the long run, a good, paying investment. And though, of course, precise and accurate data are lacking, I think it would be fairly safe to say that the average progressive shop, store, office building or factory of today, constructed for the purpose, compares favorably in point of light, ventilation and purity of air with the average living-room of the average home of the class from which its workers are drawn. And it is only fair to say that some of the more broad-minded and progressive manufacturers and merchants provide surroundings for their workers which, in point of light, airiness, restrooms, lunchrooms and sanitary conveniences, are distinctly superior to those of the average private house. In fact, in view of the awakening of the public conscience in general, and of that of the average business man in particular, in regard to the sanitary and hygienic rights of those who, because of sex, age or social condition, are less able to insist upon securing them for themselves, places of occupation and life that are either freely open to the eye of the public or regularly inspected by their appointed representatives are rapidly becoming among the most wholesome and sanitary places to be found indoors. If laws like those respecting the cubic space per individual, the amount of window space, the circulation of air *per capita* per hour, the freedom from smells, the restrictions as to age and length of continuous employment of the workers, which are now applied to stores, shops and factories, were to be applied to private homes, it would work a sanitary revolution—if it did not produce a political one in the process!

But those who are convinced of the injurious effect of industrial employment for women will rejoin, even granting that the hours are shorter than in the home and the hygienic surroundings no worse, that such industrial work is very much heavier and the strain upon the physical powers of the worker greater and more injurious. This is a point upon which it is even more difficult to make actual comparisons than the others. But so far as data at our disposal go, I think it is doubtful whether we have adequate ground for such a statement. On the one hand, there is no question but that the labor that is carried out in the factory is carried out at a greater tension, a higher rate of speed, and under a sterner stimulus of competition than in the home, with the possibility of a lower wage or loss of position if the worker falls behind in the race.

On the other hand, with certain exceptions that have now been almost abolished by our admirable labor legislation, the great majority of the tasks done by woman in the store, the shop or the factory do not severely tax her muscular strength, or call for any violent or straining effort. Many of them involve rather rapid and repeated light movements of the hand and arm; they can be carried out sitting and after a time almost without mental effort, or even consciousness. Their principal drawback, in fact, is their deadly monotony, the fact that they call into play only a few small groups of muscles and nerves and a fraction of the total activities of the body, and that in some cases they involve a somewhat cramped or unwholesome position of the chest or abdomen, interfering with proper breathing or circulation, or the strain of continual standing.

Though the tasks themselves are monotonous they are usually carried out in the company of a number of others, and their very automatic and mechanical character permits of a certain amount of relief in the form of conversation and gossip. Even though the product of their fingers, or of the machines that they tend, be turned out at the rate of hundreds or thousands per day, and all exactly alike, yet the counting up of the numbers, the coming of other workers to supply new materials or take away the finished product, the excitement of competition—if this be kept within healthful limits—and the certainty that it will end at a definite time each morning and afternoon and be rewarded by a definite wage, help to make the hours and the days pass more tolerably than might, at first sight, be supposed. In fact, as will be considered later, one of the strongest reasons usually urged by girls and women to explain their preference for industrial occupation is that it is less monotonous and wearing, and gives far wider social opportunities for acquaintance and for keeping in touch with what is going on, with definite hours for rest and recreation. Though the strong tendency of modern women toward industrial occupation may be denounced as an unsocial one as regards the home, it is exactly the reverse of this as regards the broader interests and activities of communal life.

The very publicity of industrial occupations for women has become a safeguard. The conscience of the community has revolted not only at the length of hours and bad ventilation, but also at the spectacle of the employment of woman at tasks that are obviously injurious to her physically, or even degrading mentally, such as work in mines and brickyards and foundries and garbage-dumps and slaughter-houses. Thanks to the enlightened activities of organized philanthropy, laws have been passed in all but a few benighted states of our Union, either severely limiting or absolutely prohibiting the employment of women at such tasks.

Household Labor the Hardest

IN FACT, paradoxical and bitterly ironic as it may sound, the home and the farm have become now practically the only places where women can be habitually and persistently overworked, overstrained and underfed, without the interference of law. Though a large part of housework and farmwork is wholesome and healthful exercise, we cannot afford to forget that such work habitually imposes tasks upon women and young, growing girls which are as severely overtaxing and injurious to their physical powers as anything which they would now be allowed to undertake in the factory or the shop. Though factory occupations have fewer remissions and are pursued for more minutes and hours at a stretch than any in the home, yet there are very few of them that in severity of strain would exceed many every-day and familiar household tasks, such as scrubbing floors, washing clothing, beating carpets, carrying heavy trays, scuttles of coal or buckets of water up and down flights of stairs, moving furniture, lifting washtubs. The burning heat, the stifling air, the heavy odors, the incessant activity and tension, both mentally and bodily, of baking-day are as severe a strain upon the back, the eyes, the nerves and the general strength as almost anything that has been invented in industrial occupations outside of a blast-furnace. There are few industrial or other public occupations in which young girls are permitted to engage that are half as exhausting, as straining, as badly fed and housed and as demoralizing physically, mentally and morally as the position of scullery maid in many a large house, or of general servant in a small one—to say nothing of the "slavey" in a lodging-house. Even in the very bosom of the family and in the exercise of the most sacred duties of kinship and protection, the unfortunate twelve-year-old—oldest of a family of six—may have half the joy and freedom crushed out of her own young life and have her slender spinal column bent into a permanent curve by being loaded down with a perpetual weight of twenty pounds of baby, which she drags about continually, as a prisoner his ball and chain.

When we further recall that previous to the general introduction of steam and machinery, and in many of the rural districts even at the present day, woman was habitually employed, not merely in the most difficult and disagreeable tasks of the house, but in those of the farm, the garden and the field as well—milking, churning, digging, hoeing, harvesting, reaping and even assisting to drag the plow—one cannot help feeling a trifle skeptical about the ruinous effects upon her health that are certain to be produced by the physical strain of modern industrial occupations. If it comes to industrial competition between the sexes, man has good cause for uneasiness!

Though it may possibly be admitted as at least open to question that modern industrial conditions compare

favorably with home employment in respect to length of hours, wages, hygienic surroundings and physical strain, there rises an almost unanimous chorus of condemnation of the new departure when it comes to the question of how well or badly woman is fed or feeds herself under the new conditions. On all hands is chanted the jeremiad that the modern working woman is forgetting or utterly failing to learn how to cook, and thereby not merely imperiling future generations and households, but undermining her own health in the process. It is assumed as almost axiomatic that the woman in the home is far better and more wholesomely fed than she who goes forth to labor in the store or factory and who attempts to stay her hunger with the deceptive and commercialized products of the restaurant, the lunch counter and the delicatessen shop. Such universal agreement must have a certain amount of basis in fact; but in practical experience there are a number of hard facts and basic tendencies of human nature that go far to upset the popular belief that woman is best and most naturally fed when working in the home.

Why Housekeepers Eat So Little

IN THE first place, while it is highly desirable from the point of view of the continuance of the race that there should be cooks, it is notorious that cooks for the most part have poor appetites, especially for the products of their own skill. The average woman who works in the home, whether as a member of the family or as a paid domestic, usually regards the dinner as the most exhausting and disagreeable task of her day. By the time it is placed upon the table she is so exhausted with the labor of cooking it, so disgusted with the smell of it, so fatigued by the incidental cooking of her own face and nerves which has accompanied the preparation of the food, that the last thing that she looks forward to with any pleasure is eating it. Woman will cook for others, but she will not cook for herself. If it were not for the hungry men and boys, whose everlasting appetites she has to supply, the vast majority of women living and working in the home would never get enough to eat. In fact, where women live alone, or only with other women, they are exceedingly apt to get along on "pick-ups" like bread and butter, jelly, pickles, purchased confectionery and tea, to save the labor of cooking. A woman working in the home often eats less really nourishing, adequate food during the day, on account of exhaustion, lack of appetite for her own cookery, and willingness to give the best of what is placed upon the table to the so-called workers of the family, than the six-dollar-a-week shopgirl who boards round at lunch counters and delicatessen shops. In fact, it not infrequently happens that one of the first effects of industrial occupation upon women and girls is distinctly to increase their appetites and to put a keener edge upon the enjoyment of their meals.

Furthermore, these meals, now coming at fixed and regular hours instead of after everybody else has finished, and being taken in places designed for the purpose—which, whatever their drawbacks, are distinctly more appetizing and attractive than a partial clearing among the dirty dishes on the corner of a dining-room or kitchen table—become a much more important function and one that is positively looked forward to instead of being merely tolerated as a tiresome custom, as is often the case with the busy housewife or the domestic servant.

When woman first begins to work for herself and to pay for her food in hard cash out of her own pocket there can be no doubt that her first tendency is to economize unduly and to endeavor to satisfy her appetite at the lowest possible expense, without much regard to the nutritive value or the sustaining power of the food. But a very short practical experience brings her sharply to the conviction that, after all, she is physically merely a machine for doing a certain amount of work, and that her ability for doing that work depends absolutely upon the amount of fuel with which she is supplied. No food, no strength; no strength, no wages—these are the factors in her brutal but convincing logic. So that it is not long, if her wages are anything like humanly adequate, before she begins to demand good food and enough of it, just as does her male fellow-worker.

The nutrition of woman in the home is perpetually interfered with by her unselfish preference of the tastes and interests of her husband and children; her fatigue and general lack of appetite at the time meals are served; and her unwillingness to go to the trouble of cooking and serving a regular meal for herself if she is alone at home. If she be employed in the house of another she has to contend with this same exhaustion at mealtimes, this saturation of all her senses with the odor of the food, this same unwillingness to make additional work by preparing food for herself; while she has the additional handicap of being very often obliged to eat simply what is left, and in many cases, I am grieved to say, is expected to subsist chiefly upon bread, potatoes, scraps and weak tea. I have never known women—or, for the matter of that, human beings—worse fed, anywhere, than the servants in some of our large hotels and in some highly-respectable private houses. Certain it is that women who have once been accustomed to working for wages in commercial occupations most strenuously object to any contract that includes board as part of their remuneration. All things considered, women engaged in industrial occupations are quite as well fed as those in the same social position and financial position living at home; indeed, in my experience, they are better fed.

This brings us to the final and most important consideration of all: What does the physical condition of the women engaged in industrial occupations actually show as to the effect of this employment upon their health? The data upon which to base a reply are still scattered and inadequate, the comparison for obvious reasons is a difficult one to make; but so far as they go they unanimously support the conclusion to which our comparison of conditions has been leading us: that such occupations have not been injurious, but positively beneficial.

The Comparative Healthfulness of Industrial Work

TO TAKE some of the simplest and most available data first: The death rate and disease rate among women engaged in gainful occupations, as furnished by our census reports and the investigations of the Bureau of Labor and Commerce, show, somewhat to our surprise, that the general death rate among women engaged in domestic service is much higher than that of those employed in any other occupation. For instance, the death rate among domestic servants is 17.1 per thousand; that among women employed in mills, laundries and factories, 5.1 per thousand; that among women employed in stores and offices, 5.6 per thousand; while that among women engaged in the professions and higher clerical occupations is only 2.7 per thousand. A similar contrast is shown in the data collected by some of our large life-insurance companies, particularly those engaged in industrial insurance. In practically every instance among women employed in gainful occupations, those who are engaged in what have been regarded as the normal and most healthful occupations show the highest death rate and the lowest expectation of life.

Of course, there are other considerations that must be taken into account in making these bald and rather crude contrasts between the different classes of women workers. For instance, it is usually the more aggressive, energetic and vigorous girls and women who are inclined to strike out for themselves and push out into these relatively new fields of occupation and employment. Also, we must remember that the class of domestic servants is the great unskilled-labor market for women, in which practically any woman, however unskillful, stupid or feeble, can manage to find some sort of employment; and that into it fall back those whose health or intelligence is not sufficient to enable them to stand the strain and competition of commercial employment. Domestic servants, as a class, being less energetic and, as a rule, less intelligent than the majority of women employed in commercial occupations, would, of course, be less careful of their health, less hygienic and sanitary in their habits, and less fitted to protect themselves from infection and disease. But when all these allowances have been made the fact remains that two-thirds of these two classes—the domestic servant, and the industrial employee in the factory, shop and the lower grades of office work—are recruited from the same class, and that those who have entered the newer and supposedly more trying fields of activity have certainly not in any physical respect fallen behind their less enterprising and more domestically-inclined sisters.

Unfortunately, data relative to weights and measurements at given ages and percentages of disability from illness, such as would enable us to make contrasts between the two classes, are as yet lacking. It is to be hoped that they will be supplied in the near future. But I have little hesitation in declaring, from my own personal experience in the clinic and in the hospital and as sanitary inspector of private homes and of stores and manufacturing establishments where women are employed, that the average height, weight and physical vigor of the women now employed in industrial occupations will be found to be distinctly above those of their sisters engaged in domestic service or living at home.

What the Figures Show

THIS would certainly seem to be indicated by the fact—as shown by the tables of the last United States census—that the general death rate per thousand of women engaged in gainful occupations was 8.6 per cent per thousand living, as compared with 16.3 per cent for the general average of all female deaths. As, however, this latter, of course, included infants and young children, much of this nearly 100 per cent excess of mortality was due to this cause. But, taking the death rates at various ages, the same relation holds. The death rate between the ages of fifteen and twenty-four is 6.1 per thousand for all females; while that among women in gainful occupations at the same age ranges from 1.9 for stenographers and typewriters to 5.1 for hotel and boarding-house keepers and 5.3 for domestic servants. From twenty-five to forty-four a similar contrast holds. The death rate for all females is 8.5, while that for females employed in gainful occupations ranges from 4.1 for stenographers and typewriters to 5.1 for cigarmakers and factory workers, 6.3 for bookkeepers, clerks and copyists, and 14.2 for servants.

(Continued on Page 49)

A PIECE OF STEAK

By Jack London

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

"Good Luck, Tom. You Gotter Do 'Im"

WITH the last morsel of bread Tom King wiped his plate clean of the last particle of flour gravy and chewed the resulting mouthful in a slow and meditative way. When he arose from the table he was oppressed by the feeling that he was distinctly hungry. Yet he alone had eaten. The two children in the other room had been sent early to bed in order that in sleep they might forget they had gone supperless. His wife had touched nothing, and had sat silently and watched him withsolicitous eyes. She was a thin, worn woman of the working class, though signs of an earlier prettiness were not wanting in her face. The flour for the gravy she had borrowed from the neighbor across the hall. The last two ha'pennies had gone to buy the bread.

He sat down by the window on a rickety chair that protested under his weight, and quite mechanically he put his pipe in his mouth and dipped into the side pocket of his coat. The absence of any tobacco made him aware of his action and, with a scowl for his forgetfulness, he put the pipe away. His movements were slow, almost hulking, as though he were burdened by the heavy weight of his muscles. He was a solid-bodied, stolid-looking man, and his appearance did not suffer from being overprepossessing. His rough clothes were old and slouchy. The uppers of his shoes were too weak to carry the heavy resoling that was itself of no recent date. And his cotton shirt, a cheap, two-shilling affair, showed a frayed collar and ineradicable paint stains.

But it was Tom King's face that advertised him unmistakably for what he was. It was the face of a typical prizefighter; of one who had put in long years of service in the squared ring and, by that means, developed and emphasized all the marks of the fighting beast. It was distinctly a lowering countenance, and, that no feature of it might escape notice, it was clean-shaven. The lips were shapeless and constituted a mouth harsh to excess, that was like a gash in his face. The jaw was aggressive, brutal, heavy. The eyes, slow of movement and heavy-lidded, were almost expressionless under the shaggy, indrawn brows. Sheer animal that he was, the eyes were the most animal-like feature about him. They were sleepy, lion-like—the eyes of a fighting animal. The forehead slanted quickly back to the hair, which, clipped close, showed every bump of the villainous-looking head. A nose, twice broken and moulded variously by countless blows, and a cauliflower ear, permanently swollen and distorted to twice its size, completed his adornment, while the beard, fresh-shaven as it was, sprouted in the skin and gave the face a blue-black stain.

Altogether, it was the face of a man to be afraid of in a dark alley or lonely place. And yet Tom King was not a criminal, nor had he ever done anything criminal. Outside of brawls, common to his walk in life, he had harmed no one. Nor had he ever been known to pick a quarrel. He was a professional, and all the fighting brutishness of him was reserved for his professional appearances. Outside the ring he was slow-going, easy-natured, and, in his younger days when money was flush, too open-handed for his own good. He bore no grudges and had few enemies. Fighting was a business with him. In the ring he struck to hurt, struck to maim, struck to destroy; but there was no animus in it. It was a plain business proposition. Audiences assembled and paid for the spectacle of men knocking each other out. The winner took the big end of the purse. When Tom King faced the Woolloomooloo Gouger, twenty years before, he knew that the Gouger's jaw was only four months healed after having been broken in a Newcastle bout. And he had played for that jaw and broken it again in the ninth round, not because he bore the Gouger any ill will, but because that was the surest way to put the Gouger out and win the big end of the purse. Nor had the Gouger borne him any ill will for it. It was the game, and both knew the game and played it.

Tom King had never been a talker, and he sat by the window, morosely silent, staring at his hands. The veins stood out on the backs of the hands, large and swollen; and the knuckles, smashed and battered and malformed, testified to the use to which they had been put. He had never heard that a man's life was the life of his arteries, but well he knew the meaning of those big, upstanding veins. His heart had pumped too much blood through them at top pressure. They no longer did the work. He had stretched the elasticity out of them, and with their distention had passed his endurance. He tired easily now. No longer could he do a fast twenty rounds, hammer and tongs, fight, fight, fight, from gong to gong, with fierce rally on top of fierce rally, beaten to the ropes and in turn beating his opponent to the ropes, and rallying fiercest and fastest of all in that last, twentieth round, with the house on its feet and yelling, himself rushing, striking, ducking, raining showers of blows upon showers of blows and receiving showers of blows in return, and all the time the heart faithfully pumping the surging blood through the adequate veins. The veins, swollen at the time, had always shrunk down again, though not quite—each time, imperceptibly at first, remaining just a trifle larger than before. He stared at them and at his battered knuckles, and, for the moment, caught a vision of the youthful excellence of those hands before the first knuckle had been smashed on the head of Benny Jones, otherwise known as the Welsh Terror.

The impression of his hunger came back on him.

"Blimey, but couldn't I go a piece of steak!" he muttered aloud, clenching his huge fists and spitting out a smothered oath.

"I tried both Burke's an' Sawley's," his wife said half apologetically.

"An' they wouldn't?" he demanded.

"Not a ha'penny. Burke said ——" She faltered.

"G'wan! Wot 'd he say?"

"As how 'e was thinkin' Sandel ud do ye tonight, an' as how yer score was comfortable big as it was."

Tom King grunted, but did not reply. He was busy thinking of the bull terrier he had kept in his younger days to which he had fed steaks without end. Burke would have given him credit for a thousand steaks—then. But times had changed. Tom King was getting old; and old men, fighting before second-rate clubs, couldn't expect to run bills of any size with the tradesmen.

He had got up in the morning with a longing for a piece of steak, and the longing had not abated. He had not had a fair training for this fight. It was a drought year in Australia, times were hard and even the most irregular work was difficult to find. He had had no sparring partner and his food had not been of the best nor always sufficient. He had done a few days' navvy work when he could get it, and he had run around the Domain in the early mornings to get his legs in shape. But it was hard training without a partner and with a wife and two kiddies that must be fed. Credit with the tradesmen had undergone very slight expansion when he was matched with Sandel. The secretary of the Gayety Club had advanced him three pounds—the loser's end of the purse—and beyond that had refused to go. Now and again he had managed to borrow a few shillings from old pals, who would have lent more only that it was a drought year and they were hard put themselves. No—and there was no use in disguising the fact—his training had not been satisfactory. He should have had better food and no worries. Besides, when a man is forty it is harder to get into condition than when he is twenty.

"What time is it, Lizzie?" he asked.

His wife went across the hall to inquire and came back.

"Quarter before eight."

"They'll be startin' the first bout in a few minutes," he said. "Only a try-out. Then there's a four-round spar 'tween Dealer Wells an' Gridley, an' a ten-round go 'tween Starlight an' some sailor bloke. I don't come on for over an hour."

At the end of another silent ten minutes he rose to his feet.

"Truth is, Lizzie, I ain't had proper trainin'."

He reached for his hat and started for the door. He did not offer to kiss her—he never did on going out—but on this night she dared to kiss him, throwing her arms around him and compelling him to bend down to her face. She looked quite small against the massive bulk of the man.

"Good luck, Tom," she said. "You gotter do 'im."

"Ay, I gotter do 'im," he repeated. "That's all there is to it. I jus' gotter do 'im."

He laughed with an attempt at heartiness, while she pressed more closely against him. Across her shoulders he looked around the bare room. It was all he had in the world, with the rent overdue, and her and the kiddies. And he was leaving it to go out into the night to get meat for his mate and cubs—not like a modern workingman going to his machine grind, but in the old, primitive, royal, animal way, by fighting for it.

"I gotter do 'im," he repeated, this time a hint of desperation in his voice. "If it's a win it's thirty quid—an' I can pay all that's owin', with a lump o' money left over. If it's a lose I get naught—not even a penny for me to ride home on the tram. The secretary's give all that's comin' from a loser's end. Good-by, old woman. I'll come straight home if it's a win."

"An' I'll be waitin' up," she called to him along the hall.

It was a full two miles to the Gayety, and as he walked along he remembered how in his palmy days—he had once been the heavyweight champion of New South Wales—he would have ridden in a cab to the fight, and how, most likely, some heavy backer would have paid for the cab and ridden with him. There were Tommy Burns and that Yankee nigger, Jack Johnson—they rode about in motor cars. And he walked! And, as any man knew, a hard two miles was not the best preliminary to a fight. He was an old un, and the world did not wag well with old uns. He was good for nothing now except navvy work, and his broken nose and swollen ear were against him even in that. He found himself wishing that he had learned a trade. It would have been better in the long run. But no one had told him, and he knew, deep down in his heart, that he would not have listened if they had. It had been so easy. Big money—sharp, glorious fights—periods of rest and loafing in between—a following of eager flatterers, the slaps on the back, the shakes of the hand, the toffs glad to buy him a drink for the privilege of five minutes' talk—and the glory of it, the yelling houses, the whirlwind finish, the referee's "King wins!" and his name in the sporting columns next day.

Those had been times! But he realized now, in his slow, ruminating way, that it was the old uns he had been putting away. He was Youth, rising; and they were Age, sinking. No wonder it had been easy—they with their swollen veins and battered knuckles and weary in the bones of them from the long battles they had already fought. He remembered the time he put out old Stowsher Bill, at Rush-Cutters Bay, in the eighteenth round, and how old Bill had cried afterward in the dressing-room like a baby. Perhaps old Bill's rent had been overdue. Perhaps he'd had at home a missus an' a couple of kiddies. And perhaps Bill, that very day of the fight, had had a hungering for a piece of steak. Bill had fought game and taken incredible punishment. He could see now, after he had gone through the mill himself, that Stowsher Bill had fought for a bigger stake, that night twenty years ago, than had young Tom King, who had fought for glory and easy money. No wonder Stowsher Bill had cried afterward in the dressing-room.

Well, a man had only so many fights in him, to begin with. It was the iron law of the game. One man might have a hundred hard fights in him, another man only twenty; each, according to the make of him and the quality of his fiber, had a definite number, and when he had fought them he was done. Yes, he had had more fights in him than most of them, and he had had far more than his share of the hard, grueling fights—the kind that worked the heart and lungs to bursting, that took the elastic out of the arteries and made hard knots of muscle out of youth's sleek suppleness, that wore out nerve and stamina and made brain and bones weary from excess of effort and endurance overwrought. Yes, he had done better than all of them. There was none of his old fighting partners left. He was the last of the old guard. He had seen them all finished, and he had had a hand in finishing some of them.

They had tried him out against the old uns, and one after another he had put them away—laughing when, like

old Stowsher Bill, they cried in the dressing-room. And now he was an old un, and they tried out the youngsters on him. There was that bloke, Sandel. He had come over from New Zealand with a record behind him. But nobody in Australia knew anything about him, so they put him up against old Tom King. If Sandel made a showing he would be given better men to fight, with bigger purses to win; so it was to be depended upon that he would put up a fierce battle. He had everything to win by it—money and glory and career; and Tom King was the grizzled old chopping-block that guarded the highway to fame and fortune. And he had nothing to win except thirty quid, to pay to the landlord and the tradesmen. And, as Tom King thus ruminated, there came to his stolid vision the form of Youth, glorious Youth, rising exultant and invincible, supple of muscle and silken of skin, with heart and lungs that had never been tired and torn and that laughed at limitation of effort. Yes, Youth was the Nemesis. It destroyed the old uns and recked not that, in so doing, it destroyed itself. It enlarged its arteries and smashed its knuckles, and was in turn destroyed by Youth. For Youth was ever youthful. It was only Age that grew older.

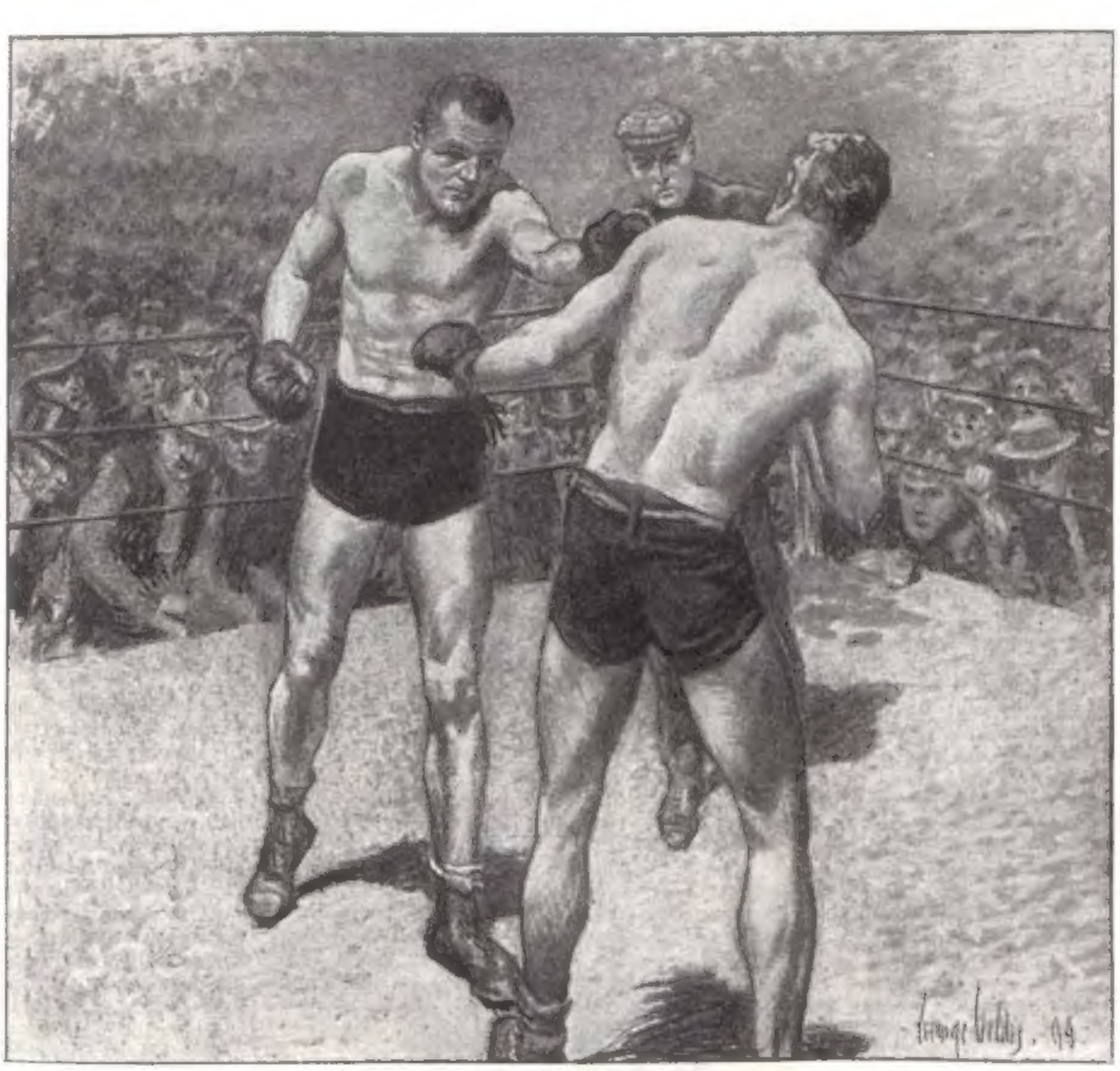
At Castlereagh Street he turned to the left, and three blocks along came to the Gayety. A crowd of young larrikins hanging outside the door made respectful way for him, and he heard one say to another: "That's 'im! That's Tom King!"

Inside, on the way to his dressing-room, he encountered the secretary, a keen-eyed, shrewd-faced young man who shook his hand.

"How are you feelin', Tom?" he asked.

"Fit as a fiddle," King answered, though he knew that he lied, and that if he had a quid he would give it right there for a good piece of steak.

When he emerged from the dressing-room, his seconds behind him, and came down the aisle to the squared ring in the center of the hall, a burst of greeting and applause went up from the waiting crowd. He acknowledged salutations right and left, though few of the faces did he know. Most of them were the faces of kiddies unborn when he was winning his first laurels in the squared ring. He leaped lightly to the raised platform and ducked through the ropes to his corner, where he sat down on a folding stool. Jack Ball, the referee, came over and shook his hand. Ball was a broken-down pugilist who for over ten years had not entered the ring as a principal. King was glad that he had him for referee. They were both old uns. If he should rough it with Sandel a bit beyond the rules he knew Ball could be depended upon to pass it by.



A Living Wonder of White Flesh and Stinging Muscle

Aspiring young heavyweights, one after another, were climbing into the ring and being presented to the audience by the referee. Also, he issued their challenges for them.

"Young Pronto," Ball announced, "from North Sydney, challenges the winner for fifty pounds side bet."

The audience applauded, and applauded again as Sandel himself sprang through the ropes and sat down in his corner. Tom King looked across the ring at him curiously, for in a few minutes they would be locked together in merciless combat, each trying with all the force of him to knock the other into unconsciousness. But little could he see, for Sandel, like himself, had trousers and sweater on over his ring costume. His face was strongly handsome, crowned with a curly mop of yellow hair, while his thick, muscular neck hinted at bodily magnificence.

Young Pronto went to one corner and then the other, shaking hands with the principals and dropping down out of the ring. The challenges went on. Ever Youth climbed through the ropes—Youth unknown, but insatiable—crying out to mankind that with strength and skill it would match issues with the winner. A few years before, in his own heyday of invincibleness, Tom King would have been amused and bored by these preliminaries. But now he sat fascinated, unable to shake the vision of Youth from his eyes. Always were these youngsters rising up in the boxing game, springing through the ropes and shouting their defiance; and always were the old uns going down before them. They climbed to success over the bodies of the old uns. And ever they came, more and more youngsters—Youth unquenchable and irresistible—and ever they put the old uns away, themselves becoming old uns and traveling the same downward path, while behind them, ever pressing on them, was Youth eternal—the new babies, grown lusty and dragging their elders down, with behind them more babies to the end of time—Youth that must have its will and that will never die.

King glanced over to the press box and nodded to Morgan, of the Sportsman, and Corbett, of the Referee. Then he held out his hands, while Sid Sullivan and Charley Bates, his seconds, slipped on his gloves and laced them tight, closely watched by one of Sandel's seconds, who first examined critically the tapes on King's knuckles. A second of his own was in Sandel's corner, performing a like office. Sandel's trousers were pulled off and, as he stood up, his sweater was skinned off over his head. And Tom King, looking, saw Youth incarnate, deep-chested, heavy-thewed, with muscles that slipped and slid like live things under the white satin skin. The whole body was acrawl with life, and Tom King knew that it was a life that had never oozed its freshness out through the aching pores during the long fights wherein Youth paid its toll and departed not quite so young as when it entered.

The two men advanced to meet each other and, as the gong sounded and the seconds clattered out of the ring with the folding stools, they shook hands with each other and instantly took their fighting attitudes. And instantly, like a mechanism of steel and springs balanced on a hair trigger, Sandel was in and out and in again, landing a left to the eyes, a right to the ribs, ducking a counter, dancing lightly away and dancing menacingly back again. He was swift and clever. It was a dazzling exhibition. The house yelled its approbation. But King was not dazzled. He had fought too many fights and too many youngsters. He knew the blows for what they were—too quick and too deft to be dangerous. Evidently Sandel was going to rush things from the start. It was to be expected. It was the way of Youth, expending its splendor and excellence in wild insurgence and furious onslaught, overwhelming opposition with its own unlimited glory of strength and desire.

Sandel was in and out, here, there and everywhere, light-footed and eager-hearted, a living wonder of white flesh and stinging muscle that wove itself into a dazzling fabric of attack, slipping and leaping like a flying shuttle from action to action through a thousand actions, all of them centered upon the destruction of Tom King, who stood between him and fortune. And Tom King patiently endured. He knew his business, and he knew Youth now that Youth was no longer his. There was nothing to do till the other lost some of his steam, was his thought, and he grinned to himself as he deliberately ducked so as to receive a heavy blow on the top of his head. It was a wicked thing to do, yet eminently fair according to the rules of the boxing game. A man was supposed to take care of his own knuckles, and if he insisted on hitting an opponent on the top of the head he did so at his own peril. King could have ducked lower and let the blow whiz harmlessly past, but he remembered his own early fights and how he smashed his first knuckle on the head of the Welsh Terror. He was but playing the game. That duck had accounted for one of Sandel's knuckles. Not that Sandel would mind it now. He would go on, superbly regardless, hitting as hard as ever throughout the fight. But later on, when the long ring battles had begun to tell, he would regret that knuckle and look back and remember how he smashed it on Tom King's head.

The first round was all Sandel's, and he had the house yelling with the rapidity of his whirlwind rushes. He overwhelmed King with avalanches of punches, and King did nothing. He never struck once, contenting himself with covering up, blocking and ducking and clinching to avoid punishment. He occasionally feinted, shook his head when the weight of a punch landed, and moved stolidly about, never leaping or springing or wasting an ounce of strength. Sandel must foam the froth of Youth away before discreet Age could dare to retaliate. All King's movements were slow and methodical, and his heavy-lidded, slow-moving eyes gave him the appearance of being half asleep or dazed. Yet they were eyes that saw everything, that had been trained to see everything through all his twenty years and odd in the ring. They were eyes that did not blink or waver before an impending blow, but that coolly saw and measured distance.

Seated in his corner for the minute's rest at the end of the round, he lay back with outstretched legs, his arms resting on the right angle of the ropes, his chest and abdomen heaving frankly and deeply as he gulped down the air driven by the towels of his seconds. He listened with closed eyes to the voices of the house. "Why don't yeh fight, Tom?" many were crying. "Yeh ain't afraid of 'im, are yeh?"

"Muscle-bound," he heard a man on a front seat comment. "He can't move quicker. Two to one on Sandel, in quids."

The gong struck and the two men advanced from their corners. Sandel came forward fully three-quarters of the distance, eager to begin again; but King was content to advance the shorter distance. It was in line with his policy of economy. He had not been well trained and he had not had enough to eat, and every step counted. Besides, he had already walked two miles to the ringside. It was a repetition of the first round, with Sandel attacking like a whirlwind and with the audience indignantly demanding why King did not fight. Beyond feinting and several slowly-delivered and ineffectual blows he did nothing save block and stall and clinch. Sandel wanted to make the pace fast, while King, out of his wisdom, refused to accommodate him. He grinned with a certain wistful pathos in his ring-battered countenance, and went on cherishing his strength with the jealousy of which only Age is capable. Sandel was Youth, and he threw his strength away with the munificent abandon of Youth. To King belonged the ring generalship, the wisdom bred of long, aching fights. He watched with cool eyes and head, moving slowly and waiting for Sandel's froth to foam away. To the majority of the onlookers it seemed as though

King was hopelessly outclassed, and they voiced their opinion in offers of three to one on Sandel. But there were wise ones, a few, who knew King of old time and who covered what they considered easy money.

The third round began as usual, one-sided, with Sandel doing all the leading and delivering all the punishment. A half-minute had passed when Sandel, overconfident, left an opening. King's eyes and right arm flashed in the same instant. It was his first real blow—a hook, with the twisted arch of the arm to make it rigid, and with all the weight of the half-pivoted body behind it. It was like a sleepy-seeming lion suddenly thrusting out a lightning paw. Sandel, caught on the side of the jaw, was felled like a bullock. The audience gasped and murmured awe-stricken applause. The man was not muscle-bound, after all, and he could drive a blow like a triphammer.

Sandel was shaken. He rolled over and attempted to rise, but the sharp yells from his seconds to take the count restrained him. He knelt on one knee, ready to rise, and waited, while the referee stood over him, counting the seconds loudly in his ear. At the ninth he rose in fighting attitude, and Tom King, facing him, knew regret that the blow had not been an inch nearer the point of the jaw. That would have been a knockout, and he could have carried the thirty quid home to the missus and the kiddies.

The round continued to the end of its three minutes, Sandel for the first time respectful of his opponent and King slow of movement and sleepy-eyed as ever. As the round neared its close King, warned of the fact by sight of the seconds crouching outside ready for the spring in through the ropes, worked the fight around to his own corner. And when the gong struck he sat down immediately on the waiting stool, while Sandel had to walk all the way across the diagonal of the square to his own corner. It was a little thing, but it was the sum of little things that counted. Sandel was compelled to walk that many more steps, to give up that much energy and to lose a part of the precious minute of rest. At the beginning of every round King loafed slowly out from his corner, forcing his opponent to advance the greater distance. The end of every round found the fight manœuvered by King into his own corner so that he could immediately sit down.

Two more rounds went by, in which King was parsimonious of effort and Sandel prodigal. The latter's attempt to force a fast pace made King uncomfortable, for a fair percentage of the multitudinous blows showered upon him went home. Yet King persisted in his dogged slowness, despite the crying of the young hotheads for him to go in and fight. Again, in the sixth round, Sandel was careless, again Tom King's fearful right flashed out to the jaw, and again Sandel took the nine seconds' count.

By the seventh round Sandel's pink of condition was gone and he settled down to what he knew was to be the hardest fight in his experience. Tom King was an old un, but a better old un than he had ever encountered—an old un who never lost his head, who was remarkably able at defense, whose blows had the impact of a knotted club and who had a knockout in either hand. Nevertheless, Tom King dared not hit often. He never forgot his battered knuckles, and knew that every hit must count if the knuckles were to last out the fight. As he sat in his corner, glancing across at his opponent, the thought came to him that the sum of his wisdom and Sandel's youth would constitute a world's champion heavyweight. But that was the trouble. Sandel would never become a world champion. He lacked the wisdom, and the only way for him to get it was to buy it with Youth; and when wisdom was his, Youth would have been spent in buying it.

King took every advantage he knew. He never missed an opportunity to clinch, and in effecting most of the clinches his shoulder drove stiffly into the other's ribs. In the philosophy of the ring a shoulder was as good as a punch so far as damage was concerned, and a great deal better so far as concerned expenditure of effort. Also, in the clinches King rested his weight on his opponent and was loth to let go. This compelled the interference of the referee, who tore them apart, always assisted by Sandel, who had not yet learned to rest. He could not refrain from using those glorious flying arms and writhing muscles of his, and when the other rushed into a clinch, striking shoulder against ribs and with head resting under Sandel's left arm, Sandel almost invariably swung his right behind his own back and into the projecting face. It was a clever stroke, much admired by the audience, but it was not dangerous, and was, therefore, just that much wasted strength. But Sandel was tireless and unaware of limitations, and King grinned and doggedly endured.

Sandel developed a fierce right to the body, which made it appear that King was taking an enormous amount of punishment, and it was only the old ringsters who appreciated the deft touch of King's left glove to the other's biceps just before the impact of the blow. It was true, the blow landed each time; but each time it was robbed of its power by that touch on the biceps. In the ninth round, three times inside a minute, King's right hooked its twisted arch to the jaw; and three times Sandel's body, heavy as it was, was leveled to the mat. Each time he took the nine seconds allowed him and rose to his feet, shaken and jarred, but still strong. He had lost much of his speed and he wasted less effort. He was fighting grimly; but he continued to draw upon his chief asset, which was Youth. King's chief asset was experience. As his vitality had dimmed and his vigor abated he had replaced them with cunning, with wisdom born of the long fights and with a careful shepherding of strength. Not alone had he learned never to make a superfluous movement, but he had learned how to seduce an opponent into throwing his strength away. Again and again, by feint of foot and hand and body he continued to inveigle Sandel into leaping back, ducking or countering. King rested, but he never permitted Sandel to rest. It was the strategy of Age.

Early in the tenth round King began stopping the other's rushes with straight lefts to the face, and Sandel, grown wary, responded by drawing the left, then by ducking it and delivering his right in a swinging hook to the side of the head. It was too high up to be vitally effective; but when first it landed King knew the old, familiar descent of the black veil of unconsciousness across his mind. For the instant, or for the slightest fraction of an instant rather, he ceased. In the one moment he saw his opponent ducking out of his field of vision and the background of white, watching faces; in the next moment he again saw his opponent and the background of faces. It was as if he had slept for a time and just opened his eyes again, and yet the interval of unconsciousness was so microscopically short that there had been no time for him to fall. The audience saw him totter and his knees give, and then saw him recover and tuck his chin deeper into the shelter of his left shoulder.

Several times Sandel repeated the blow, keeping King partially dazed, and then the latter worked out his defense, which was also a counter. Feinting with his left he took a half-step backward, at the same time uppercutting with the whole strength of his right. So accurately was it timed that it landed squarely on Sandel's face in the full, downward sweep of the duck, and Sandel lifted in the air and curled backward, striking the mat on his head and shoulders. Twice King achieved this, then turned loose and hammered his opponent to the ropes. He gave Sandel no chance to rest or to set himself, but smashed blow in upon blow till the house rose to its feet and the air was filled with an unbroken roar of applause. But Sandel's strength and endurance were superb, and he continued to stay on his feet. A knockout seemed certain, and a captain of police, appalled at the dreadful punishment, arose by the ringside to stop the fight. The gong struck for the end of the round and Sandel staggered to his corner, protesting to the captain that he was sound and strong. To prove it he threw two back air springs, and the police captain gave in.

Tom King, leaning back in his corner and breathing hard, was disappointed. If the fight had been stopped the referee, perforce, would have rendered him the decision and the purse would have been his. Unlike Sandel, he was not fighting for glory or career, but for thirty quid. And now Sandel would recuperate in the minute of rest.

He Could Understand Now Why Bill Had Cried in the Dressing-Room

Youth will be served—this saying flashed into King's mind, and he remembered the first time he had heard it, the night when he had put away Stowsher Bill. The toff who had bought him a drink after the fight and patted him on the shoulder had used those words. Youth will be served! The toff was right. And on that night in the long ago he had been Youth. Tonight Youth sat in the opposite corner. As for himself, he had been fighting for half an hour now, and he was an old man. Had he fought like Sandel he would not have lasted fifteen minutes. But the point was that he did not recuperate. Those upstanding arteries and that sorely-tried heart would not enable him to gather strength in the intervals between the rounds. And he had not had sufficient strength in him to begin with. His legs were heavy under him and beginning to cramp. He should not have walked those two miles to the fight. And there was the steak which he had got up longing for that morning. A great and terrible hatred rose up in him for the butchers who had refused him credit. It was hard for an old man to go into a fight without enough to eat. And a piece of steak was such a little thing, a few pennies at best; yet it meant thirty quid to him.

With the gong that opened the eleventh round Sandel rushed, making a show of freshness which he did not really possess. King knew it for what it was—a bluff as old as the game itself. He clinched to save himself, then, going free, allowed Sandel to get set. This was what King desired. He feinted with his left, drew the answering duck and swinging upward hook, then made the half-step backward, delivered the uppercut full to the face and crumpled Sandel over to the mat. After that he never let him rest, receiving punishment himself, but inflicting far more, smashing Sandel to the ropes, hooking and driving all manner of blows into him, tearing away from his clinches or punching him out of attempted clinches, and ever, when Sandel would have fallen, catching him with one uplifting hand and with the other immediately smashing him into the ropes where he could not fall.

The house by this time had gone mad, and it was his house, nearly every voice yelling: "Go it, Tom!" "Get 'im! Get 'im!" "You've got 'im, Tom! You've got 'im!" It was to be a whirlwind finish, and that was what a ringside audience paid to see.

And Tom King, who for half an hour had conserved his strength, now expended it prodigally in the one great effort he knew he had in him. It was his one chance—now or not at all. His strength was waning fast, and his hope was that before the last of it ebbed out of him he would have beaten his opponent down for the count. And as he continued to strike and force, coolly estimating the weight of his blows and the quality of the damage wrought, he realized how hard a man Sandel was to knock out. Stamina and endurance were his to an extreme degree, and they were the virgin stamina and endurance of Youth. Sandel was certainly a coming man. He had it in him. Only out of such rugged fiber were successful fighters fashioned.

Sandel was reeling and staggering, but Tom King's legs were cramping and his knuckles going back on him. Yet he steeled himself to strike the fierce blows, every one of which brought anguish to his tortured hands. Though now he was receiving practically no punishment he was weakening as rapidly as the other. His blows went home, but there was no longer the weight behind them, and each blow was the result of a severe effort of will. His legs were like lead, and they dragged visibly under him; while Sandel's backers, cheered by this symptom, began calling encouragement to their man.

King was spurred to a burst of effort. He delivered two blows in succession—a left, a trifle too high, to the solar plexus, and a right cross to the jaw. They were not heavy blows, yet so weak and dazed was Sandel that he went down and lay quivering. The referee stood over him, shouting the count of the fatal seconds in his ear. If before the tenth second was called he did not rise the fight was lost. The house stood in hushed silence. King rested on trembling legs. A mortal dizziness was upon him, and before his eyes the sea of faces sagged and swayed, while to his ears, as from a remote distance, came the count of the referee. Yet he looked upon the fight as his. It was impossible that a man so punished could rise.

Only Youth could rise, and Sandel rose. At the fourth second he rolled over on his face and groped blindly for the ropes. By the seventh second he had dragged himself to his knee, where he rested, his head rolling groggily on his shoulders. As the referee cried "Nine!" Sandel stood upright, in proper stalling position, his left arm wrapped about his face, his right wrapped about his stomach. Thus were his vital points guarded, while he lurched forward toward King in the hope of effecting a clinch and gaining more time.

At the instant Sandel arose King was at him, but the two blows he delivered were muffled on the stalled arms. The next moment Sandel was in the clinch and holding on desperately while the referee strove to drag the two

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THE TROUBLE MAN

A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY MAYNARD DIXON

BILLY BEEBE did not understand. There was no disguising the unpalatable fact: Rainbow treated him kindly. It galled him. Ballinger, his junior in Rainbow, was theme for ridicule and biting jest, target for contumely and abuse; while his own best efforts were met with grave, unfailing courtesy.

Yet the boys liked him; Billy was sure of that. And so far as the actual work was concerned, he was at least as good a rope and brand reader as Ballinger, quicker in action, a much better rider

In irrelevant and extraneous matters—brains, principle, training, acquirements—Billy was conscious of unchallenged advantage. He was from Ohio, eligible to the Presidency, of family, rich, a college man; yet he had abandoned laudable moss-gathering to become a rolling, bounding, riotous stone. He could not help feeling that it was rather noble of him. And then to be indulgently sheltered as an honored guest, how beloved soever! It hurt.

Not for himself alone was Billy grieved. Men paired on Rainbow. "One stick makes a poor fire"—so their word went. Billy sat at the feet of John Wesley Pringle—wrinkled, wind-brown Gamaliel. Ballinger was the disciple of Jeff Bransford, gay, willful, questionable man. Billy did not like him. His light banter, lapsing unexpectedly from broad Doric to irreproachable New English, carried in solution audacious, glancing disrespect of convention, established institutions, authorities, axioms, "accepted theories of irregular verbs" too elusive for disproof, too intolerably subversive to be ignored. That Ballinger, his shadow, was accepted man of action, while Billy was still an outsider, was, in some sense, a reflection on Pringle. Vicarious jealousy was added to the pangs of wounded self-love

Billy was having ample time for reflection now, riding with Pringle up the Long Range to the Block roundup. Through the slow, dreamy days they threaded the mazed ridges and cañons falling eastward to the Pecos from Guadalupe, Sacramento and White Mountain. They drove their string of thirteen horses each; tough circlers, wise cutting-horses, sedate night horses and patient old Steamboat, who, in the performance of pack duty, dropped his proper designation to be injuriously known as "the Wagon."

Their way lay through the heart of the Lincoln County War country—on winding trails, by glade and pine-clad mesa; by clear streams, bell-tinkling, beginning, with youth's eager haste, their journey to the far-off sea; by Seven Rivers, Bluewater, the Feliz, Penasco and Silver Spring

Leisurely they rode, with shady halt at midday—leisurely, for an empire was to be worked. It would be months before they crossed the divide at Nogal, "threw in" with Bransford and Ballinger, now representing Rainbow with the Bar W, and drove home together down the west side

While Billy pondered his problem Pringle sang or whistled tirelessly—old tunes of amazing variety, ranging from Nancy Lee and Auld Robin Gray to La Paloma Azul or the Nogal Waltz. But ever, by ranch house or brook or pass, he paused to tell of deeds there befallen in the years of old war, deeds violent and bloody, yet half redeemed by hardihood and unflinching courage.

Pringle's voice was low and unemphatic; his eyes were ever on the long horizon. Trojan nor Tyrian he favored, but, as he told the Homeric tale of Buckshot Roberts, while they splashed through the broken waters of Rudoso and held their winding way through the cutoff of Cedar Creek, Billy began dimly to understand.

Between him and Rainbow the difference was in kind, not in degree. The shadow of old names lay heavy on the land; these resolute ghosts yet shaped the acts of men. For Rainbow the Roman *virtus* was still the one virtue. Whenever these old names had been spoken, Billy remembered, men had listened. Horseshoers had listened at their shoeing; card-players had listened while the game went on; by campfires other speakers had ceased their talk to listen without comment. Not ill-doers, these listeners, but quiet men, kindly, generous; yet the tales to which they gave this tribute were too often of ill deeds.

"Let's Keep Him Here for a Hostage"

As if they asked not "Was this well done?" but rather "Was this done indeed—so that no man could have done more?" Were the deed good or evil, so it were done utterly it commanded admiration—therefore, imitation.

Something of all this he got into words. Pringle nodded gravely. "You've got it sized up, my son," he said. "Rainbow ain't strictly up to date and still holds to them elder ethics, like Norval on the Grampian Hills, William Dhu Tell, and the rest of them neck-or-nothing boys. This Mr. Rolando, that Eusebio sings about, give our sentiments to a T-Y—ty. He was some scrappy and always blowin' his own horn, but, by jings, he delivered the goods as per invoice and could take a major league lickin' with no whimperin'. This Rolando he don't hold forth about gate money or individual percentages. 'Get results for your team,' he says. 'Don't flinch, don't foul, hit the line hard, here goes nothing!'

"That's a purty fair code. And it's all the one we got. Pioneerin' is troublesome—pioneer is all the same word as pawn, and you throw away a pawn to gain a point. When we drive in a wild bunch, when we top off the boundin' bronco, it may look easy, but it's always a close thing. Even when we win we nearly lose; when we lose we nearly win. And that forms the stay-with-it-Bill-you're-doin'-well habit. See?

"So, we mostly size a fellow up by his abilities as a trouble man. Any kind of trouble—not necessarily the fightin' kind. If he goes the route, if he sets no limit, if he's enlisted for the war—why, you naturally depend on him.

"Now, take you and Jeff. Most ways you've got the edge on him. But you hold by rules and formulas and laws. There's things you must do or mustn't do—because somebody told you so. You go into a project with a mental reservation not to do anything indecorous or improper; also, to stop when you've taken a decent lickin'. But Jeff don't aim to stop while he can wiggle; and he makes up new rules as he goes along, to fit the situation. Naturally, when you get in a tight place you waste time rememberin' what the authorities prescribe as the neat thing. Now, Jeff consults only his own self, and he's mostly unanimous. Mebbe so you both do the same thing, mebbe not. But Jeff does it first. You're a good boy, Billy, but there's only one way to find out if you're a square peg or a round one."

"How's that?" demanded Billy, laughing, but half vexed.

"Get in the hole," said Pringle.

II

"AW, STAY all night! What's the matter with you fellows? I haven't seen a soul for a week. Everybody's gone to the roundup."

Wes' shook his head: "Can't do it, Jimmy. Got to go out to good grass. You're all eat out here."

"I'll side you," said Jimmy decisively. "I got a lot of stored-up talk I've got to get out of my system. I know a bully place to make camp. Box cañon to hobble your horses in, good grass, and a little tank of water in the rocks for cookin'. Bring along your little old Wagon, and I'll tie on a hunk of venison to feed your faces with. Get there by dark."

"How come you didn't go to the work your black self?" asked Wes', as Beebe tossed his rope on the Wagon and led him up.

Jimmy's twinkling eyes lit up his beardless face. "They left me here to play shinny-on-your-own-side," he explained.

"Shinny?" echoed Billy.

"With the Three Rivers sheep," said Jimmy. "I'm to keep them from crossing the mountain."

"Oh, I see. You've got an agreement that the east side is for cattle and the west side for sheep."

Jimmy's face puckered. "Agreement? H'm yes. Leastways, I'm agreed. I didn't ask them, but they've got the general idea. When I ketch 'em over here I drive them back. As I don't ever follow 'em beyond the summit they ought to savvy my the'ries by this time."

Pringle opened the gate. "Let's mosey along—they've got enough water. Which way, kid?"

"Left-hand trail," said Jimmy, falling in behind.

"But why don't you come to an understanding with them and fix on a dividing line?" insisted Beebe.

Jimmy lolled sidewise in his saddle, cocking an impish eye at his inquisitor. "Reckon ye don't have no sheep down Rainbow way? Thought not. Right there's the point exactly. They have a dividing line. They carry it with 'em wherever they go. For the cattle won't graze where sheep have been. Sheep pertects their own range, but we've got to look after ours or they'd drive us out. But the understanding's all right, all right. They don't speak no English, and I don't know no *paisano* talk, but I've fixed up a signal code they savvy as well's if they was all college aluminums."

"Oh, yes—sign talk," said Billy. "I've heard of that." Wes' turned his head aside.

"We-ell, not exactly. Sound talk'd be nearer. One shot means 'Git!' two means 'Hurry up!' and three ——"

"But you've no right to do that," protested Billy warmly. "They've got just as much right here as your cattle, haven't they?"

"Surest thing they have—if they can make it stick," agreed Jimmy cordially. "And we've got just as much right to keep 'em off if we can. And we can. There ain't really no right to it. It's Uncle Sam's land we both graze on, and Unkie 's some busy with conversation on natural resources, and keepin' republics up in South America and down in Asia, and selectin' texts for coins and infernal revenue stamps, and upbuildin' Pittsburgh, and keepin' up the price of wool, and fightin' all the time to keep the laws from bein' better'n the Constitution, like a Bawston puncher trimmin' a growin' colt's foot down to fit last year's shoes. Shucks! *He* ain't got no time to look after us. We just got to do our own regulatin' or git out."

"How would you like it yourself?" demanded Billy.

Jimmy's eyes flashed. "If my brain was to leak out and I subsequent took to sheep-herdin', I'd like to see any dern puncher drive me out," he declared belligerently.

"Then you can't complain if ——"

"He don't," interrupted Pringle. "None of us complain—nary a murmur. If the sheep men want to go they go, an' a little shootin' up the contagious vicinity don't hurt 'em none It's all over once the noise stops Besides, I think they mostly sorter enjoy it. Sheep-herdin' is mighty dull business, and a little excitement is mighty welcome. It gives 'em something to look forward to But if they feel hostile they always get the first shot for keeps. That's a mighty big percentage in their favor, and the reports on file with the War Department shows that they generally get the best of it. Don't you worry none, my son This ain't no new thing. It's been goin' on ever since Abraham's outfit and the L O T boys got to scrappin' on the Jordan range, and then some before that. After Abraham took to the hill country, I remember, somebody jumped one of his wells and two of Isaac's. It's been like that, in the short-grass countries, ever since. Human nature's not changed much By jings! There they be now!"

His Eye Intercepted a Warning Glance From Squatty to the Stranger

Through the twilight the winding trail climbed the side of a long ridge. To their left was a deep, impassable cañon; beyond that a parallel ridge; and from beyond that ridge came the throbbing, drumming clamor of a sheep herd.

"The son of a gun!" said Jimmy. "He means to camp in our box cañon. I'll show him!" He spurred by the grazing horses and clattered on in the lead, striking fire from the stony trail

On the shoulder of the further ridge heaved a gray fog, spreading, rolling slowly down the hillside. The bleating, the sound of myriad trampling feet, the multiplication of bewildering echoes, swelled to a steady, unchanging, ubiquitous tumult. A dog suddenly topped the ridge; another; then a Mexican herder bearing a long rifle. With one glance at Jimmy beyond the black-shadowed gulf he began turning the herd back, shouting to the dogs. They ran in obedient haste to aid, sending the stragglers scurrying after the main bunch.

Jimmy reined up, black and gigantic against the sky-line. He drew his gun. Once, twice, thrice, he shot. The fire streamed out against the growing dark. The bullets, striking the rocks, whined spitefully. The echoes took up the sound and sent it crashing to and fro. The sheep rushed huddling together, panic-stricken. Herder and dogs urged them on. The herder threw up a hand and shouted

"That boy's shootin' mighty close to that *paisano*," muttered Pringle. "He orter quit now. Reckon he's showin' off a leetle." He raised his voice in warning. "Hi! you Jimmy!" he called. "He's a-goin'! Let him be!"

"*Vamos! Hi-i!*" shrilled Jimmy gayly. He fired again. The Mexican clapped hand to his leg with an angry scream. With the one movement he sank to his knees, his long rifle fell to a level, cuddled to his shoulder, spitting fire. Jimmy's hand flew up; his gun dropped; he clutched at the saddle-horn, missed it, fell heavily to the ground. The Mexican dropped out of sight behind the ridge. It had been but a scant minute since he first appeared. The dogs followed with the remaining sheep. The ridge was bare. The dark fell fast.

Jimmy lay on his face. Pringle turned him over and opened his shirt

He was quite dead.

III

FROM Malagra to Willow Spring, the next available water, is the longest jump on the Bar W range. Working the "Long Lane" fenced by Malpais and White Mountain is easy enough. But after cutting out and branding there was the long wait for the slow day herd, the tedious holding to water from insufficient troughs. It was late when the day's "cut" was thrown in with the herd, sunset when the bobtail had caught their night horses and relieved the weary day herders.

The bobtail moves the herd to the bed ground—some distance from camp, to avoid mutual annoyance and alarm—and holds it while night horses are caught and supper eaten. A thankless job, missing the nightly joking and banter over the day's work. Then the first guard comes on and the bobtail goes, famished, to supper. It breakfasts by starlight, relieves the last guard, and holds cattle while breakfast is eaten, beds rolled and horses caught, turning them over to the day herders at sunup.

Bransford and Ballinger were two of the five bobtailers, hungry, tired, dusty and cross. With persuasive, soothing song they trotted around the restless cattle, with hasty, envious glances for the merry groups around the chuck wagon. The horse herd was coming in; four of the boys were butchering a yearling; beds were being dragged out and unrolled. Shouts of laughter arose; they were baiting the victim of some mishap by making public an exaggerated version of his discomfiture.

Turning his back on the camp, Jeff Bransford became aware of a man riding a big white horse down the old military road from Nogal way. The horse was trotting, but wearily; passing the herd he whinnied greeting, again wearily.

The cattle were slow to settle down. Jeff made several circlings before he had time for another campward glance. The horse herd was grazing off, and the boys were saddling and staking their night horses; but the stranger's horse, still saddled, was tied to a soapweed

Jeff sniffed. "Oh, Solomon was sapient and Solomon was wise!" he crooned, keeping time with old Summersault's steady fox-trot. "And Solomon was marvelously wide between the eyes!" He sniffed again, his nose wrinkled, one eyebrow arched, one corner of his mouth pulled down; he twisted his mustache and looked sharply down his nose for consultation, pursing his lips. "H'm! That's funny!" he said aloud. "That horse is some tired. Why don't he turn him loose? Bransford, you old fool, sit up and take notice! 'Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.'"

He had been a tired and a hungry man. He put his weariness by as a garment, keyed up the slackened strings, and rode on with every faculty on the alert. It is to be feared that Jeff's conscience was not altogether void of offense toward his fellows.

A yearling pushed tentatively from the herd. Jeff let her go, fell in after her and circled her back to the bunch behind Clay Cooper. Not by chance. Clay was from beyond the divide

"Know the new man, Clay?" Jeff asked casually, as he fell back to preserve the proper interval.

Clay turned his head. "Sure. Clem Littlefield, Bonita man."

When the first guard came at last Jeff was on the farther side and so the last to go in. A dim horseman overtook him and waved a sweeping arm in dismissal.

"We've got 'em! Light a rag, you hungry man!"

Jeff turned back slowly, so meeting all the relieving guard and noting that Squatty Robinson, of the V V, was not of them, Ollie Jackson taking his place

He rode thoughtfully into camp Staking his horse in the starlight he observed a significant fact. Squatty had not staked his regular night horse, but Alizan, his favorite. He made a swift investigation and found that not a man from the east side had caught his usual night horse. Clay Cooper's horse was not staked, but tied short to a mesquit, with the bridle still on

Pete Johnson, the foreman, was just leaving the fire for bed. Beyond the fire the east-side men were gathered, speaking in subdued voices Ballinger, with loaded plate, sat down near them. The talking ceased. It started again at once. This time their voices rose clear and distinct in customary badinage.

"Why, this is face up," thought Jeff. "Trouble. Trouble from beyond the divide. They're going to hike shortly. They've told Pete that much, anyhow. Serious trouble—for they've kept it from the rest of them. Is it to my address? Likely. Old Wes' and Beebe are over there somewhere. If I had three guesses the first two'd be that them Rainbow chasers was in a tight."

He stumbled into the firelight, carrying his bridle, which he dropped by the wagon wheel "This day's sure flown by like a week," he grumbled, fumbling around for cup and plate. "My stomach was just askin' was my throat cut."

As he bent over to spear a steak the tail of his eye took in the group beyond and intercepted a warning glance from Squatty to the stranger. There was an almost imperceptible thrusting motion of Squatty's chin and lips; a motion which included Jeff and the unconscious Ballinger. It was enough. Surmise, suspicion flamed to certainty. "My third guess," reflected Jeff sagely, "is just like the other two. Mr. John Wesley Pringle has been doing a running high jump or some such stunt, and has plumb neglected to come down "

He seated himself cross-legged and fell upon his supper vigorously, bandying quips and quirks with the bobtail as they ate. At last he jumped up, dropped his dishes clattering in the dishpan, and drew a long breath.

"I don't feel a bit hungry," he announced plaintively. "Gee! I'm glad I don't have to stand guard. I do hate to work between meals." He shouldered his roll of bedding. "Good-by, old world—I'm going home!" he said, and melted into the darkness. Leo following, they unrolled their bed. But as Leo began pulling off his boots Jeff stopped him.

"Close that aperture in your face and keep it that way," he admonished guardedly. "You and me has got to do a ghost dance. Project around and help me find them Three Rivers men."

The Three Rivers men, Crosby and Os Hyde, were sound asleep. Awakened, they were disposed to peevish remonstrance.

"Keep quiet!" said Jeff. "Al, you slip on your boots and go tell Pete you and Os is goin' to Carrizo and that you'll be back in time to stand your guard. Tell him out loud. Then you come back here and you and Os crawl into our bed. I'll show him where it is while you're gone. You use our night horses. Me and Leo want to take yours."

"If there's anything else don't stand on ceremony," said Crosby. "Don't you want my tooth-brush?"

"Vamos! Hi-i!"

"You hurry up," responded Jeff. "D'ye think I'm doin' this for fun? We're It. We got to prove an alibi."

"Oh!" said Al.

A few minutes later the Three Rivers men disappeared under the tarp of the Rainbow bed, while the Rainbow men, on Three Rivers horses, rode silently out of camp, avoiding the firelit circle.

Once over the ridge, well out of sight and hearing from camp, Jeff turned up the draw to the right and circled back toward the Nogal road on a long trot.

"Beautiful night," observed Leo after an interval. "I just love to ride. How far is it to the asylum?"

"Leo," said Jeff, "you're a good boy—a mighty good boy. But I don't believe you'd notice it if the sun didn't go down till after dark." He explained the situation. "Now, I'm going to leave you to hold the horses just this side of Nogal road, while I go on afoot and eavesdrop. Them fellows'll be makin' big medicine when they come along here. I'll lay down by the road and get a line on their play. Don't you let them horses nicker."

Leo waited an interminable time before he heard the east-side men coming from camp. They passed by, talking, as Jeff had prophesied. After another small eternity Jeff joined him.

"I didn't get all the details," he reported. "But it seems that the Parsons City people has got it framed up to hang a sheepman some. Wes' is dead set against it—I didn't make out why. So there's a deadlock and we've got the casting vote. Call up your reserves, old man. We're due to ride around Nogal and beat that bunch to the divide."

It was midnight by the clock in the sky when they stood on Nogal divide. The air was chill. Clouds gathered blackly around Capitan, Nogal Peak and White Mountain. There was steady, low muttering of thunder; the far lightnings flashed pale and green and rose.

"Hustle along to Lincoln, Leo," commanded Jeff, "and tell the sheriff they state, positive, that the hangin' takes place prompt after breakfast. Tell him to bring a big posse—and a couple of battleships if he's got 'em handy. Meantime, I'll go over and try what the gentle art of persuasion can do. So long! If I don't come back the mule's yours."

He turned up the right-hand road.

IV

"WELL?" said Pringle.

"Light up!" said Uncle Pete. "Nobody's goin' to shoot at ye from the dark. We don't do business that way. When we come we'll come in daylight, down the big middle of the road. Light up. I ain't got no gun. I come over for one last try to make you see reason. I knowed thar weren't use talkin' to you when you was fightin' mad. That's why I got the boys to put it off till mawnin'. And I wanted to send to Angus and Salado and the Bar W for Jimmy's friends. He ain't got no kinnery here. They've come. They all see it the same way. Chavez killed Jimmy, and they're goin' to hang him. And, since they've come, there's too many of us for you to fight."

Wes' lit the candle. "Set down. Talk all you want, but talk low and don't wake Billy," he said as the flame flared up.

That he did not want Billy waked up, that there was not even a passing glance to verify Uncle Pete's statement as to being unarmed, was, considering Uncle Pete's errand and his own position, a complete and voluminous commentary on the men and ethics of that time and place.

Pete Burleson carefully arranged his frame on a bench, and glanced around.

On his cot Billy tossed and moaned. His fevered sleep was tortured by a phantasmagoria of broken and hurried dreams, repeating with monstrous exaggeration the crowded hours of the past day. The brain-stunning shock and horror of sudden, bloody death, the rude litter, the night-long journey with their awful burden, the doubtful aisles of pine with star galaxies wheeling beyond, the gaunt, bare hill above, the steep zigzag to the sleeping town, the flaming wrath of violent men—in his dream they came and went. Again, hasty messengers flashed across the haggard dawn; again, he shared the pursuit and capture of the sheep-herder. Sudden clash of unyielding wills; black anger; wild voices for swift death, quickly backed by wild, strong hands; Pringle's cool and steady defiance; his own hot, resolute protest; the prisoner's unflinching fatalism; the hard-won respite—all these and more—the lights, the swaying crowd, fierce faces black and bitter with inarticulate wrath—jumbled confusedly in shifting, unsequenced combinations leading ever to some incredible, unguessed catastrophe.

Beside him, peacefully asleep, lay the manslayer, so lately snatched from death, unconscious of the chain that bound him, oblivious of the menace of the coming day.

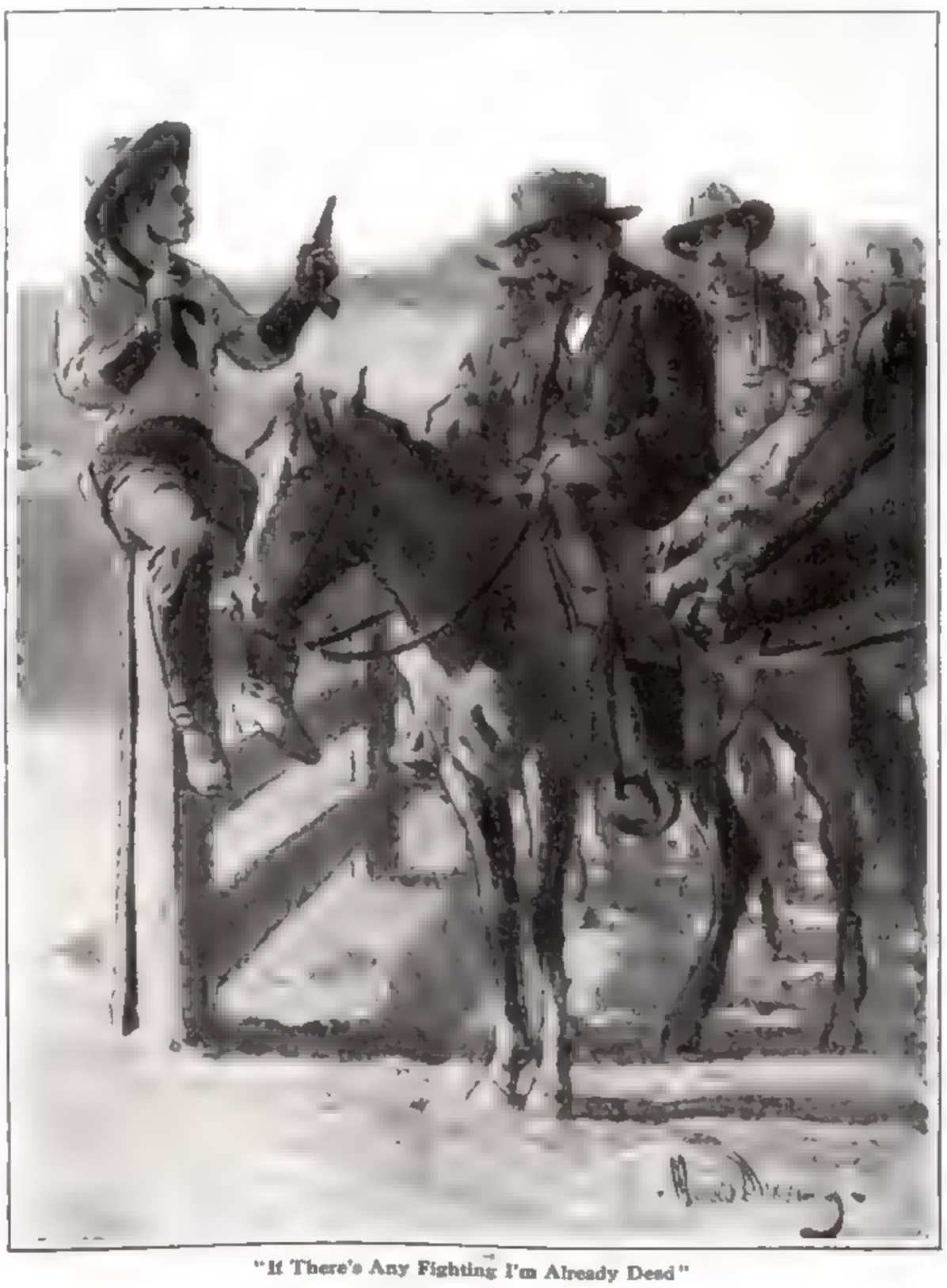
"He takes it pretty hard," observed Uncle Pete, nodding at Billy.

"Yes. He's never seen any sorrow. But he don't weaken one mite. I tried every way I could think of to get him out of here. Told him to sidle off down to Lincoln after the sheriff. But he was dead on to me."

"Yes? Well, he wouldn't 'a' got far, anyway," said Uncle Pete dryly. "We're watching every move. Still, it's a pity he didn't try. We'd 'a' got him without hurtin' him, and he'd 'a' been out o' this."

Wes' made no answer. Uncle Pete stroked his grizzled beard reflectively. He filled his pipe with cut plug and puffed deliberately.

"Now, look here," he said slowly: "Mr. Procopio Chavez killed Jimmy, and Mr. Procopio Chavez is going to hang. It wa'n't no weakenin' or doubt on my part that made me call the boys off yisterday evenin'. He's got to hang. I just wanted to keep you fellers from gettin' killed. There might 'a' been some sense in your fighting then, but there ain't now. There's too many of us."



"If There's Any Fighting I'm Already Dead"

"Me and Billy see the whole thing," said Wes', unmoved. "It was too bad Jimmy got killed, but he was certainly mighty brash. The sheep-herder was goin' peaceable, but Jimmy kept shootin', and shootin' close. When that splinter of rock hit the Mexican man he thought he was shot, and he turned loose. Reckon it hurt him like sin. There's a black-and-blue spot on his leg big as the palm of your hand. You'd 'a' done just the same as he did.

"I ain't much enthusiastic about sheep-herders. In fact, I jerked my gun at the time; but I was way down the trail and he was out o' sight before I could shoot. Thinkin' it over careful, I don't see where this Mexican's got any hangin' comin'. You know, just as well as I do, no court's goin' to hang him on the testimony me and Billy's got to give in."

"I do," said Uncle Pete. "That's exactly why we're goin' to hang him ourselves. If we let him go it's just encouragin' the *pastores* to kill up some more of the boys. So we'll just stretch his neck. This is the last friendly warnin', my son. If you will stick your fingers between the anvil and the hammer you'll get 'em pinched. 'Tain't any of your business, anyway. This ain't Rainbow. This is the White Mountain and we're strictly home rulers. And, moresoever, that war talk you made yisterday made the boys plumb sore."

"That war talk goes as she lays," said Pringle steadily. "No hangin' till after the shootin'. That goes."

"Now, now—what's the use?" remonstrated Uncle Pete. "Ye'll just get yourself hurted and 'twon't do the greaser any good. You might mebbe so stand us off in a good, thick 'dobe house, but not in this old shanty. If you want to swell up and be stubborn about it, it just means a grave apiece for you all and likely for some few of us."

"It don't make no difference to me," said Pringle, "if it means diggin' a grave in a hole in the cellar under the bottomless pit. I'm goin' to make my word good and do what I think's right."

"So am I, by Jupiter! Mr. Also Ran Pringle, it is a privilege to have known you!" Billy, half awake, covered Uncle Pete with a gun held in a steady hand. "Let's keep him here for a hostage and shoot him if they attempt to carry out their lynching," he suggested.

"We can't, Billy. Put it down," said Pringle mildly. "He's here under flag of truce."

"I was tryin' to save your derned fool hides," said Uncle Pete benignantly.

"Well—'tain't no use. We're just talkin' round and round in a circle, Uncle Pete. Turn your wolf loose when you get ready. As I said before, I don't noways dote on sheepmen, but I seen this, and I've got to see that this poor devil gets a square deal. I got to!"

Uncle Pete sighed. "It's a pity!" he said; "a great pity! Well, we're comin' quiet and peaceful. If there's any shootin' done you all have got to fire the first shot. We'll have the last one."

"Did you ever stop to think that the Rainbow men may not like this?" inquired Pringle. "If they're anyways dissatisfied they're liable to come up here and scratch your eyes out one by one."

"Jesso. That's why you're goin' to fire the first shot," explained Uncle Pete patiently. "Only for that—and likewise because it would be a sorter mean trick to do—we could get up on the hill and smoke you out with rifles at long range, out o' reach of your six-shooters. You all might get away, but the sheep-herder's chained fast and we could shoot him to kingdom come, shack and all, in five minutes. But you've had fair warnin' and you'll get an even break. If you want to begin trouble it's your own lookout. That squares us with Rainbow."

"And you expect them to believe you?" demanded Billy.

"Believe us? Sure! Why shouldn't they?" said Uncle Pete simply. "Of course they'll believe us. It'll be so." He stood up and regarded them wistfully. "There don't seem to be any use o' sayin' any more, so I'll go. I hope there ain't no hard feelin's?"

"Not a bit!" said Pringle; but Billy threw his head back and laughed angrily.

"Come, I like that! By Jove, if that isn't nerve for you! To wake a man up and announce that you're coming presently to kill him, and then expect to part the best of friends!"

"Ain't I doin' the friendly part?" demanded Uncle Pete stiffly. He was both nettled and hurt. "If I hadn't thought well of you fellers and done all I could for you, you'd 'a' been dead and done forgot about it by now. I give you all credit for doin' what you think is right, and you might do as much for me."

"Great Cæsar's ghost! Do you want us to wish you good luck?" said Billy, exasperated almost to tears. "Have it your own way, by all means—you gentle-hearted old assassin! For my part, I'm going to do my level best to shoot you right between the eyes, but there won't be any hard feeling about it. I'll just be doing what I think is right—a duty I owe to the world. Say! I should think a gentleman of your sportsmanlike instincts would send over a gun for our prisoner. Twenty to one is big odds."

"Twenty to one is a purty good reason why you could surrender without no disgrace," rejoined Uncle Pete

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What the New Tariff Does for the Trusts—By Will Payne

IN THE revision of the tariff the Steel Trust—which makes building materials, nails, wire, tin plate and other common articles that every man uses, as well as steel rails—was hit hardest of all. Reductions of duty in the metal schedule were decidedly more sweeping than in any other part of the bill. Iron ore was cut from 40 cents a ton to 15; pig iron from $4 a ton to $2.50, and on many finished products duties were lowered 25 to 50 per cent.

In his speech at Winona, on September 17, defending the new law as a substantial revision downward, President Taft said that on necessary articles which the people of the United States use to the amount of five billion dollars a year duties had been reduced. That was the grand defense. And, by the President's figures, one quarter of such necessary articles—a billion and a quarter of dollars' worth—on which duties were reduced are found in the metal schedule.

The United States Steel Corporation, or Steel Trust, produces, roughly, half the country's steel and iron. Of some items, such as wire and tin plate, it has a much higher proportion of the total production. Upon its devoted head, then, fell the brunt of this tariff revision.

The middle of March, when Congress met to revise the tariff, the Steel Corporation's common stock was selling at $44 a share. As tariff revision proceeded this common stock steadily rose. By July it sold at $69 a share. August 5, when the bill was finally passed, it sold at $75 a share and, two months after the bill had passed, at $94 a share. Meanwhile, Steel preferred advanced from $110 to $130

When the Trust was formed, in 1901, the Morgan syndicate received 649,988 one-hundred-dollar shares of this common stock as its bonus or promoter's fee, besides a large amount of the preferred. A bull pool was formed to manipulate the stock on the Exchange, and under the able generalship of James R. Keene it presently boosted the price to $55 a share. But with the exception of that powerfully-manipulated movement in 1901 the common stock had never until last year sold above $51 a share—not even in 1907 when the Trust was making forty-five million dollars' net profit in a single quarter. A simple average of the high and low prices for the years 1902 to 1908, inclusive, gives a mean of $33 a share.

The point is that the price of last March was by no means a depressed or hard-times valuation. On the contrary, it was within about $6 a share of the highest point between 1901 and 1908 the stock had ever reached, and much above the average.

The Steel Trust's Thirty-Foot Pole

IT WILL be said that March to October was a period of decided expansion in business and of rising prices for stocks generally. That is true. Taking 41 of the most representative stocks dealt in on the Exchange we find that their average price in this March-October period advanced from 87 to 102, which is 15 points or 17 per cent—while Steel common advanced 50 points or 113 per cent.

It will also be said that during this period the Steel Trust enjoyed a rapidly-increasing output at better prices, so tariff revision had nothing to do with the advance in its stock. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Carnegie wrote of the steelmakers: "We are creatures of the tariff." Holding that to be as true now as it was then, it appears that the Steel Trust's common stock is, in good part, merely a capitalization of its tariff benefits—of the profits which it has made and expects to make largely because of the tariff, over and above a reasonable return upon its investment. The market valuation of this common stock—originally thinner than water—is now four hundred and seventy-five million dollars. You can believe it wouldn't be that if this tariff revision were going to interfere in the slightest degree with the Trust's exorbitant profits.

Suppose you were a boy in a farmer's orchard where the tallest trees were twenty-five feet high, and you had a pole sixty feet long; and the farmer came in and said if you would consent to cut your pole down to only thirty feet in length you could stay in the orchard as long as you liked. You wouldn't consider that proposal inimical to your interests. That is just the position of the Steel Trust under the new tariff. It gets all the protection it can use and freedom of the orchard for several years to come. Incidentally, it was announced the other day that Steel common is to go on a four per cent dividend basis.

It used to be said that steel, wool, cotton, sugar and tobacco formed the grand central arch of protection. If those interests were satisfied the bill was as good as made. Four of them are represented by trusts, and the New England cotton mills are so closely organized for all political purposes that they operate with trustlike efficiency.

"The Senate Finance Committee, on the wool schedule," said Senator Aldrich, "followed exactly the act of 1897—the Dingley act. They have not changed it."

"That," replied Senator Dolliver, "is just what I am complaining about."

Essentially, of course, the wool schedule is much more ancient. It dates back about forty-two years, when representatives of the wool growers and the woolen manufacturers met and framed up a scheme upon which they would unitedly stand. They have been standing upon it victoriously ever since.

In this last revision the onerous burden of defending the wool schedule was borne almost entirely by Senators from the Western wool-growing states—Wyoming, Montana, Utah and Idaho. This arrangement gives the schedule a lamblike appearance of being mostly for the benefit of agriculture. Yet it is clear as daylight that in the matter of wool duties the Trust gets the great big end of the stick Going back to 1890, when the highly-protective McKinley bill was passed, we find that the domestic production of wool has increased scarcely at all.

For tariff purposes wool is divided into three classes. On raw wool of class 1 the duty is 11 cents a pound; on raw wool of class 2 it is 12 cents. This is the protection to the wool grower. The duty of 4 to 7 cents a pound on class 3—carpet wool—is merely supererogatory, for none of that class is produced in the United States. We import nearly 40 per cent of all the wool we use. Because of this duty the American manufacturer, of course, has to pay a high price for his raw material. So he gets a compensatory duty intended to cover that difference.

Now, wool is first washed, then scoured, in which processes some of it shrinks much, some little. When this wool scheme was framed up the clothing wool which was imported into this country came from the Cape of Good Hope and South America, and in washing and scouring it shrank two-thirds or more. Therefore, the manufacturer's compensatory duty was, and is, three times the duty on raw wool, or, if the goods are valued above 40 cents a pound, four times the duty. These ratios of three to one and four to one were put into the tariff on the theory that in order to get a pound of scoured wool the mills would have to buy three or four pounds of raw wool.

Listen, now, to a bit of testimony quoted by Senator Dolliver: "A gentleman, who was treasurer of what was at that time the largest worsted mill in the country, said: 'This will not do for me. I must use English or Canadian wools.'"

English and Canadian wools come to market washed. Since about the time of the above declaration wools of class 2—the English and Canadian sorts—have come in at the same duty whether they were washed or unwashed, while the old, heavy-shrinking wools of class 1 bear double duty if washed. And the washed English and Canadian wools—coming in at 12 cents a pound duty—shrink comparatively little in the further process of scouring. The estimated shrinkage, indeed, is only about one-fifth instead of the two-thirds or three-fourths contemplated by the compensatory duties.

A Joker in the Wool Schedule

SAMUEL S. DALE, of the Textile World Record—a staunch protectionist, by the way—testified that at present no wool shrinking as much as two-thirds is imported into the United States; that "the duty on first and second class wool imported into the United States varies from 14 to 24 cents a scoured pound, and nearly all of it is used in the worsted—the Trust—branch of the industry."

In other words, instead of having to buy three or four pounds of raw imported wool in order to get a pound of scoured wool, as the tariff law assumes, the Trust has to buy only a pound and a half or two pounds. It pays 14 to 24 cents a pound duty on its imported wool after scouring, but its products are charged with a compensatory duty of 33 to 44 cents a pound on the false theory that to protect the American wool grower it has paid that much more for its raw material.

American wool does shrink, in washing and scouring, about 60 per cent. Hence 200 pounds of it would produce about 80 pounds of scoured wool, or the same amount as 100 pounds of washed English wool on which $12 duty was paid. In that case, obviously, the real protection to the American grower is only 6 cents. Senator Warren, of Wyoming, said, in fact, that when the shrinkages were taken into account the protection to the American grower was only 7 or 7½ cents. It seems, then, that the Trust collects 11 or 12 cents of compensatory duty and hands about 7 cents of it over to the grower, for whose sole benefit that duty is supposed to be levied.

Moreover, the tariff act says: "All manufactures of every description made wholly or in part of wool." Many manufactures that are only part wool are thus charged with the full compensatory duty as though they were all wool. The wool in the article may be rags or shoddy, yet it carries the full compensatory duty as though it were pure new wool. A good deal of so-called woolen cloth—such as women's and children's dress goods and coat linings—is

about half cotton, the warp being of that material. That cloth is put into the wool schedule and enjoys a compensatory duty amounting to about half its total value.

So far I have been speaking only of the compensatory duty that is supposed simply to reimburse the manufacturer for the higher price which, because of protection to the American wool grower, he has to pay for his raw material—to put him, in short, in the position he would occupy if raw wool were admitted free.

We have seen that, in fact, the compensatory duty does much more than that for the manufacturer. But in addition to the compensatory duty he gets his own special protective duty of 50 or 55 per cent. A pound of manufactured woolen goods, that is, pays the compensatory duty of 33 or 44 cents and, in addition, 50 or 55 per cent *ad valorem*. This latter is supposed to protect the manufacturer against the pauper labor of Europe—to enable him to pay the luxurious wages which so notoriously obtain in our textile mills. Yet it was shown and admitted that about 65 per cent of the cost of a piece of woolen goods is in the raw material and only about 35 per cent in labor. Thus, on a piece of woolen goods worth a dollar the manufacturer—in addition to his compensatory duty—must have 50 cents special protection to enable him to pay 35 cents in wages, on which theory the pauper labor of Europe must work for 15 cents less than nothing

The woolen manufacturers are of two classes, with no love lost between them. There are the worsted manufacturers, largely organized in standard trust form, and the carded-wool manufacturers, for the most part comparatively small, independent concerns.

"The oldest woolen manufacturer in America," said Senator Dolliver, "came into my office, showed me a picture of the great mill, said to me the mill was idle and the business destroyed by the inequalities of the wool schedule, and begged me to do something to rescue the industry of which he was a pioneer in New England."

The protest of the carded-wool manufacturers, presented a few days before the bill was passed, begins: "The schedule places low duties on wool used by the worsted mills and prohibitory duties on wool suited for carded-woolen goods."

"The worsted business is very prosperous and developing rapidly," said Mr. Dale, "while the carded industry is very much depressed." One reason given for this is the greater popularity of worsted goods; another reason is that the heavy-shrinking wools of class 1 are well adapted to the carded business, and when those wools are imported in a washed state the duty is doubled, whereas the light-shrinking wools of class 2, especially adapted to the worsted business, come in at a single duty whether washed or unwashed.

After scouring, wool is combed, which separates the long fibers, called tops, from the short fibers, called noils. Worsted mills cannot use noils, but they are just what carded mills want. So, the new tariff, like its predecessor, puts a practically prohibitory duty of 20 cents a pound on noils. The House bill reduced it to 18 cents, but the Senate put it back to 20 cents. If a carded mill wants noils it must buy them from a worsted mill, whose by-product they are. Having to buy one's raw material from one's chief competitor is likely to make anybody "very much depressed."

Senator Warren pointed out with triumph that the largest carded mill in the country had been erected by the American Woolen Company, otherwise the Woolen Trust. Presumably, this is just what the carded men fear—that the Trust, having so great an advantage in regard to the raw material and having depressed the carded industry sufficiently, will presently gobble it up.

It is perfectly obvious that if the Trust gets a compensatory duty based on the theory that imported wool will shrink two-thirds, when in fact it shrinks only one-third, the arrangement is not for the benefit of the wool grower. In effect it takes a third or a half of the grower's protection and hands it over to the Trust. Plainly it is not for the benefit of the grower to give the manufacturer a full compensatory duty on goods that are part cotton, for that encourages substitution of cotton for wool. To depress or destroy a big competing wool-using industry is evidently not to the advantage of the grower. Yet this wool schedule was defended almost wholly by Senators from wool-growing states.

The answer to this riddle evidently is that the wool Senators think their only chance of getting any protection for the grower lies in hearty, obedient coöperation with the powerful, highly-organized worsted industry. By clinging desperately to the skirts of the Trust they may save their small bone.

Senator Cummins had been exposing the absurdity of this wool schedule.

"I do not wonder," replied Senator Warren rather plaintively, "that the Senator follows a line of that kind, because I myself followed it for a great many years, and there have been times when I figured it very much as the Senator figures it. But as I grow older and after a somewhat active business life I am inclined to judge more and more by final results. I think that is the safest way. I

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THE WALKING DELEGATE

Potash & Perlmutter Move Uptown

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

"THE trouble is with us, Mawruss," Abe Potash declared one afternoon in September, "that we ain't in an up-to-date neighborhood. We should get it a loft in one of them buildings up in Seventeenth, Eighteenth or Nineteenth Street, Mawruss. All the trade is up in that neighborhood."

"I ain't got such a good head for figures like you got it, Abe," Morris Perlmutter replied, "and so I am content we should stay where we are. We done it always a fair business here, Abe. Ain't it?"

"Sure, I know," Abe went on, "but the way it is with out-of-town buyers, Mawruss, they goes where the crowd is, and they ain't going to be bothered to come way downtown for us, Mawruss."

"Well, how about Klinger & Klein, Lapidus & Elenbogen, and all them people, Abe?" Morris asked. "Ain't them out-of-town buyers going to buy goods off of them neither?"

"Klinger & Klein already hire it a fine loft on Nineteenth Street," Abe interposed.

"Well, Abe," Morris rejoined, "Klinger & Klein, like a whole lot of people what I know, acts like monkeys, Abe. They see somebody doing something and they got to do it too."

"If we could do the business what Klinger & Klein done it, Mawruss, I am willing I should act like a monkey."

"Another thing, Abe," Morris went on, "Klinger & Klein sends their work out by contractors. We got it operators and machines, Abe, and you can't have a sample-room, cutting-room and machines all in one loft. Ain't it?"

"Well, then we get it two lofts, Mawruss, and then we could put our workrooms upstairs and our showroom and offices downstairs."

"And double our expenses, too, Abe," Morris added "No, Abe, I don't want to work for no landlord all my life."

"But I seen Marks Henochstein yesterday, Mawruss, and he told it me Klinger & Klein ain't paying half the rent what they pay down here. So, if we could get it two floors we wouldn't increase our expenses, Mawruss, and could do it maybe twicet the business."

"Marks Henochstein is a real-estater, Abe," Morris replied, "and when a real-estater tells you something, you got to make allowances fifty per cent for facts."

"I know," Abe cried; "but we don't have to hire no loft what we don't want to, Mawruss. Henochstein can't compel you to pay twicet as much what we're paying now. Ain't it? So what is the harm if we should maybe ask him to find a couple of lofts for us? Am't it?"

"All right, Abe," Morris concluded, "if I must go crazy listening to you talking about it I sooner move first. So go ahead and do what you like."

"Well, the fact is," said Abe, "I told Marks Henochstein he should find it a couple lofts for us this morning,

"And She Got a Fine Young Feller What is Willing to Marry Her and Wants it Only Five Hundred Dollars"

Mawruss, agreeing strictly that we should not pay him nothing, as he gets a commission from the landlord already."

Morris received this admission with a scowl.

"For a feller what's got such a nerve like you got it, Abe," he declared, "I am surprised you should make it such a poor salesman."

"When a man's got it a back-number partner, Mawruss, his hands is full inside and outside the store, and so naturally he loses it a few customers oncet in a while," Abe replied. "But, somebody's got to have nerve in a business, Mawruss, and if I waited for you to make suggestions we would never get nowhere."

Morris searched his mind for an appropriate rejoinder, and had just formulated a particularly bitter jibe when the store door opened to admit two shabbily-dressed females.

"Here, you," Abe called, "operators goes around the alley."

The elder of the two females drew herself up haughtily.

"Operators!" she said with a scornful rising inflection.

"Finishers, also," Abe continued. "This here door is for customers."

"You don't know me, Potash," she retorted. "Might you don't know this lady neither, maybe?"

She indicated her companion, who turned a mournful gaze upon the astonished Abe.

"But we know you, Potash," she went on. "We know you already when you didn't have it so much money what you got now."

Her companion nodded sadly.

"So, Potash," she concluded, "your own wife's people is operators and finishers; what?"

Abe looked at Morris, who stood grinning broadly in the sample-room doorway.

"Give me an introduction once, Abe," Morris said.

"He don't have to give us no introductions," the elder female exclaimed. "Me, I am Mrs. Sarah Mashkowitz, and this here lady is my sister, Mrs. Blooma Sheikman, *geborn* Smolinski."

"That ain't my fault that you got them names," Abe said. "I see it now that you're my wife's father's brother's daughter, ain't it? So if you're going to make a touch, make it. I got business to attend to."

"We ain't going to make no touch, Potash," Mrs. Mashkowitz declared. "We would rather die first."

"All right," Abe replied heartlessly. "Die if you got to. You can't make me mad."

Mrs. Mashkowitz ignored Abe's repartee.

"We don't ask nothing for ourselves, Potash," she said, "but we got it a sister, your wife's own cousin, Miriam Smolinski. She wants to get married."

"I'm agreeable," Abe murmured, "and I'm sure my Rosie ain't got no objections neither."

Mrs. Sheikman favored him with a look of contempt.

"What chance has a poor girl got it to get married?" she asked.

"When she ain't got a dollar in the world," Mrs. Mashkowitz added. "And her own relatives from her own blood is millionaires already."

"If you mean me," Abe replied, "I ain't no millionaire, I can assure you. Far from it."

"Plenty of money you got it, Potash!" Mrs. Mashkowitz said. "Five hundred dollars to you is to me like ten cents."

"He don't think no more of five hundred dollars than you do of your life, lady," Morris broke in with a raucous laugh

"Do me the favor, Mawruss," Abe cried, "and tend to your own business."

"Sure," Morris replied, as he turned to go. "I thought I was helping you out, Abe, that's all."

He repaired to the rear of the store, while Abe piloted his two visitors into the sample-room.

"Now what is it you want from me?" he asked.

"Not a penny she got it," Mrs. Mashkowitz declared, breaking into tears. "And she got a fine young feller what is willing to marry her and wants it only five hundred dollars."

"Only five hundred dollars," Mrs. Sheikman moaned. "Only five hundred dollars. *Ai vai.*"

"Five hundred dollars!" Abe exclaimed. "If you think you should cry till you get five hundred dollars out of me, you got a long wet spell ahead of you. That's all I got to say."

"Might he would take two hundred and fifty dollars, maybe," Mrs. Sheikman suggested hopefully through her tears

"Don't let him do no favors on my account," Abe said; "because, if it was two hundred and fifty buttons it wouldn't make no difference to me."

"A fine young feller," Mrs. Mashkowitz sobbed. "He got six machines and two hundred dollars saved up and wants to go into the cloak and suit contracting business."

"Only a hundred dollars if the poor girl had it," Mrs. Sheikman burst forth again; "maybe he would be satisfied."

"S'enough!" Abe roared. "I heard enough already."

He banged a sample table with his fist and Mrs. Sheikman jumped in her seat.

"That's a heart what you got it," she said bitterly, "like Haman."

"Haman was a pretty good feller already compared to me," Abe declared; "and also I got business to attend to."

"Come, Sarah," Mrs. Sheikman cried. "What's the use talking to a bloodsucker like him!"

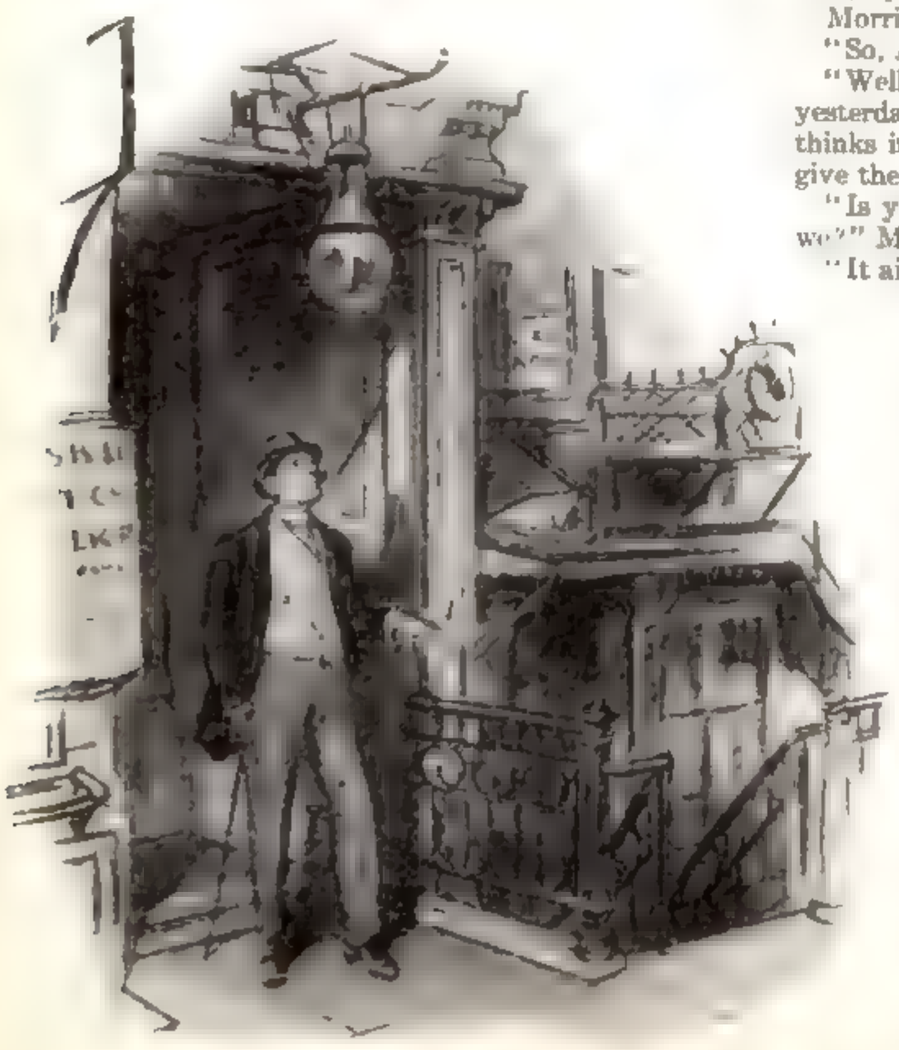
"Wait!" Mrs. Mashkowitz pleaded; "I want to ask him one thing more. If Miriam got it this young feller for a husband, might you would give him some of your work, maybe?"

"Bloodsuckers don't give no work to nobody," Abe replied firmly. "And also will you get out of my store, or will you be put out?"

He turned on his heel without waiting for an answer and joined Morris in the rear of the store.

Ten minutes later he apologetically was approached by Jake, the shipping-clerk.

"Mr. Potash," Jake said, "them two ladies in the sample-room wants to know if you would maybe give that party they was talking about a recommendation to the President of the Kosciusko Bank?"



"Comes a Walking Delegate by the Opposite Side of the Street and Makes With His Hands Motions"

"Tell 'em," Abe said, "I'll give 'em a recommendation to a policeman if they don't get right out of here. The only way what a feller should deal with a nervy proposition like that, Mawruss, is to squash it in the bud."

II

IN MATTERS pertaining to real estate Marks Henochstein held himself to be a virtuoso.

"If any one can put it through, I can," was his motto, and he tackled the job of procuring an uptown loft for Potash & Perlmutter with the utmost confidence.

"In the first place," he said when he called the next day, "you boys has got too much room."

"Boys!" Morris exclaimed. "Since when did we go to school together, Henochstein?"

"Anyhow, you got too much room, ain't yer?" Henochstein continued, his confidence somewhat diminished by the rebuff. "You could get your workrooms and showrooms all on one floor, and besides ——"

Morris raised his hand like a traffic policeman halting an obstreperous truckman.

"S'enough, Henochstein," he said. "S'enough about that. We ain't giving you no pointers in the real-estate business, and we don't want no suggestions about the cloak and suit business neither. We asked it you to get us two lofts on Seventeenth, Eighteenth or Nineteenth Street, the same size as here and for the same what we pay it here rent. If you can't do it let us know, that's all, and we get somebody else to do it. Y'understand?"

"Oh, I can do it all right."

"Sure he can do it," Abe said encouragingly.

"And I'll bring you a list as big as the telephone directory tomorrow," Henochstein added as he went out. "But all the same, boys—I mean Mr. Perlmutter—I don't think you need it all that space."

"That's a fresh real-estater for you, Abe," Morris said after Henochstein left. "Wants to tell it us our business and calls us boys yet, like we was friends from the old country already."

"Oh, I don't know, Mawruss," Abe replied. "He means it good, I guess; and anyway, Mawruss, we give so much of our work out by contractors, we might as well give the whole thing out and be done with it. We might as well have one loft with the cutting-room in the back and a rack for piece goods. Then the whole front we could fit it up as an office and sample-room yet, and we would have no noise of the machines and no more trouble with garment-makers' unions nor nothing. I think it's a good idee sending out all the work."

"Them contractors makes enough already on what we give them, Abe," Morris replied. "I bet yer Satinstein buys real estate on what he makes from us, Abe, and Ginsburg & Kaplan also."

"Well, the fact is, Mawruss," Abe went on, "I ain't at all satisfied with the way what Satinstein treats us, Mawruss, nor Ginsburg & Kaplan neither. I got an idee, Mawruss: we should give all our work to a decent, respectable young feller what is going to marry a cousin of my wife, by the name Miriam Smolinski."

Morris looked long and hard at Abe before replying.

"So, Abe," he said, "you squashed it in the bud!"

"Well, them two women goes right up and sees my Rosie yesterday, Mawruss," Abe admitted; "and so my Rosie thinks it wouldn't do us no harm that we should maybe give the young feller a show."

"Is your wife Rosie running this business, Abe, or are we?" Morris asked.

"It ain't a question what Rosie thinks, Mawruss," Abe explained; "it's what I think, too. I think we should give the young feller a show. He's a decent, respectable young feller, Mawruss."

"How do I know that, Abe?" Morris replied. "I ain't never seen him, Abe; I don't even know his name."

"What difference does that make it, Mawruss?" said Abe. "I ain't never seen him neither, Mawruss, and I don't know his name, too; but he could make up our line just as good, whether his name was Thomassheffsky or Murphy. Also, what good would it do us if we did see him first? I'm sure, Mawruss, we ain't giving out our work to Satinstein because he's a good-looking feller, and Ginsburg & Kaplan ain't no John Drews neither, so far what I hear it, Mawruss."

"That ain't the idee, Abe," Morris broke in; "the idee is that we got to give up doing our work in our own shop and send it out by a contractor just starting in as a new beginner already—a young feller what you don't know and I don't know, Abe—and all this we got to do just because you want it, Abe. Me, I am nothing here, Abe, and you are everything. You are the dawg and I am the tail. You are the oitermobile and I am the smell, and that's the way it goes."

"I Got it the Very Thing What You Want, Mr. Perlmutter"

"Who says that, Mawruss?" Abe interposed. "I didn't say it."

"You didn't say it, Abe," Morris went on, "but you think it just the same, and I'm going to show you differencely. I am content that we move, Abe, only we ain't going to move unless we can find it two lofts for the same rent what we pay it here. And we ain't going to have less room than we got it here neither, Abe, because if we move we're going to do our own business just the same like we do it here, and that's flat."

For the remainder of the day Abe avoided any reference to their impending removal, and it was not until Henochstein entered the sample-room the following morning that the discussion was renewed.

"Well, boys," he said in greeting, "I got it a fine loft for you on Nineteenth Street with twicet as much floor space what you got here."

"A loft!" Morris cried.

"A loft," Henochstein repeated.

"One loft?" Morris asked.

"That's what I said," Henochstein replied, "one loft with twicet as much floor space, and it's got light on all ——"

Morris waved his hand for silence.

"Abe," he said, "this here Henochstein is a friend of yours; ain't it?"

Abe nodded sulkily.

"Well, take him out of here," Morris advised, "before I kick him out."

He banged the sample-room door behind him and repaired to Wasserbauer's Café and Restaurant across the street to await Henochstein's departure.

"Mawruss is right," Abe declared. "You was told distinctively we wanted it two lofts, not one, and here you come back with a one-loft proposition."

Henochstein rose to leave.

"If you think it you could get two up-to-date lofts on Seventeenth, Eighteenth or Nineteenth Street, Abe, for what you pay it here in this dinky place," he said, "you got another think coming."

He opened the sample-room door.

"And also, Abe," he concluded, "if I got it a partner what made it a slave of me, like Perlmutter does you, I'd go it alone, that's all I got to say."

After Henochstein left, Abe was a prey to bitter reflections, which were only interrupted by his partner's return to the sample-room a quarter of an hour later.

"Well, Abe," Morris cried, "you got your turn at this here moving business; let me try a hand at it once."

"Go ahead, Mawruss," Abe said wearily. "You always get your own way, anyhow. You say I am the dawg, Mawruss, and you are the tail, but I guess you got it the wrong way round. I guess the tail is on the other foot."

Morris shrugged

"That's something what is past already, Abe," he replied. "I was just talking to Wasserbauer, and he says he got it a friend what is a sort of a real-estater, a smart young feller by the name Sam Slotkin. He says if Slotkin couldn't find it us a couple of lofts, nobody couldn't."

"I'm satisfied, Mawruss," Abe said. "If Slotkin can get us lofts we move, otherwise we stay here. So far we made it always a living here, Mawruss, and I guess we ain't going to lose all our customers even if we don't move; and that's all there is to it."

III

MR. SAM SLOTKIN was doubtless his own ideal of a well-dressed man. All the contestants in a chess tournament could have played on his clothes at one time, and the ox-blood stripes on his shirt exactly matched the color of his necktie and socks. He had concluded his interview with Morris on the morning following Henochstein's fiasco, before Abe's arrival at the office, and he was just leaving as Abe came in.

"Who's that, Mawruss?" Abe asked, staring after the departing figure.

"That's Sam Slotkin," Morris replied. "He looks like a bright young feller."

"I bet yer he looks bright," Abe commented. "He looks so bright in them vaudeville clothes that it almost gives me eye-strain. I suppose he says he can get us the lofts."

"Sure," Morris answered; "he says he can fix us up all right."

"I hope so," Abe said skeptically, and at once repaired to the office. It was the tail-end of a busy season and Abe and Morris found no time to renew the topic of their forthcoming removal until two days later when Sam Slotkin again interviewed Morris. The result was communicated to Abe by Morris after Slotkin's departure.

"He says, Abe, that he thinks he's got the very place for us," Morris said.

"He thinks he got it, Mawruss," Abe exclaimed. "Well, we can't rip out our store here on the strength of a think, Mawruss. When will he know if he's got it?"

"Tomorrow morning," Morris replied, and went upstairs to the workroom, where the humming of many machines testified to the last rush of the season's work. Abe joined him there a few minutes later.

"Believe me, Mawruss," he said, "I'll be glad when this here order for the Fashion Store is out."

"It takes a week yet, Goldman tells me," Morris replied, "and I guess we might have to work nights if they don't make it a hurry-up."

"Well, we're pretty late with that Fashion Store delivery as it is, Mawruss," Abe replied. "It wouldn't hurt none if we did work nights, Mawruss. We ought to get that order out by the day after tomorrow yet."

"You speak to 'em, Abe," Morris retorted, indicating the working force by a wave of his hand

"What have I got to do with it?" Abe asked. "You're the inside man, Mawruss."

"To my sorrow, Abe," said Morris, "and if you was the inside man you would know it that if I told 'em they was working on a rush order they'd strike for more money already."

"And yet, Mawruss, you ain't in favor of giving out our work by contractors," Abe cried as he walked away.

The next morning Sam Slotkin was waiting in the sample-room before Abe or Morris arrived. When they entered he advanced to meet them with a confident smile.

"I got it the very thing what you want, Mr. Perlmutter," he said. "A fine loft on Nineteenth Street."

"A loft!" Abe exclaimed.

"A fine loft." Slotkin corrected.

"How big a loft?" Morris asked.

"Well, it is maybe twicet as big as this here," Slotkin replied. "You could get into it all your machines and have a cutting-room and sample-room and office besides."

"That sounds pretty good, Abe," Morris commented. "Don't you think so, Abe?"

Abe pulled off his coat with such force that he ripped the sleeve-lining.

"What are you doing," he demanded, "making jokes with me?"

"And it's only twenty dollars more a month as you're paying here," Slotkin concluded.

"Twenty dollars a month won't make us or break us, Abe," Morris said

"It won't, hey?" Abe roared. "Well, that don't make no difference, Mawruss. You said you wanted it two lofts, and we got to have it two lofts. How do you think we're going to sell goods and keep our books, Mawruss, if we have all them machines kicking up a racket on the same floor?"

"Well, Abe, might we could send our work out by contractors, maybe," Morris answered with all the vivacity of a man suggesting a new and brilliant idea.

Abe stared at his partner for a minute.

"What's the matter with you, Mawruss, anyway?" he asked at length. "First you say it we must have two lofts and keep our work in our own shop, and now you turn right around again."

"I got to talking it over with Minnie last night," Morris replied, "and she thinks maybe if we give our work out by contractors we wouldn't need it to stay down so late, and then I wouldn't keep the dinner waiting an hour or so every other night. We lose it two good girls already by it in six months."

"Who is running this business, Mawruss?" Abe roared. "Minnie or us?"

Sam Slotkin listened with a slightly bored air.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," he said, "what's the use of it you make all this disturbance? The loft is light on all four sides, with two elevators. Also, it is already big enough for ——"

"What are you butting in for?" Abe shouted. "What business is it of yours, anyhow?"

"I am the broker," Sam Slotkin replied with simple dignity. "And also you're going to take that loft. Otherwise I lose it three hundred dollars' commission, and besides ——"

"My partner is right," Morris interrupted. "You ain't got no business to say what we will or will not do. If we want to take it we will take it, otherwise not."

"Don't worry," Sam Slotkin cried, "you will take it all right and I'll be back this afternoon for an answer."

He put on his hat and left without another word, while Abe and Morris looked at each other in blank amazement.

"That's a real-estater for you," Abe said. "Henochstein's got it pretty good nerve, Mawruss, but this feller acts so independent like a doctor or a lawyer."

Morris nodded and started to hang up his hat and coat, but even as his hand was poised half-way to the hook it became paralyzed. Simultaneously Abe looked up from the column of the Daily Cloak and Suit Record and Miss Cohen, the bookkeeper, stopped writing; for the hum of

"A Strike! What for a Strike?"

sewing machines, which was as much a part of their week-day lives as the beating of their own hearts, had suddenly ceased.

Abe and Morris took the stairs leading to the upper floor three at a jump, and arrived breathlessly in the workroom just as fifty-odd employees were putting on their coats preparatory to leaving

"What's the matter?" Abe gasped.

"Strike," Goldman, the foreman, replied

"A strike!" Morris cried. "What for a strike?"

Goldman shrugged his shoulders.

"Comes a walking delegate by the opposite side of the street and makes with his hands motions," he explained. "So they goes out on strike."

Few of the striking operators could speak English, but those that did nodded their corroboration.

"For what you strike?" Morris asked them.

"Moost strike," one of them replied. "Ven varking delegate say moost strike, ve moost strike."

Sadly Abe and Morris watched their employees leave the building, and then they repaired to the sample-room.

"There goes two thousand dollars, Mawruss," Abe said. "For so sure as you live, Mawruss, if we don't make that delivery to the Fashion Store inside of a week we get a cancellation by the next day's mail; ain't it?"

Morris nodded gloomily, and they both remained silent for a few minutes.

"Mawruss," Abe said at last, "where is that loft what Slotkin gives us?"

"What do you want to know for?"

"I'm going right up to have a look at it," Abe replied. "I'm sick and tired of this here strike business."

Morris heaved a great sigh.

"I believe you, Abe," he said. "The way I feel it now we will sell for junk every machine what we got."

Forthwith Abe boarded a car for uptown, and when he returned two hours later he found Goldman discussing ways and means with Morris in the sample-room.

"Well, Abe," Morris cried, "what for a loft you seen it?"

Abe hung up his hat deliberately.

"I tell you the truth, Mawruss," he said, turning around, "the loft ain't bad. It's a good-looking loft, Mawruss, only it's certain sure we couldn't have no machines in that loft."

"*Ai vai!*" Goldman exclaimed, rocking to and fro in his chair and striking his head with his clenched fist.

"Nu Goldman?" Morris asked. "What's the trouble with you?"

"Troubles enough he got it, Mawruss," Abe said, as he watched Goldman's evolutions of woe. "If we do away with our machines he loses his job; ain't it?"

Sympathy seemed only to intensify Goldman's distress.

"Better than that he should make me dizzy at my stomach to watch him, Abe," Morris said. "I got a suggestion."

Goldman ceased rocking and looked up.

"I got a suggestion, Abe," Morris went on, "that we sell it our machines on long terms of credit to Goldman, and he should go into the contracting business; ain't it?"

"*Ai vai!*" Goldman cried again, and commenced to rock anew.

"Stop it, Goldman," Abe yelled. "What's the trouble now?"

"What show does a feller got it what starts as a new beginner in cloak contracting already?" Goldman wailed.

"Well," Abe replied, "you could get our work."

Morris seized on this as a happy compromise between his own advocacy of Ginsburg & Kaplan and the rival claims of Abe's wife's relations.

"Sure," he agreed. "We will give him the work what we give now to Satinstein and Ginsburg & Kaplan."

Goldman's face spread into a thousand wrinkles of joy.

"You saved my life!" he exclaimed.

"Only he got to agree by a lawyer he should make it up our work a whole lot cheaper as they did," Morris concluded.

Goldman nodded vigorously.

"Sure, sure," he said.

"And also he got to help us call off this here strike," Abe added.

"I do my bestest," Goldman replied. "Only we got to see it the varking delegate first and fix it up with him."

"Who is this walking delegate, anyhow?" Morris asked.

Goldman scratched his head to aid his memory.

"I remember it now," he said at last. "It's a feller by the name Sam Slotkin."

IV

WHEN Abe and Morris recovered from the shock of Goldman's disclosure they vied with each other in the strength of their resolutions not to move into Sam Slotkin's loft. "I wouldn't pay it not one cent blackmail neither," Abe declared, "not if they kept it up the strike for a year."

"Better as we should let that sucker do us, Abe," Morris declared, "I would go out of the business first; ain't it?"

Abe nodded and, after a few more defiant sentiments, they went upstairs with Goldman to estimate the amount of work undone on the Fashion Store order.

"Them Fashion people was always good customers of ours, too, Mawruss," Abe commented, "and we couldn't send the work out by contractors in this shape. It would ruin the whole job."

Morris nodded sadly.

"If we could only get them devils of operators to finish up," he said, "they could strike till they was blue in the face yet."

"But I wouldn't pay one cent to that sucker, Slotkin, Mawruss," Abe added.

"Sure not," Morris agreed.

(Concluded on Page 38)

Johnny Bull Stuck Doggedly to "the Principle of the Thing, Don't Yer Know"

KICKS AND KICKERS

Kickers Who Complain and Those Who Just Grumble

By JAMES H. COLLINS

JONES is the average consumer. Smith is the average merchant. One of Smith's clerks sells Jones something that proves defective. Smith and Jones know each other well. So Jones steps into Smith's on his way downtown and in a few moments, by explanation, the matter is righted.

Again, Robinson, who is the average neighbor, has a dog that howls all night, annoying Jones. Mrs. Jones knows Mrs. Robinson, calls on her next afternoon, and this nuisance is also stopped by direct dealing.

But suppose Jones' gas bill suddenly doubles?

His procedure will probably be quite different.

Gas is furnished by a corporation. Jones doesn't know anybody connected with the gas company and, therefore, takes no steps to make a direct, civil complaint, as he would to Smith or Robinson. Instead, he gets to thinking of the gas company as something strong, rich, impersonal and unscrupulous. To have his grievance righted, he assumes, it will be necessary to use a pull. He hasn't got one and feels helpless and indignant. In view of the fact that he cannot hope for plain justice he must make a protest against this organized robbery. No protest can be too vigorous or merciless, he thinks, because he is fighting the battle of everybody else who burns gas.

So Jones starts out on the warpath and writes a letter to the newspapers, denouncing the predatory gas company in general terms and asking how long the people are going to submit to corporation rule.

Perhaps the gas company first learns that Jones is on the warpath through this newspaper letter signed Indignant Taxpayer. For if Jones finds no direct channel to the company when he is in trouble the company has no very accurate way of discovering that Jones thinks his gas bill unfair. Jones' feeling of helplessness in the clutches of gas, electric-light, telephone, express, railroad, street-car and other public-service companies, together with his indirect ways of having his grievance righted, has finally led to the public-service-commission method of regulating such companies. The commission is effective. It sees that Jones' complaint is aired and righted, for one thing, and, what is fully as important, it helps the company find Jones.

For today the average public-service corporation really wants to find Jones and investigate his complaint before he writes to the newspapers.

A Gas Company That Wanted Good Will

A FEW years ago this statement would not have been generally true. Public utilities were largely in the hands of speculative interests that had consolidated small companies for the Wall Street profits. The man with a complaint was often misunderstood, dreaded and avoided. But one after another the big, unwieldy consolidations have been passing under control of officers capable of giving real service. As soon as water had been squeezed out of capitalization and real service was ready the selling department followed to dispose of it. And as soon as the salesman got acquainted with Jones he saw his value and took steps to transform his enmity into good will. Once upon a time when a consumer walked into the company's offices with blood in his eye, prepared to thrash somebody, they wore him out by referring him from one department to another and finally sent him away madder than ever. But nowadays, very likely, the man who enters a gas company's offices with blood in his eye is met by a sweet-tempered young woman. He can't thrash her. She listens to his complaint. If the company is wrong she makes things right, and if he is wrong she explains. He goes out warmly commending the company and, perhaps, before he gets away the young woman sells him a new gas range.

The gas company in a large city was, until about three years ago, dominated by a crowd of high financiers who ran it, not to make gas to sell the consumer, but to manufacture securities to sell the innocent investor. Many years of wrong management, together with shameful exploitation of the public, made its name a howling shame and a byword all over the country, while at home, where it sold gas, the company stood as the last word for all that was extortionate and unjust.

A reorganization was effected, finally, and the new set of directors sent for a man who had succeeded in building up a run-down railroad and making it popular with the people living in its territory at the same time that he made it pay. The gas company had a monopoly, but was being pressed hard by the electric-light company, an aggressive competitor. The directors got the railroader to take the presidency with the understanding that he should create good will as well as make money.

One of his first steps was to hire forty inspectors, dress them in uniforms with the name of the gas company on their caps and send them out into the city, ringing doorbells. No door was passed.

"Do you burn gas?" asked the inspector when the housewife opened her door. If the reply was affirmative a systematic inquiry followed. Was service satisfactory? Any complaints? Were bills considered reasonable? Did the lights burn well? Did the gas range do good work?

Good Service and Pleased Patrons

THE inspector examined lights and in many cases recommended a change in tips. This is a prime cause of complaint where bills seem unreasonably large, for there are certain kinds of tips that consume gas out of all proportion to the illumination actually rendered. One of the largest gas companies in the country gave its customers three hundred thousand new tips of correct type last year, free of cost, reducing the consumption of gas for the sake of the better service and good will that followed; and it paid.

These uniformed inspectors also gave especial attention to the gas range in each home. The housewife was asked to light and run it as she ordinarily did and was shown where her methods wasted gas. One point of prime importance was to ascertain whether a box of matches hung close to the range. If matches were in another room gas was probably being wasted by being turned low when not in use, instead of turned out and lighted again. "Keep the matches handy," advised the inspector, "for matches are cheaper than gas." If the range did not bake well it was found, perhaps, to be choked with grease. In many instances the inspector sent a trained woman instructor—also employed by the gas company—to spend an afternoon with the housewife, showing her how to get the best results from her range and cooking a batch of biscuits for supper.

In about a year, under its new president, this gas company was made highly popular. Complaints of excessive bills fell off, and the consumer with a kick wasted no time writing to the newspapers, but came straight to the company.

The enjoyment of a monopoly is often a temptation to corporation officials to neglect the man with a grievance. In a small Western city, as an instance, the same company controls both gas and electricity. For years its directors paid little attention to the small civilities that are observed where there is competition.

"We get all the business there is," they said. "People either take gas or current, or go without."

But a new manager was engaged and he organized a selling department. Canvassers were sent out to cultivate good will, and they let it be known that the company was anxious to hear complaints and adjust difficulties. In a single year the business of the company increased twenty-five per cent over normal growth.

Even with the best of intentions on the part of a corporation the kicker is hard to find. The customer with a genuine grievance may not complain direct, but will take it out in grumbling or writing to the newspapers. If he does write to the company his letter may be mere denunciation, containing no specific facts. Then there are chronic kickers who complain of troubles that arise from their own carelessness; and other people with grievances for which the company is not at all responsible. Where one grievance comes to the complaint department in definite form for action there are, perhaps, a dozen that never do; and for every customer who has a genuine grievance there must be at least a dozen persons who indulge in the luxury of grumbling at service without patronizing the company at all. With every one of these kickers, however, an aggressive complaint department tries to deal fairly. This is now recognized as part of a public-service corporation's regular routine. Tactful handling of complaints, near-complaints and mere growls makes good will and business.

The kind of kicker who doesn't come to headquarters is shown in a story about an Englishman and an American who spent a morning riding about New York in a cab. The Englishman paid the bill, but there was a dispute about the fare, the cabman demanding twenty-five cents more than the legal fare. The Englishman proceeded just as though he were at home in London, taking the cabby's number and starting for police headquarters to lodge a complaint. His American friend tried to talk him out of it, being ashamed to make a fuss about a quarter, but Johnny Bull stuck doggedly to "the principle of the thing, don't yer know," and dragged the Yankee along. The latter protested that the police would pooh-pooh so trifling a matter. But he was wrong. They took it up as soberly as the Englishman, found the cabman and made him refund the overcharge. They also told the American that they were glad to get definite complaints to act upon. Much profanity and denunciation are leveled at the New York cabman every day and many editorial scoldings are administered to him. But formal complaints, backed by specific details, seldom come to the police. People pay overcharges meekly and then take it out in grumbling at police graft. This is the experience in many other American cities and with most public-service departments.

The man with a misdirected kick is often amusing.

One day an irate gentleman walked into the office of the general passenger agent and demanded to know why in thunder he had been compelled to wait more than an hour at Smithville for a Central train and, finally, to tramp over to another station and take a parallel road. The passenger agent listened patiently and then said:

"We are sorry you have been put to this trouble and it is well you waited only an hour, because you might have waited longer. Our road doesn't touch Smithville."

The German Who Wouldn't Go Ahead

MISUNDERSTANDING is responsible for a large percentage of the complaints that actually come in, as in the case of an elderly German who appeared one day at the office of a telephone company to protest against outrageous treatment over the wire. He had been insulted, he said. He was a philosophic German of the old school, gentle, kindly, slow to anger. But now he was filled with wrath—so angry, in fact, that every time he started to explain what had happened indignation choked him. The traffic manager talked courteously until the old gentleman had got his temper under control, and then found it easy enough to explain matters in a way that cleared up the trouble. The German, it seems, had gone to a public telephone, deposited his dime, and asked for a certain number. But he couldn't hear very well and kept asking Central: "Vot iss der matter?" The girl had told him to go ahead.

"I can't hear—vot iss wrong?"

"Go ahead," the girl repeated; "go ahead, go ahead."

And then the German had hung up the receiver in boiling rage, for he thought Central was telling him to go to hades!

In another case a carriage drew up before a telephone company's offices one afternoon and a fat old lady got down, leaving a fat pug dog on the seat with her fat coachman. She was covered with elaborate beadwork which jingled as she walked, and she carried a large lorgnette through which everything was carefully scrutinized. When she was shown into the manager's office the old lady asked authoritatively:

"Are you the manager?"

The manager said he was. He is a little man. The fat old lady

He Said, "Sure, Mike!" and Got It

went over him most attentively, as though he were the first manager she had ever seen and had to be magnified to be visible. She lorgnetted his hair, his tie, his socks, and, finally, fastening on the top of his head, announced decisively:

"I shall sue your company for ten thousand dollars."

The manager asked upon what grounds.

"For conspiracy," declared the old lady.

Then it appeared, according to her story, that she had telephoned her regular expressman to move a trunk, and the telephone company, through Central, had connected her with some unknown expressman who had called for the trunk and stolen it. Central had been in league with this strange expressman. Therefore, the company was responsible for lost dresses and jewels, value ten thousand dollars.

Investigation by the manager disclosed, in the first place, that the dowager didn't know the name of her own expressman; then, that she had written a wrong address on her trunk and that the strange expressman had delivered it to that address in good faith. This expressman was sought out and asked if he could get the trunk; and he said, "Sure, Mike!" and got it. So the fat dowager didn't sue. She didn't even thank the manager for pulling her out of her muddle. To this day, probably, she believes that the telephone company was at fault.

Persons will sometimes try to use the complaint department of a corporation for strange purposes, as was the case where a woman telephone subscriber asked the company to fine one of her neighbors for calling her a liar and no lady, over the wire.

Another woman subscriber, hearing that a new manager was taking charge of her district, called to welcome him to the district and to say that she hoped he would give her better service than the old manager, who didn't understand the telephone business at all and, besides, was no gentleman. Something in her effusive good wishes led the new manager to look into her account with the company, whereupon he found that she hadn't paid her bill for several months and that unless she did within a few days her telephone was to be taken out.

The chronic kicker is a type familiar in most complaint departments.

When Anthony Trollope was in the British postal service the officials were pestered with frequent letters from a gentleman at a remote country place who wrote almost weekly, complaining of the wretched mail service in his district. The letters were so lengthy and bitter that at last Trollope was sent to visit the kicker, find out what he wanted and give it to him, if possible, for the sake of peace. Trollope found the kicker a hearty, hospitable country squire who put him up for the night, brought out his best wine and had his daughter sing for the post-office official. At every reference to the mail service, however, he turned the conversation, refusing to talk of business until next morning, when his visitor had to leave and it was absolutely necessary to take the matter up. Then the squire confessed that, living alone there with nothing to occupy his time, he had busied himself writing complaints to the post-office. Really, he considered the service very good and promised to write no more.

Finally Sent Him Away Madder Than Ever

Constant Kicker and His Methods

"CONSTANT KICKER," as he occurs in present-day complaint work, is not a man who grumbles for pastime, but usually one who, by some fatal gift, is always getting into difficulties in his every-day dealings.

Ninety-nine men in the hundred will do business with corporations and seldom have anything go wrong. Their gas meters never run fast, their shipments always arrive safely.

But the odd man is Constant Kicker. His gas meter races. Other people's telephone messages are charged on his bill. If he has a single box coming by freight along with ten thousand other boxes, and only one box of the whole lot is lost, that lost box will be Constant Kicker's. Other men may have an occasional difficulty of a simple nature, such as can be righted by a little civil explanation. But when Constant Kicker gets into difficulties they are usually of the most complex character, and all his efforts to have them righted, and all the company's efforts to explain and clear them up, merely cloud the issue that much more. Constant Kicker is not a grump and doesn't go through life looking for trouble, but is a thoroughly earnest person whose normal existence seems to be the abnormal, and who kicks wholly in the interest of humanity, for principle, in an attempt to reform a wicked world.

This type is illustrated by some experiences of a certain business man the past year or so. He lives in a neighborhood where several robberies led him to take out burglary insurance last winter. A little later, while traveling, his trunk was robbed of valuables. When he sent a claim to the insurance company he was told that his burglar policy did not cover such losses. So he took out baggage insurance. Several weeks afterward, arriving at a great hotel, he sent for somebody to press a suit of clothes. A man wearing no uniform knocked at his door, was handed a seventy-five-dollar suit and disappeared, never to be seen again. The suit went with him. Constant Kicker tried to collect on his baggage insurance and was told that this loss was not covered, either. Then he tried to collect from the hotel and was told that the proprietor could not be responsible, as the man who had carried off Constant Kicker's clothes was not an employee.

Constant Kicker takes up such a matter as an imposition, not merely upon himself, but upon the whole public, and fights both the insurance company and the hotel most vigorously. He becomes a living question-mark and wants to know, and brings his grievance to the attention of both parties in some new form at least once a week. Before the insurance company and the hotel proprietor hear the last of him they will probably be led to think that he is a new kind of blackmailer.

Constant Kicker goes out to lunch at a popular restaurant where a thousand persons eat daily and have no difficulty. But it is his luck to have the waiter bring his change a dollar short; whereupon he seizes the waiter, calls for the head waiter, has the change and bill put upon a tray, and drags them all through the crowded dining-room to the manager's office.

When the expressman collects charges on a package that is afterward found to have been prepaid the average person simply puts the labels into an envelope, writes a note to the express company, giving the facts, and in due time gets his money back. But Constant Kicker handles such an error in a way that makes it an international episode. That is his style.

On the whole, though, he does good rather than harm. He is willing to take his troubles to headquarters, and his complaints, right or wrong, are preferable to the misdirected ill will of the kicker who vents his grievance through general abuse in a letter to the newspapers.

Reformed Corporations

NOTHING receives more courteous, prompt attention, nowadays, from the average public-service company than the well-written, reasonable letter of complaint. Here and there, it is true, an outworn policy of evasion is still followed. But most companies are glad to hear from the kicker who has a just grievance, and handle his case through routine that is closely allied to the selling end of the business. Some of the corporations that in the past, under unwise management, followed a policy of evasion are today conspicuous for the lengths to which they go in inviting complaints and righting grievances. Former managements have left them a legacy of ill will; and now, under constant hammering from newspapers and the criticism of a public that hasn't discovered that they have reformed, they are trying to live down bad names as rapidly as possible by being obliging and courteous.

The average letter of complaint as it reaches the corporation or public official, however, is seldom well written. It is more often a scolding than a presentation of facts upon which action may be taken. The kicker writes while he is angry, under the impression that spleen will be necessary to get attention.

A well-written letter of complaint should have, first of all, definite facts, names, dates, places—where the fatal shot was fired and who fired it. After that it does no harm to be civil and considerate. The public-service corporation handles an enormous mass of business, normally, without error or mishap. Mistakes are the abnormal. The very person who complains will probably find, if he stops to think about it, that his grievance represents but a fraction of one per cent as against normal service that has been rendered to himself. The shortcoming for which he is tempted to scold in an abusive letter may be due to the action of some employee of which the company will be glad to learn, or to some obscure piece of its hidden machinery that has slipped a cog. Furthermore, the company's side of the business is infinitely more complex than the customer's. During the recent distribution of gas rebates in New York City the companies got a number of protests from customers who were paid small amounts by check. A man who had burned three dollars' worth of gas at some apartment, from which he had moved several years before, received a check for sixty-odd cents as his rebate and growled about it because it was a bit inconvenient to cash the check. He forgot that the company had patiently dug his old account from its books and followed him through his wanderings to refund this trifle. He also forgot that the company was paying this money back through the courts and had to have the receipted checks to show for every penny of it. These gas-rebate disbursements aggregated nearly eleven million dollars and were paid out through large separate bureaus established by the companies to handle that routine away from their offices. When the work was nearly finished a crop of denunciatory letters appeared in the newspapers, anonymous correspondents charging that the gas companies paid no attention to claims. Yet at that very period the United States Court commissioner's public report, issued weekly, showed that more than one million separate claims had been satisfied and about nine and a half million dollars had been distributed in five months.

"People Either Take Gas or Current, or Go Without"

In a Few Moments, by Explanation, the Matter is Righted

A Prince of Head Waiters

THAT the calling of head waiter is sometimes a highly lucrative one there can be no doubt. The head waiter of a certain quiet hotel not far from Regent Street, patronized largely by the wealthier class of Americans, pays the management five thousand dollars a year to keep his place, while the *concierge* of a certain famous hostelry in Cairo pays half again that sum for the same privilege. But the shining light of them all, the *doyen* of the profession, as it were, is the *maître d'hôtel* of what is, perhaps, the most fashionable and the most expensive restaurant in Paris.

This personage, who is of very great importance indeed and must be treated accordingly, probably knows more of European society, its scandals, its intrigues, its secrets and its jealousies than any man in France. In such matters he is said to be consulted by the chief of the secret police himself.

This prince of head waiters has at his fingertips not only the name of every diplomat and politician and aristocrat, every *grande dame* and actress in Continental society, but he knows their antecedents, their connections, their family skeletons, their likes and dislikes as well. It would be a calamity indeed if General M——, dropping in for *déjeuner*, should be seated next to Colonel P——, his deadliest enemy; if Madame la Duchesse de N——, dining with some friends, should chance to see her father at the same table with Mademoiselle R——, the beautiful actress who is all the rage at the *Variété*, or that the hot-headed editors of two rival journals, whose animosity is well known, should meet in the café and exchange words and blows and cards—and afterward bullets. It is just such contretemps as these that this remarkable *maître d'hôtel* is there to prevent, and he does it marvelously well by giving one fire-eating editor a table in the yellow room while the other is seated in the blue room; the duke and his actress are accommodated in one end of the restaurant and the duchess and her friends in the other; and for the tact and diplomacy and knowledge of the world which this *maître d'hôtel* combines the management pay him fifty thousand francs a year, and Heaven only knows how much more he gets from the patrons, for he takes nothing less than paper.

THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE

Reminiscences of Famous Stars—By Charles Burnham

Sarah Bernhardt

DURING the season of '86 and '87 when I was at Stetson's Fifth Avenue, he was arranging for a production at the Globe Theater. He telegraphed me to find immediately Richard Mansfield, engage him at whatever salary he asked, and have him come to Boston at once. It took me some time to locate Mansfield. I finally found him living in a small hall bedroom in a lodging-house over a store in lower Sixth Avenue.

It was one thing to find his living place, but it was quite another matter to find him. The landlady told me I would be sure to meet him if I came about ten o'clock in the morning, as he was always in bed at that hour. The next morning I was there at ten and after considerable knocking and calling roused him from his sleep. He called out: "What the devil are you making all that noise for?" On acquainting him with my errand and asking if he would not open the door that I might talk business with him, he replied: "I don't want to talk business; I am sleepy. Please go away and come back at noon."

Knowing the peculiarities of the man and that he might be coaxed but not driven, I did as he suggested, and at noontime called again. On arranging my business with him, I asked him if he would take the one o'clock train, as Stetson was very anxious for his presence in Boston. Upon my giving him his fare and an advance of salary he promised to start at once.

About nine o'clock that night I received a wire from Stetson, asking the whereabouts of Mansfield and saying that he had not shown up in Boston. I scurried around, but could find no trace of him, and it was not till ten the next morning that I again found him taking his morning nap, with but little thought of Boston or Stetson.

After he got thoroughly awake he gave me several reasons for not having gone to Boston, the principal one being that he "intended to go when he felt like it, and he hadn't felt like it yesterday."

I knew it would be absolutely useless to argue with him or lose my temper, so I just jollied him, and finally he agreed to get ready and start at once. I told him that as the rehearsals in Boston had been going on for two days, and the piece was to be produced on the following Monday—it was then Wednesday—there was no time to be lost. His answer was: "No time to be lost and none wasted. *I* need only one rehearsal, and think of all the time I would be wasting and losing by going there *nearly a week ahead of time*, and leaving New York."

Mansfield Off at Last

SIMPLY agreeing with him, I finally persuaded him to start, and handing him some more money that he had asked for and receiving his positive assurance that he would leave on the first train, I left, saying that as it was raining I would send a cab to take him to the station.

I wired Stetson that Mansfield would surely go over on the noon train that day. But he didn't. The cabman that I sent after him waited there for two hours, and never even caught a glimpse of Mansfield.

Well, the result was more telegrams from Stetson, more search for Mansfield and more promises. But this time I waited for him, accompanied him to the station, saw him safely on the train, and watched that train till it left the station. He also received another advance on his salary.

My first acquaintance with Mansfield began when he was playing an engagement at the Park Theater in Boston with the Union Square Theater Company. I was to be the recipient of a benefit at the time and had received Mansfield's promise to appear at the performance in a monologue. I had given wide publicity to the fact because it was to be of such a novel character, and was very proud to think I was enabled to have Mansfield appear for the first time in Boston in such a character.

On the morning of the day of the performance I received the following letter from the erratic Mansfield:

My dear Burnham:

I am sorry to say I shall not be able to appear at your benefit today. I have rather a bad throat and regret I cannot use it in your behalf. Were it not for this I should be only too happy to oblige you. Believe me, with sincere regrets,

Yours very truly,

RICHARD MANSFIELD

This was disappointment and, while brooding over it, a friend came in and I told him what had occurred, when he informed me that not ten minutes before he had met Mansfield in the street and he seemed anything but ill.

"Take my advice," said my friend, "and go see his friend ——; he will make him appear."

This man was the senior member of a great business concern, was an old acquaintance of Mansfield's and was deeply interested in his career. When I called on him and showed him the letter I had received from Mansfield, he told me to go right ahead with my plans, adding: "He will appear, all right. And, by the way, you find me a box if you can; I would like to have my family come down and see Mansfield in that sketch."

It is needless to say he received the box and Mr. Mansfield appeared. Charley Hoyt, in writing of the performance, said:

. . . And then followed the gem of the afternoon's entertainment, Mr. Richard Mansfield, in his character sketch, The Italians, which was not only extremely amusing, but which showed off Mr. Mansfield's great versatility to the utmost. The sketch is a light one, and is a description of a concert given by a troupe of French and Italian artists at an English watering-place. In it examples were given of the style of vocalization of the two nations, which were very lifelike, there being nothing trespassing in the slightest degree on the realms of burlesque about it. It further included an Italian aria sung by a French tenor, an English ballad sung by an Italian prima donna and a cello solo by a lady performer, and these were interspersed with comments on the individual performances by an English officer of the old school, who was supposed to be one of the audience. Mr. Mansfield was certainly great in it, and his admirable delineation convulsed the audience. The fun, however, was at its climax when, after the concert had been concluded, the party sat down to supper and getting into a wrangle all tried to talk at once. Here the audience was fairly carried away, and the laughter was uproarious. On the whole, The Italians was about the finest monologue we ever heard on the stage and a marvelous portrayal of character acting.

When Joseph Jefferson was playing one of his engagements at the Star Theater in New York, his sons, Charley, Thomas and Joseph, generally spent the greater portion of their time in my office. I happened to have at the time a miniature toy race-track that had attracted their attention and to which they devoted themselves most assiduously.

Many of their friends joined them in the game, and here of an afternoon could often be found (in company with the Jefferson boys) "Billy" Florence, Roland Reed, George Nash, Glen McDonough and generally one or two newspaper boys. The little tin horses they had dubbed with various names, such as "Roland Reed," "Coffee" and "Liver Pad," starting them off in a race for all the world like the real thing, and placing their bets in true sportsmanlike fashion. The Jefferson boys tried hard to coax their father into the game when he happened into the office one day in the midst of a highly-exciting race. I thought at first that his presence would put a damper on them; but instead, one of his sons called out: "Come on, Father, take a horse and try your luck; Roland Reed is running fine today." Mr. Jefferson, with that kindly smile of his, shook his head and answered: "No, I guess not, boys; I don't believe I would like a horse with a comedy nose." It seems that just as Mr. Jefferson entered the room some one called out, "Roland Reed wins by a nose." And Reed's nose was somewhat of a nose when it came to noses. As he turned to leave the room Jefferson said to Florence, with a merry twinkle in his eyes: "Billy, I am afraid you are leading my boys astray."

It was while Jefferson and Florence were playing their engagement at this theater that I had placed in my office a phonograph, and would often entertain the two with the various records that I had taken. It was quite a while before I could induce Mr. Jefferson to talk into the machine, he seemingly having a strong aversion to it. Finally he consented and, with Mr. Florence, repeated a scene from The Rivals and then gave his famous toast from Rip Van Winkle. While Jefferson and Florence were making their record together, Florence momentarily stumbled in his lines and Mr. Jefferson prompted him in his every-day voice. This "prompt" went on the record and is repeated every time the record is reproduced, making the cylinder more curious as a souvenir than if it contained only the words of the scene. One more record Mr. Florence made, the last of his life, but it has passed out of existence. Mr. Florence thought it would be a novel idea to talk to Mrs. Florence and send her a message to Europe in his own voice. He spoke a long and tender message in the phonograph and, after having the record repeated to him, carefully wrapped it up to take to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where he was living, and pack to send her. On the way uptown, however, the cylinder was accidentally broken and the message destined for Mrs. Florence was never sent.

During Mr. Jefferson's last engagement at the Star, the season before it was turned into a low-priced house, I happened in the auditorium at the conclusion of a rehearsal and saw Mr. Jefferson standing alone on the stage looking out into the dim emptiness of the house without speaking. Then I heard him say, as if he were addressing an audience: "You dear old place; how I love you!" I walked back to the stage and, going over to Mr. Jefferson, told him I overheard the exclamation he had made, and asked him why he used it. He replied: "There is no playhouse in America where I can play and feel that I am doing myself such certain justice as here. Here I know absolutely that every one in the audience can hear every word that I speak and see every change of expression on my face. I cannot say that of many theaters. Besides, it holds many pleasant memories. Upon its boards so many of my friends—now, alas! all gone—have appeared. And now that I know it is to pass out of existence it makes me feel that I am losing another old friend."

Sarah and the Sofa

SARAH BERNHARDT, when playing at the Star Theater, gave the audience an extra scene not down on the bills. She required for use in the play she was presenting a sofa of an especial design. We hunted high and low to find one to suit her, and finally compromised on one that was considerably the worse for wear. At first she refused to accept it, and declined to go on with the performance unless it was changed. She insisted that it was too weak and frail; but as it was essential for her to have a piece of furniture similar to it, and as none other could be had, she finally consented to use it. The property man was instructed by her stage manager to place the sofa in the center of the stage and brace it with a piece of wood. When the curtain went up the audience was rather surprised to see in the middle of a handsome drawing-room scene an old carpet-covered sofa with its back to the audience and braced up with a piece of board, nailed to the stage.

Richard Mansfield

Bernhardt did not see what they had done until she came on. It looked for a few moments as if the curtain would be rung down, but she finally smothered her disgust and

proceeded with the play. At the conclusion of the performance, and before all the audience had left the theater, the curtain was rung up and disclosed to the astonished auditors Madame Bernhardt seated in a chair, with elbows on her knees, and her face grasped tightly in her two hands, with a look upon her face that would have made Medea look like an angel. Standing before her in a line stretching clear across the stage, bowing and scraping, stood all her various stage attachés, with evident anxiety written on their faces. Just then her treasurer, unaware of the trouble, stepped up and handed her the statement of the afternoon's receipts. She fairly snatched it from him and, tearing it in shreds, gave him a sound box across the ears, and started for her dressing-room, while the army of servitors bowed lower and lower. The few remaining auditors were enjoying the unwonted scene quite as much as they had the afternoon's play. Bernhardt retired to her room still boiling over with rage, and sent a messenger to the front of the house for Maurice Grau, who was her manager at the time. Grau, who had seemed to scent the danger from afar, had left early, leaving word for the Madame that he had been called uptown on important business. Madame Bernhardt had with her a maid, an American, I believe, of whom she was very fond, and to whom she had never spoken an unkind or cross word. This maid seemed to have a soothing effect on Bernhardt, and when her temper had resumed its normal state, the great actress turned to the maid and, with the most gracious manner in the world, took from her finger a diamond ring that she had been wearing, handing it to the maid, and told her to wear it as a keepsake; adding that she was the only person in her employ who had not caused her to lose her temper during her whole season in America.

Sothern as Dundreary

One evening, when she had a particularly enthusiastic audience, Maurice Grau spoke of it. She smilingly told him that she did not believe they understood what they were applauding. "Possibly not the language," said Grau, "but your acting speaks in all languages." "If that is so," replied Bernhardt, "I might go on the stage and repeat any lines from any play." And she did, giving a speech from Adrienne in the midst of La Tosca, much to the astonishment of her company, who did not know what to make of the seeming forgetfulness of her memory. And how she would act that interpolated speech!—while the audience between acts would discuss her acting, saying, "Never saw the Madame play better." She was not the only artist to do this. I have known Edwin Booth to introduce long speeches from Othello into some other Shaksperean parts that he was playing.

Memories of Irving and Miss Terry

PROBABLY no two artists who have appeared at the Star Theater were ever more welcome visitors to the "front of the house" than were Ellen Terry and Henry Irving. It had been my good fortune to make the acquaintance of both of these artists while they were playing at the Globe Theater in Boston. When Irving made his second trip to this country he honored me by writing and asking if I would look out for many matters connected with his forthcoming engagement. That kindness and cordiality on Irving's part lasted as long as he lived, and during his many other return visits to this country he always took particular care to call upon me or to ask me to visit him, and during the holidays I would always receive a letter or telegram of good wishes from him.

Irving was always anxious to know what his audiences had to say of his performance, and there was scarcely a morning that he did not come around to the office to hear what had been said the night before and to discuss other matters connected with his engagement. At many of these morning talks Miss Terry was present. She would come flying into the office in that breezy, jolly-good-fellow way of hers, and seating herself on a table or desk, say: "I prefer this seat—one can move around so." Her additions to the conversation were delightful, and it goes without saying they were always entertaining. One morning the conversation turned on speculators, and on this subject Miss Terry was particularly vehement in her denunciation of what she termed "the very worst, the most annoying, exasperating nuisance I have met with in this country." Sometimes her friends, with the hope of securing better seats, would get a card from her to the box office, and it would generally read:

"Please see that my good friend, Miss ——, gets what seats she wants, without being fleeced by those c—f——ed speculators. ELLEN TERRY."

On one point Irving was most particular, and that was that there should be no empty boxes in the house at the evening's performance. "I would rather," said he, "see the seats vacant than to have those black empty spaces staring at me across the footlights. They depress me, and I would be pleased if you will see that they are properly disposed of when not sold." It was a pleasure to watch Irving direct a rehearsal. He was the first on the stage and the last to leave. Though he had his stage manager, he always took the most active part in directing affairs, for his was the master hand that gave the members of his company the right note, that gave his productions that wonderful lighting, in which respect he had no equal. "Give the public the best that is in you," he would often say, "and never disappoint them, if it lies in your power to prevent it."

During the great blizzard of '88, the Star was one of the few theaters that was opened, and Irving and his company braved that terrible storm in order not to disappoint their audience.

In 1859 the Wallacks, both father and son, began to consider that their theater at Broome Street and Broadway was too far downtown, and that it would be advisable to find a location farther uptown. They selected as a proper site Thirteenth Street and Broadway. The location had at one time been the home of Nixon's Circus and later had been occupied as a stable. The friends of the

Leonard Jerome W. R. Travers

Wallacks, and especially the members of their company, endeavored to dissuade them from taking the step, considering it suicidal on their part.

Mr. Theodore Moss, who was in the box-office of the theater at the time, was one of the few who advised strongly in favor of the uptown movement. Mr. Moss' advice was always regarded very highly by the Wallacks, and from the day, years before, when the elder Wallack wrote to his son, "You might engage young Moss for the coming season at a salary of $6 a week," his judgment in business matters had always received marked consideration.

The new theater was opened on Wednesday evening, September 25, 1861. Previous to moving uptown Wallacks' company had held several meetings, and had come to the conclusion that, as they were principally responsible for the Wallacks' success, and as the Wallacks had determined upon the suicidal policy of moving "to the woods," unless they received more salary and were allowed to pick their own parts, they would secede from the company, hoping by such a movement to compel the Wallacks to accede to their demands.

But they counted without their host. Wallack quietly ignored them, and when he reopened uptown but one or two of the seceders were with him. In looking over the salary list of the time I find the amounts paid then were as follows: Lester Wallack, $100; John Brougham, $75; Mrs. John Hoey, $55; Miss Henriques, $40; and George Holland, $40.

In addition to their salaries the leading members were entitled to one or two benefits. In Miss Henriques' case, for instance, she was to receive, in addition to her salary, the full receipts of two benefits and the privilege of having the second and third benefits of the season. Holland was to receive two clear "one-third" benefits; W. R. Floyd, stage manager, received $35 a week; and Charles Fisher the same. Miss Mary Gannon, one of the favorites of the company, received $30 a week, the same as was paid to Mrs. Vernon, who played old women; J. L. Stoddard received $18 and "clear one-quarter benefit." John Gilbert joined the company at the munificent salary of $35 a week. This salary was gradually raised, but he never, even at the uptown house, received more than $126. In the early days of the company, when benefits were added to the salaries, a substantial sum was occasionally added to the actor's income, but they had to take their chances on this.

The opening night at the new theater drew $752 a big house for those times.

We compare the receipts of a theater like Wallack's in those days with what one hears of the theater receipts nowadays. They show what great strides the theaters have made today. Among the most notable performances in the sixties, not only on account of their artistic quality, but on account of the receipts, which were considered large in those days, were The Poor Gentleman, which was presented some fourteen times to an average of $750 a performance; She Stoops to Conquer, which played seven times in one season to an average of $780; Still Waters Run Deep, which averaged $800; School for Scandal, the same. A play written by Lester Wallack and entitled Central Park, which was quite popular with his audience, was presented twelve times in the season of '62 and '63 to $5763; revived in the season of '64 and '65 for three performances to a gross of $1450; in '66 and '67 to a gross of $4626 for five performances; in '69 and '70 it was given six times to a gross of $6877; and presented for the last time in the theater at Thirtieth Street in 1886, for one week, to the diminished receipts of $2090.

The great run for those days was made by Rosedale, which Lester Wallack wrote, and in which he was singularly graceful, handsome and attractive as the hero. The rôle fitted him to perfection. It was first presented at the new theater October 5, 1863, it ran for a hundred and twenty-five nights, something almost unprecedented for those days, and brought in average receipts of $710 at the prices then existing. In the season of '64 and '65 it was revived for nineteen performances and drew a gross of $16,725, while at its revival in '67 and '68 it drew for twenty-eight performances $33,352. Its last revival by Wallack was in '76 and '77, when it was given for twenty-two performances and drew $20,310.

The Rise of Lester Wallack

LESTER WALLACK was one of the most genial, courtly gentlemen I have ever had the good fortune to meet. Genius in him was hereditary. His father was a famous actor, and his mother was the daughter of the once great comedian known to the stage as Irish Johnstone, who, at one time, was the favorite actor of George III and George IV.

Lester Wallack was what might be termed a handsome man, and Mr. Moss has often told me, and I have heard him joke Lester about it, that when Lester became leading man of the Broome Street Theater he wanted it understood that it was to be his privilege, and not his father's, to stand in front of the theater of an afternoon, for, as Mr. Moss was wont to say, it was an even thing as to which man attracted the more attention because of his reputation and good looks.

Upon his return to New York, Lester Wallack, under the name of John Lester, made his first appearance at the Bowery Theater. Mr. Wallack assumed the name of John Lester to prevent confusion, as there were already two of his family on the American stage—James Wallack, his father, and James W. Wallack, his cousin.

From the Bowery, Lester Wallack went to his father's theater at Broome Street, and here it may be said his artistic life as an actor began. He assumed the position of leading man of the theater and became its brightest star. Though Wallack as an actor was more at home in melodramatic and eccentric characters, it can be said to his credit that he never made a failure.

Lester Wallack

While conversing with Mr. Wallack one day at the old Star and speaking of his former company, he said: "My father's theory was that a good stock company was the only means of presenting the masterpieces of the drama to the public in a satisfactory manner. Although

(Concluded on Page 44)

THE LOSING GAME

By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VIII

THE decree of divorce which separated John and Emma Pound was signed September ninth. On the twelfth Pound received by messenger the following note:

Dear Sir: Please send me my check for $175,000 by the fourteenth. May and I are all packed up. We will leave for Chicago the fifteenth. From Chicago we go on to New York, and sail for Europe the twenty-first. Shall expect the check by the fourteenth without fail.

Yours truly,

EMMA POUND.

Pound threw the note in the waste-basket. He was still in a mighty rage against her. One thing in particular he could not forgive—that is, that Hamilton and half a dozen of his clerks had seen her strike the lady whom he was about to marry, and had laughed over it. That laughter rankled deep in his heart. He couldn't very well discharge the whole office force, but he could teach Emma a lesson. He had already given her fifty thousand dollars to buy real estate with, and twenty-five thousand in cash. She had all that was due her or that she was going to get, he told himself vengefully.

About noon of the fifteenth he received another note, also by messenger. It read:

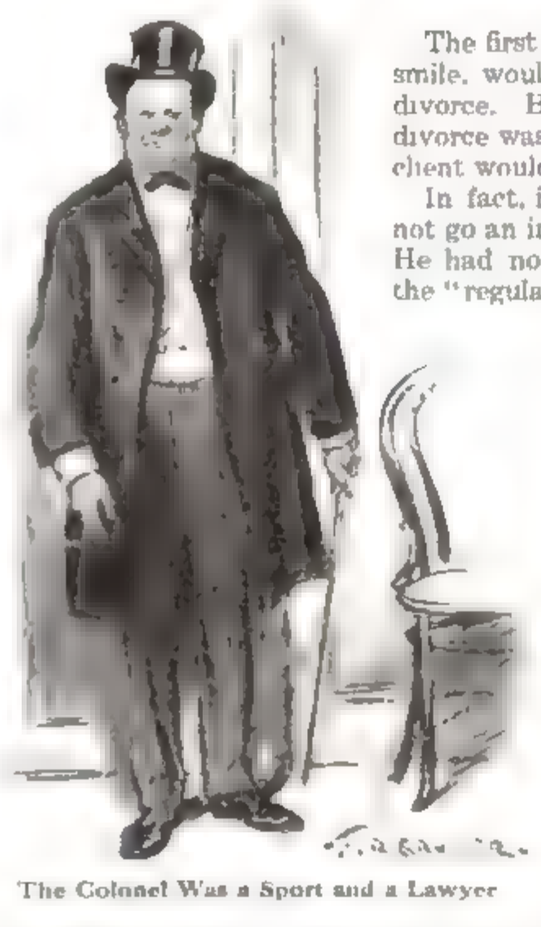
Dear Sir: Mrs. Emma Pound, lately your wife, has placed in my hands for collection her claim against you for $175,000. Your certified check for that amount, if received within twenty-four hours, will be accepted in full settlement. Otherwise my client will immediately take certain steps for the enforcement of this and other claims. If you wish a personal interview you can arrange by telephone to meet me in my office almost any time during the usual business hours.

This note was signed by Benjamin F. Totherow. That eminent attorney hated Pound cordially. He was chief legal adviser of the combination of "regular" brokers which had been trying its best to put Pound's bucketshop out of business. The note, therefore, gave Pound pause. He hadn't thought of Emma's going to Totherow. He could readily see that an offensive and defensive alliance between herself and the attorney would be quite perilous to him. With a feeling that his flank had been turned he arranged for an interview with Totherow.

He and the lawyer had met before—especially upon the notable occasion when Pound's deal with Mr. Lansing was wound up so signally to the disadvantage of the latter. But on that occasion Pound had held the trumps. This time Mr. Totherow greeted him with a supercilious blandness which was hard to bear. Pound proposed to compromise, and mentioned fifty thousand dollars as the utmost sum which he would pay Emma. The skinny lawyer actually smiled with anticipatory joy.

His client, he said, had instructed him not, under any circumstances, to accept a single penny less than the full amount of the claim. He added candidly that, as Mr. Pound doubtless surmised, he personally would be tickled to death if Mr. Pound should refuse to pay. In that case he could proceed with the legal steps which his client had instructed him to take.

Pound knew perfectly well that nothing would please Mr. Totherow better than an opportunity to pitch into him under Emma's direction. "What sort of steps?" he asked.



The Colonel Was a Sport and a Lawyer

The first step, said Mr. Totherow with an exasperating smile, would be a suit to set aside the recent decree of divorce. His client would prove, for one thing, that the divorce was procured by collusion. What other steps his client would take he did not feel bound to disclose.

In fact, in inducing Pound to settle Mr. Totherow did not go an inch beyond the strict letter of his instructions. He had no doubt that if Emma should coöperate with the "regulars" the path of the bucketshop man would be made very stony. This constituted the dreadful weakness of Pound's position. And with a suit in the courts attacking the validity of his divorce—spun out interminably by postponements, appeals, rehearing and such legal devices—his marriage with Eileen might be put off a year. Finally, therefore, he gave Mr. Totherow a check for a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars—together with a collection of hearty but silent curses which the attorney, considering how much baffled wrath they expressed, would really have been delighted to hear. Pound hoped fervently that Totherow would charge Emma an extortionate fee—not knowing that Emma had, to begin with, thriftily made an agreement covering that point.

He learned that Emma and her sister left St. Paul the fifteenth. Then Mrs. Lester had a line from her at New York, written the day before she sailed. Afterward, at intervals, she wrote Mrs. Lester from various places in Europe—sometimes only a picture postcard, sometimes a letter of several pages. She seemed interested in what she saw, and quite happy. Along in April he noticed by the published real-estate transfers that Emma's agent had sold the tract of land which she had bought the year before. The price mentioned was sixty thousand dollars, so evidently she had made a comfortable profit on the transaction. She was a thrifty person. Pound calculated that she must be worth about three hundred thousand dollars. The week in which the land was sold Mrs. Lester showed him a letter from Paris in which Emma spoke of her plans to visit the Orient; after that, she said, she thought she would return to Paris to live—she liked it there.

"I don't suppose," she added, "I'll be able to keep May with me much longer. She writes a pound of letters a week to Toronto. I guess she's got the marrying bug."

Pound had suspected as much. Before the final breach between himself and Emma it had occurred to him that young Tommy Watrous and May were on very good terms indeed. Emma's shy, slender, gentle, younger sister evidently found something very congenial in blue-eyed, curly-haired Tommy. An odd tenderness for the girl—a sort of vague, sweet regret—lurked in Pound's own agitated heart. It was the sort of sentiment for her which made him feel generous toward Tommy as her presumptive lover. During the fight with the "regulars," when he and Emma had found themselves reëstablished in friendly but unsentimental coöperation, she had brought up Tommy's case. She thought Pound ought to give him a boost. He surmised that she was speaking more for May, as Tommy's prospective wife, than for Tommy himself. He complied at once. It pleased him to be, in a way, a fairy godfather to the young pair. Besides, Tommy was capable enough in a business way. So Pound invested him with the managership of the important branch office at Toronto, where he had been giving a very good account of himself ever since.

There remained, therefore, this very tenuous little thread between himself and his former wife—her prospective brother-in-law was one of Pound's lieutenants. But for more than half a year Emma had been on the other side of the world. He considered the account forever closed. Of Hamilton he had not heard a word in months. The old life was dead and buried. The new life claimed him wholly.

He and Eileen were married a month after Emma left St. Paul. For two months they traveled, combining some business with pleasure, for Pound visited his principal offices at Seattle, Chicago, Toronto, Buffalo. Returning to St. Paul he had a surprise in store for his bride. He had purchased a handsome residence, paying sixty thousand dollars for it. Eileen was as delighted as a child. With happy enthusiasm she pointed out what a charming place the house would be with a little altering.

They took the best suite in the leading hotel, and Eileen devoted herself joyfully to the house. She made a great business of consulting the architect, the landscape gardener, the decorators, the furnishers—often, in her pretty impatience, tripping sunnily into the bucketshop to take Pound away and show him a plan or a sample of upholstery. It was the middle of May before they moved into the house. The total investment had then risen to a hundred and five thousand. But Pound paid the bills good-naturedly. In fact, this new notion of being the proprietor of a rich, spacious house secretly appealed to him hardly less than to Eileen. It was his patent of aristocracy, the sign and seal of his success. Few local magnates had a sweller house than his.

Taking possession of the house, they gave a dinner party, inviting the Lesters, the Mullenses and a dozen others. The guests, especially the bejeweled women, admired the house and grounds lavishly, showered congratulations upon Pound, drank gayly to his further success. Pound, in the evening dress which he could now wear without any sense of strangeness, received the congratulations with urbane composure. It was, indeed, a swell house—the indubitable habitation of a nabob. He glanced complacently about as the guests examined it from top to bottom. Often, especially, his glance turned to his young, pretty wife in her thousand-dollar gown, a rope of pearls around her fair, soft neck, diamonds glittering in her coppery hair. Yes, he had arrived! Everything proclaimed his triumphant success! His heart dilated with pride.

That same afternoon two women, neatly but plainly dressed, debarked from a French liner at New York, drove to a small hotel and registered under assumed names. About the time Pound's guests were sitting down to dinner a lank, round-shouldered man with a heavy red mustache dropped in at the modest hotel, scratched "Hamilton" on a blank card and asked that it be sent up to the ladies. In the somewhat shabby hotel parlor the younger of the ladies, entering first, greeted him with shy happiness. Her brown eyes shone. Giving him her hand, faint blushes played over her cheeks; she turned her head and slightly changed the posture of her hands and body with nervous movements like those of a fluttered bird.

The lank man's eyes glowed down upon her. Presently, hearing a brisk step, he said hastily under his breath—and almost solemnly: "Six months, May—not a drop!"

The young lady swayed lightly toward him; her hand brushed his. "I'm so glad!" she whispered.

At this point the other lady entered—somewhat

His Client Would Prove That the Divorce Was Procured by Collusion

older, shorter also, and of fuller figure, with very dark, demure-looking eyes. Her manner was hearty but businesslike. In fact, she had returned to her native land to carry out a large undertaking of a strictly businesslike nature.

Pound's dinner was expensive. The wines alone cost twenty-five dollars a plate. But if the bills were large he could stand them. It was flood tide with him. His bucketshop was operating one hundred and sixty-two offices in the United States and Canada. A single office—that at Toronto—had over three hundred active patrons. He was paying the telegraph company eight hundred dollars a day for wire rental, and so on. And the game, on the whole, was going his way. The money poured in. Notwithstanding Emma's alimony and the disbursements on account of the house, he could command a million four hundred thousand dollars in cash—or as good as cash—for he still kept the five hundred thousand dollars of Government bonds which he had bought to dazzle the investigating committee with. They had proved a splendid advertisement, and could be converted into cash at a moment's notice.

But Pound had another motive for keeping them. He was aware that a considerable element of risk attended his business. The game might, some time or other, turn strongly against him; stocks or grain or both might rise rapidly and continuously when his customers had "bought" great quantities of them. It would be very pleasant to have, in all circumstances, that half a million of Government bonds tucked snugly away, removed from the hazards of the business. If the very worst should come and the bucketshop itself go to pot he would have that half million and the hundred-thousand-dollar home, which he had taken the fond precaution of putting in Eileen's name. Converting the bonds and even the house into prime securities bearing a fair rate of interest, they would have, at least, twenty-five thousand a year to scrape along on. The house and the bonds, indeed, gave him a pleasant sense of being impregnably fortified against chance.

In July they went to the seashore. Pound had not expected to go. It was quite inconvenient. But Eileen's health, it seemed, demanded it. Her physician said so. She didn't wish to go alone, so he accompanied her.

He had no particular fault to find with his wife. Almost always she was amiable. And he was still under the strong charm of her pretty person, her many little coquettish, cuddling, enticing ways. But he began to perceive a certain defect in her character. Already she had rather lost interest in the house. The new greenhouse and the orchids had amused her for three weeks, then she had left them to the gardener. It was when Mrs. Mullens announced her intention of spending the summer at Mount Desert that Eileen began to droop and pine for the sea. In short, she was a dear child; but she soon tired of her toys, and if new ones were denied her she felt hurt.

Pound had been three weeks at the seashore and was finding it quite a bore. He was thinking that he would be glad of any plausible excuse to get away, when a reason of a most valid but unwelcome kind recalled him in hot haste to St. Paul.

Subject to his daily instructions by wire, he had left the head office in charge of a faithful but somewhat slow lieutenant named Patterson. For a fortnight the stock market had been rising, so the bucketshop had been losing, but not enough to disturb Pound. The combination of "regular" brokers which once harried him had been perfectly quiet for nearly a year. Pound was thinking of anything but danger as, with the deliberateness of a bored man, he went through the daily duty of dressing for dinner in their spacious suite at the seaside hotel. He was interrupted by the following telegram:

"Office raided by sheriff as common gambling-house. Some books and papers taken. Furniture smashed. Think you better come home. PATTERSON."

Pound, his collar in one hand and the telegram in the other, let out a string of exclamations which so electrified Eileen as to interrupt even the beloved rites of the toilet. She came hastily from her room, half dressed, her eyes wide with reproach and alarm, and shut the door behind her to save the French maid's chaste ears from Pound's language. She reproached him for his expressions; pouted and even wept a little over his determination to leave at once. The tears, however, were mostly for the sake of appearance, for of late a number of the men guests had been very nice to her, indeed, and Pound had been almost gruff

The raid upon the bucketshop was, of course, a bold and malicious stroke by the "regulars." Among them they could muster considerable political influence, to which, presumably, the sheriff was not insensible. The warrant charging that the bucketshop was a common gambling-house had been sworn out by an obscure patron.

Pound instituted suit for damages against the sheriff, procured an injunction preventing future raids, recovered his books and papers. In short, in a legal way, he promptly regained his ground. But the unfriendly newspapers had made much of the raid. Reports of it had been widely published. The moral effect upon the customers of the bucketshop was exceedingly bad. A good many patrons withdrew their accounts, and a run of considerable proportions set in. Pound suspected that unfriendly eyes had scrutinized the books that had been seized a suspicion that was confirmed when the hostile newspapers published details of the business which he was not anxious to advertise. Moreover, he felt it politic to disburse more money here and there for protection. This had always been his policy when he found venality combined with power to injure him. The raid set on a swarm of grafters to bleed him afresh. He calculated—in excessively bad humor—that in loss of money, business and prestige the raid had cost him somewhere from one to two hundred thousand dollars. And in spite of his bluffing suit against the sheriff he knew that he really had no recourse. He confessed that he had not credited the "regulars" with ability to deliver so bold, shrewd, well-timed and telling a blow.

But more remained. In the raid his own desk had been broken open and certain private papers taken.

A Sallow Young Man With an Unusually Long Chin

These papers he had been unable to recover. Everybody disclaimed any knowledge of their existence.

He had been home ten days when he received a wire from Eileen reading: "Am leaving for St. Paul this evening; meet me." The unexpectedness as well as the curtness of the message disquieted him. He wondered what could be bringing her home. He soon discovered. He had seen her in many melting moods. He now saw her in violent anger. Indeed, he suffered his second really harrowing scene with her.

For somebody had sent Eileen a little package containing the stubs of Pound's private checkbooks which had been abstracted from his desk. Those entries upon the stubs which were of a dubious nature were dated before their marriage—indeed, mostly before their engagement. Yet they turned him seamy side out; and there was the entry of a hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars to Emma after Emma had hit Eileen in the face. Pound explained as best he could.

After the scene ended he felt as though he had been run over by a dray. Also, he felt enormously cheap. But aside from all that, an alarming suspicion possessed his mind.

He had rather wondered over the shrewd stroke of the "regulars." But in this affair of the checkbooks there seemed a feminine, malicious, apish mischievousness that looked very familiar. As soon as he could get away he hastened to Mrs. Lester. Yes, she had heard from Emma in Lucknow, barely a week before. She produced the letter. The hand was certainly Emma's. It was dated and postmarked in the far Indian town. The writer spoke of going on to China and Japan. So, evidently, Pound's suspicion was unfounded.

Six weeks later another very untoward thing happened. Somebody tapped the bucketshop's private wire and sent a forged message to every branch office between St. Paul and the Coast. The message said: "This company will wind up its affairs and retire from business immediately. Close up all local trades at once, on the basis of today's last quotations. Draw on the main office for the balance due customers."

Usually, of a Saturday in summer, most of the office force left soon after noon; but one telegraph operator and a clerk or two stayed on duty until about four o'clock. This Saturday, however, Pound closed the office at one o'clock in order to give everybody a chance to attend an especially exciting ball game. The forged message was sent out a few minutes after everybody had left the office.

It made endless trouble. The newspapers got hold of it. A report that the bucketshop proposed going out of business was published broadcast. Local managers at the branch offices began at once notifying customers that trades were closed, in conformity with the bogus instructions. At some points the local banks—remaining open until four o'clock Saturdays as well as other days—cashed the managers' drafts upon the main office, and the money was actually paid back to the customers. These drafts Pound had to pay. Other customers insisted upon closing their accounts and withdrawing their money even after being assured that the message was a forgery. Temporarily, at least, the message demoralized the bucketshop's whole Northwestern system, and the withdrawals actually drained Pound of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in cash.

Ordinarily, he might not have minded it so much. But the stock market had been steadily rising for more than two months, and he had been as steadily losing money to his customers. With a hundred and sixty-two offices in operation the total of such losses was quite imposing. It was different from the old days.

Repeated experience of losses and the many attacks upon the bucketshop had shaken confidence even among the tall-grass bulls. Now, when their accounts showed a neat profit, they were very apt to demand the money and take it away with them instead of putting it back into the game as formerly.

Eileen had begun to develop a costly taste. She was going in for charity. The fact is, disappointment was preying upon Eileen. She was treating the Mullenses, the Lesters, and that sporty set quite coldly. She knew well enough that in a social way they were not the real thing, but mere pinchbeck imitations. She had developed a craving for the real thing. Without a fine social position her fine house was merely a mockery. She tried to bribe her way in by subscribing lavishly to philanthropic undertakings. The ladies took her money and snubbed her. She herself might have been eligible enough; but Pound's enemies, the "regulars" and their allies, constituted the local aristocracy—the successful people who had made their money in approved conventional ways. These ways might include, for example, larceny of public timberlands; but they were conventional. Naturally, this conventional, conservative element, which was socially dominant, held their social blackballs over Pound.

Presently poor Eileen discovered this. Her husband's business might shower gold upon her, but it was a stone wall to her social ambitions. So she conceived a bright idea; namely, that Pound should convert his bucketshop into a "regular" house. She was only hurt and low-spirited when he tried to explain to her how impossible that was. And then she actually snubbed the Mullenses and the Lesters. If she couldn't be a genuine article she could take a childish spite in refusing any longer to be an imitation. So the new house was empty and lonesome. Also, Pound's bank roll, including the five hundred thousand of Government bonds, was down to a million dollars.

This was the situation when the Legislature met. The "regulars" had long advertised their intention to procure the passage of a drastic anti-bucketshop bill, under which Pound could be driven out of business. Naturally, Pound proposed to fight them. His only dependable weapon was money, and he employed it liberally. To purchase venality which was clothed with power had always been part of his policy, pursued with a reckless contemptuousness. In the preliminary skirmishes concerning this anti-bucketshop measure he had disbursed some thirty thousand dollars, using any agencies that seemed likely to bring results.

Before the meeting of the Legislature he had been waited upon by Colonel Myron Yew, a stout, red-faced,

(Continued on Page 46)

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To Heckle or Not to Heckle?

AGAINST stupidity the gods themselves were struggling in vain at the last authentic report, which was more than a hundred years ago. If we knew how they struggled we should have a precedent of much value for suffragettes.

In struggling against stupidity, did the gods heckle? Did they pound gongs, ring dinner-bells, set off firecrackers, shout disconcerting remarks at trembling speakers, trample the lawns and besiege the doors of distracted elder statesmen; or did they try what enlightenment and persuasion could do?

There is no argument against giving the franchise to any woman who wants it. There is merely a prejudice. This prejudice rests its defense mainly upon the assertion that women are incapable of bearing arms. When this prejudice finds itself violently mobbed, hustled and heckled by an Amazonian army it may discover that its defense is invalid; that woman's martial capabilities have been vastly underrated. The militant method may, therefore, be justified. On the other hand, mere turbulence is not generally accepted as evidence of political intelligence; too often it connotes the lack of it; and there is grave danger that, in mobbing one prejudice, the militant Suffragists may arouse another. We don't believe the ballot will be withheld from women in this country for ten minutes after it has been clearly demonstrated that a great body of women really want it. That want might be certified, we think, without assault and battery.

The Mystic Science of Dollars

THE most constant, perhaps the most costly, blunders of government have been in the financial department. Declining Spain ever managed to levy taxes in the way most oppressive to commerce. The one incurable trouble of Bourbon France was a wretched fiscal system and an everlasting deficit. Intractable finances probably inflicted as much pain and woe upon the struggling American Colonies as England's ships and soldiers did. For some years Germany, so formidable otherwise, has lacked courage or capacity to bring her fiscal system into sound order. Finance is the governmental Africa—one of the last regions upon which the sun rose—and it is still only half light.

As for economics it ranks somewhere between psychology and psychics—a step, perhaps, ahead of this new-fangled "eugenics" which the professors lately invented. Concerning so gross a phenomenon as the panic of two years ago there is no clear, settled opinion among the learned. We hear rappings; the table seems to tilt; a voice in the dark—possibly that of departed Little Bright Eyes—cracks a stale joke. But as to what it really signifies we are much at a loss. A round silver dollar seems about the commonest, simplest of objects, but scientifically it is as mysterious as radium.

We ourselves are fond of finance and economics, because those subjects have the charm of the undiscovered. We think a new America lies somewhere concealed within them.

Railroads and Other Roads

IN LENGTH the public roads of the United States exceed the railroads as nine to one; but to keep the railroads in repair about fourteen hundred dollars a mile is spent yearly, and on the public roads, at last account, thirty-seven dollars a mile. For each inhabitant one dollar a year is spent to repair public roads and four dollars a year to repair railroads—each inhabitant having nine times as much public road as railroad. This ratio of one to thirty-six is not right.

What we commonly mean by good roads comprises pretty much the whole modern science of railroading. What Harriman, for example, did was to go in for a good-roads movement—to build up a roadway that would carry the heaviest load with the least friction. As a result we find that on the Union Pacific last year the average trainload was five hundred and forty-eight tons against two hundred and seventy-nine tons ten years ago. Every time the wagon was hauled to town it carried two tons where it had carried only one before. And even in 1898 Harriman had no such opportunity for increasing the trainload as now lies before the farmers of the country.

In railroading, hardly any amount of money is too much to spend if it will bring a materially-better road. But a dollar a head, or thirty-seven dollars a mile, was all we were spending on public roads at the last account. Slowly, without doubt, we are doing better; but the subject, considering its importance, still gets too little attention.

As to a Republican Split

EVERY one has heard of the tail wagging the dog; but no one ever heard of amputating the dog in order to save the tail. Consequently, we take no stock in current reports that the Western insurgency will bring about a permanent split in the Republican party.

The state of mind that is now styled insurgent is exactly the one that actuated the party for seven years prior to March last and in which the party developed by far its greatest strength. During the extra session of Congress, it is true, the Bourbon tail once more supplied the oscillatory momentum; but there were no popular elections to be won or lost in that period. The party must finally consist of those persons who are willing to vote the Republican ticket, and there is nothing in the record to indicate that the effective contingent of those persons is less insurgent now than it has been for nearly a decade. When it comes to an election it will be the state of mind of the electorate that counts. If the electoral mind has changed since it gave Roosevelt seven and a half million votes in 1904, and accepted Taft as his legitimate successor in 1908, nobody knows it.

The insurgent Senators simply expressed that revolt against Bourbonism which made Roosevelt popular and which, in the West at least, will make popular whoever does express it. Only one of them—Senator La Follette—could be called radical.

They were for Protection, even for high Protection. All they asked was some decent regard for the public. If that is to be made an issue and the party is to split upon it, what splits off will scarcely be missed

The Badness of Uncle Joe

SPEAKER CANNON, like the rumor of Mark Twain's death, is greatly exaggerated. From many quarters we learn that he is about the livest political issue of the hour; to down him seems, at the moment, the most cherished ambition of the insurgent West. Now, how bad is he?

The House put iron ore, hides and coal on the free list, cut the lumber duty in half, arranged a print-paper schedule that would have met the demands of consumers of that article. The Senate restored nearly the old duties on hides and coal, put twenty-five cents a ton on ore, raised the House lumber rate fifty per cent, scouted the demands of the newspapers of the country for relief in respect of print paper. It was the Senate that raised duties on cotton cloth and supplied most of the "jokers."

The House, in short, in spite of Cannon and other grave faults, is still a body that is measurably amenable to the public will; the people still have a considerable degree of control over it. The Senate is entirely unresponsive to the public will. Its cool flouting of the newspapers shows especially its imperviousness to public opinion.

That is the real issue—a coördinate branch of the legislature over which the public can exercise no effectual control whatever. With the Senate constituted as at present a Daniel in the Speaker's chair could very little, if at all, advance the democratic ideal of a government by the people.

We agree cheerfully that Uncle Joe is bad medicine; but the actual poison is in the other bottle.

The Dearth of Diplomats

IT WAS a hundred and thirty-three years ago in October, in the country's dire need, that Ben Franklin slipped out of Philadelphia by night to Marcus Hook and clambered on board the Reprisal as Envoy to the Court of Versailles. And our diplomatic service is still to be made.

What trouble the present Administration had to discover a proper minister to China; how it thought it had finally discovered him in the person of a well-known Chicago business man; how at the last instant it was beset by grave doubts and gracefully kicked out the appointee before the astonished eyes of the world, is still fresh in public memory. A successor to Ambassador Reid will be appointed, it is said, as soon as the State Department can find a man who, like him, is willing to glorify republican ideals in the face of monarchy by blowing in a quarter of a million a year on noble social entertainments, or whose personal ability will make good the deficit in that respect. Other highly-important missions are mentioned as awaiting a change.

What able banker, what well-known lawyer, what successful editor, what accomplished civil engineer should be selected to manage the special business of diplomacy at Berlin or St. Petersburg? This difficult question, which confronts each new Administration, is practically unknown to other countries, because when they want a diplomat they pick out a man who is trained and experienced in that profession. Every other nation has a waiting list of professional diplomatists.

President Roosevelt made a beginning in this direction, it is true. The lower consular posts are now filled, not by broken-down party hacks, but by men who, upon examination, seem to have qualifications for that business. But we still go on the pleasant theory that, for the most important posts, experience is quite unnecessary.

The Melting Pot

TWENTY million immigrants have come to the United States since the Civil War, less than a quarter of them being English-speaking. They have come from countries having the most different institutions and political systems. But in all that time, in this country, there have really been only two political parties, with very little difference between them.

Broadly speaking, political opinion the country over has been pretty nearly uniform. At least, there has been no expression on any important scale of a radically-different opinion. Nobody, broadly speaking, has asked of the Government anything materially different from what everybody else asked.

Meanwhile, in England—or the United Kingdom—there has been a radically-differing third party. In Parliament the Irish members have stood sharply detached, with their own very special interests and demands. For them, very often, the questions between the other parties have been merely strategic opportunities for promoting their own particular interest of home rule.

In Germany, France, Italy and elsewhere the Socialists have had in the national legislature a strong party occupying much the same detached, sharply-contrasting position, with ultimate views so different that in the main they have merely played upon the questions between the other parties for their own strategic advantage. As compared with the sharp divisions that appear in most European parliaments, our own political differences are only little family quarrels.

Looking across the water we have our doubts about the alleged heterogeneousness of our population. We speak a good many languages, but politically we all seem to be saying pretty much the same thing.

A Horrible Example

WHEN our fathers ratified the next to the last amendment to the Constitution they thought that they were making a capital stroke for liberty and were insuring for all time exact political equality between whites and blacks. What they actually did was to plant an amazing legal *cheval-de-frise* for progressive legislation to impale itself upon.

"Nor shall any state," they enacted, "deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law." And ever since hardly any alert corporation has been ordered to mend a culvert or take its packing-cases off the sidewalk without setting up a claim that it wasn't by "due process of law" and invoking the protection of the Fourteenth Amendment.

Following Oklahoma and other Western states Nebraska passed a deposit-guaranty act. Some banks didn't like this measure. They at once invoked the Fourteenth Amendment—just as they would have done if their taxes had been raised. A Federal court found, in course of time, that the act was not "due process of law" and enjoined its enforcement.

The framers of this amendment, of course, were not thinking about protecting banks against a one-per-cent tax. They were thinking of something far different As everybody knows, the amendment has been utterly impotent to accomplish the object that was intended; but it has been exceedingly potent to accomplish objects of which the framers never dreamed and never could have dreamed except in a nightmare.

As a horrible example, the history of the Fourteenth Amendment should be carefully studied by all constitution-makers.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Mover of Hills

WHEN old Mr. Yesler—if it was old Mr Yesler—started his sawmill where the totem pole now stands in Seattle—if that is where he started it, for we must have local color—it isn't likely he gave a hoot about the troubles of the hustling folks who were coming after him, nor half a hoot about the fact that he picked out one of the hilliest places in the country for the city that was to be. Old Mr. Yesler's job was to saw lumber, which he sawed in quantities, leaving municipal problems to those who have a taste for them, and a fine street, named Yesler Way, as a memorial of his pioneering.

Well, the hills were there, and people built a city on their steep sides, hanging houses and stores on their precipices and climbing wearily up or sliding tumultuously down whenever they wanted to move about. Kansas City used to be pretty strong on hills, but about twenty years ago Seattle made Kansas City look like a billiard table. Kansas City's hills were nice, house-broken hills, running one way—which was uphill, of course—but Seattle's hills frequently stood at right angles with one another and mostly terminated in glacial moraines.

Any city can tolerate hills in its early days, but no longer. They are not desirable municipal adjuncts, however fine they may be for coasting, and as it rarely snows in Seattle those hills were no good for that. Whereupon, as the city expanded and became great, the citizens used to say: "What shall we do with these blamed hills?"

There was only one answer, and that was: "Cut 'em down."

So they worked at it for a time, but didn't get anywhere much until eighteen years ago. Then Reginald H. Thomson was made city engineer and he developed into one of the most remarkable hill-cutters we have. The way he treated those hills was something scandalous. He biffed and batted them around, shaved them off and filled the ravines with the shavings. Talk about a man's job! If Engineer Thomson hasn't done a man's job in the past eighteen years nobody on this continent has. He has made Seattle over, or will have made Seattle over when he gets through with it

When Thomson took hold in May, 1892, Seattle had no pavements and pumped her water from Lake Washington. Thomson had prevision. He saw that one day the city would be big and he conceived his plan of great highways, running north and south, to accommodate the immense traffic he knew would come. He realized that the traffic from all western Washington, passing north and south, must move through the narrow and hilly strip between Puget Sound on the west and Lake Washington on the east. That strip is twenty-six miles long, a few miles wide in spots, and not more than two miles wide in some places. The ground was broken, filled with hills and ravines. Travel was obstructed. Thomson saw that Seattle must be remade or it would stop growing.

Gradually Thomson's project took definite shape. His plan was to have a system of north and south streets, each with a width of ninety feet and a grade of three per cent. In some instances the cost was too great and the streets were made eighty-four feet wide and the grades five per cent. Still, even those five-per-cent grades replace grades that were about one-third perpendicular, and the cuts ranged from a hundred to two hundred feet in depth.

Flattening Out Seattle

GETTING it down to figures, Thomson has removed more than fourteen million cubic yards of earth and stone in making the changes already completed, which amounts to twenty-one miles of street surface, to say nothing of the change in the abutting property. When he completes his work he will have moved thirty-four million cubic yards of dirt and stone and changed sixty-one miles of streets, including the east and west streets, of which a reasonable number were changed as a commercial necessity. The work has cost six million dollars thus far, and will cost six million more before it is completed.

Perhaps other engineers could have done this. Likely as not. That isn't the point. The big fact about Thomson is that he has held on like a bulldog for eighteen years, fighting for his plan to remodel Seattle, and has put it through. There have been changes in mayors since he began, and many different kinds of city councils. He has had good support, indifferent support and no support at all. He has heard city-council oratory by the week and has pounded members of street committees over their heads with his plans, specifications and estimates. He has bulldozed, threatened, coaxed, cajoled, fought, temporized, taken what he could get, got all he could; but he never stopped hammering, and the people had so much faith in him that no mayor or council dared remove him.

He Looks Like a Fighting Man and He is One

Meantime, he has come to be recognized as one of the great engineers of the country, one of the greatest municipal engineers. Railroads and other big corporations which need engineers like Thomson have offered him large sums to leave Seattle and go with them. Two or three times he has had chances to get three or four times his present salary, which is seventy-five hundred dollars a year. Each time he has said: "No, my work is here. I haven't finished it. The money doesn't count. I want a job with character to it and I have it. So I shall stick here and finish this work."

He knows what he wants to do. The plans are all made. His real day-to-day task is squeezing, jamming his propositions through the city council. Sometimes the council is amenable. Sometimes there is much opposition. Also, there has been public opposition and criticism, but Thomson pays no attention to any of it. His job is to level the streets of Seattle and he is leveling them. Those people who get in the way must look out for the steam roller.

He looks like a fighting man and he is one. When his lips close together beneath that grizzled mustache and his eyes begin to glint behind his glasses, members of the city council who do not care to go into battle would do well to leave the room. Likewise, when protesting citizens make their complaints or criticisms, Thomson fights back. He long ago learned that city-council oratory is generally innocuous, and, being no slouch of a politician himself, he usually gets what he wants, or a good share of what he wants, at any rate. He believes the people have faith in him, and he does not care if there isn't in any quarter a clear understanding of the importance of the work he is doing. He is building for the future and he knows he will be justified.

Thomson was born in Indiana in 1856, graduating with a B. A. degree from Hanover College in 1877. His father moved to California the year young Thomson graduated, and the lad came with him. He taught school for a time and got some work as a civil engineer and surveyor. He moved to Seattle in 1881 and was assistant city surveyor for two years, resigning to become locating engineer for the Seattle, Lake Shore and Eastern Railway. Afterward he was resident engineer for the road at Spokane, and in 1889 he returned to Seattle and opened an office as mining and consulting engineer. He was made city engineer of Seattle in 1892, and he has been there ever since.

In addition to his regrading of the streets he has installed a sewer system, has developed the Cedar River water system—by which forty-two million gallons of water are brought to Seattle every day from the Cedar River, twenty-eight miles away—has directed the paving of the streets, and has done more than any one man to make Seattle the marvelous city it is.

There are a great many showier men than Thomson, a great many engineers who get into the papers oftener, but there are mighty few who have taken over a job as big as Thomson's and stuck to it, through good and bad luck, through all sorts of political changes, through opposition that has been vicious at times, and not been tempted away by offer of great salaries or d scouraged by adverse circumstances. His work gave Seattle the opportunity to expand, to become a great city. If he should quit now he would have done a tremendous work, but Thomson won't quit. He isn't the quitting kind. He is going to finish the elimination of those hills before he stops, and then he will have a monument that will be a monument for fair.

Charity by Proxy

THERE is an Oregon statesman who is very prudent with his money. He rarely spends anything if he can get some one else to do the spending for him.

One morning he was walking down the street with a friend and they met a beggar who had a tale of woe that was amazing. The statesman listened and asked some questions.

Then he turned to his friend and said: "John, this man's story affects me greatly. Give him a quarter."

Honest by Choice

AN OREGON politician, named Booth, got a place for a clerk during one of the sessions of the Legislature out there. The clerk was very grateful. At the end of the session he came around to Booth and said: "Mr. Booth, I want to tell you how much I am indebted to you for your kindness in getting me the place I have had. It meant more to me, Mr. Booth, than you may think. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Also, I want to say, Mr. Booth, that if there ever comes a time when I can do anything for you—anything at all—you are to command me. I will do anything you may ask me to do. I am at your service."

Booth thanked the man and he started to go. As he reached the door he turned and said: "Of course, Mr. Booth, I would prefer that it should be something honorable."

Welcome to Our City

PROSPECTORS in Alaska, who spend the long winters up there, sometimes are incredibly lonely.

A man named Hartford was left in charge of a mine one winter. He was all alone, and at the end of the third month was sighing for companionship.

One morning he left his cabin to get some wood and met an enormous black bear that reared on its hindlegs and stretched out its front paws as if to hug the miner.

"Good-morning, bear," said the miner, holding out his hand. "I'm darned glad to see you."

The Hall of Fame

℄ Herbert Quick, the author, weighs over two hundred pounds and moves with great deliberation.

℄ Representative Sulzer, of New York, goes to Alaska every summer. He has mines out there.

℄ Senator Briggs, of New Jersey, has the most carefully-tended imperial in that august body of statesmen.

℄ Representative Barnhart, of Indiana, is one of the editors in Congress. He publishes the Rochester Sentinel.

℄ Secretary Nagel, of the Department of Commerce, being a German and a songster, always attends the national singerfest.

℄ There is an Elbert Hubbard in Congress as well as in the writing business. The Congressional Hubbard comes from Sioux City, Iowa.

℄ Representative Weeks, of Massachusetts, graduated from the Naval Academy in 1881. He was a classmate of Vice-Admiral Uriu, of Japan.

℄ Representative John Dwight, of New York, the Republican whip of the House, has a great reputation as a teller of Swedish dialect stories.

℄ Representative Bingham, of Pennsylvania, Father of the House, was wounded three times in battle during the Civil War, breveted four times for distinguished gallantry, and received the medal of honor for special gallantry on the field of battle. He has been in Congress for thirty years, and is a member of the present Congress, which will make it thirty-two.

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JED BROOKS, REPRESENTATIVE—By R. W. Hofflund

He Buys Insurance and Also Sells Some

ONE of them insurance fellers caught me in the south field today," said Jed, "and he sure reminded me of the good old times."

"How was that?" I asked. We were lounging on the bench in front of the cookhouse. Inside, the Chinaman was washing the dishes and singing, "I wish I had a girl-ee," through his nose. Down at the stables a couple of Mexicans were doctoring a cut on the hindleg of a bronco mule a pleasant job to watch from a distance But, for us, work was over for the day; we had eaten our beef and beans and had nothing more laborious ahead than to roll cigarettes and smoke them.

"Why," explained Jed, "in them old days you read about, all gents that were associated in business with cows wore six-shooters at their belts all the time, instead of only Sundays when they go to town." He glanced at young Martin, who blushed. "Now, if I was one of them oldtimers," resumed Jed, "whenever an insurance agent come around and got anxious about what would happen to my widder if I was to die sudden, I'd pull my artillery and notify him that it was his widder, not mine, that was goin' to need help from the neighbors. I sure do hate them six-cylinder, high-speed talk artists!"

"It's funny, though," said old Pete, the straw boss, "that pretty near everybody except ranch hands needs insurance, and nobody ever takes it until he's been pestered half to death by a poor sport in a white collar that can show you how to save a million dollars in twenty years and has to keep on the jump to get away from his landlady. It's a curious thing."

"But," said Jed, "they'd ought to pick their men. What's the use of showing me a column of loan values and such, when I ain't got a soul in the world to leave money to if I had it?"

"You could leave it to the Whisky Trust," suggested Pete. "They'll suffer terrible when you're took off."

"But that ain't really the point so much with me," resumed Jed. "It's because I *sabe* that insurance game all the way up. I got bit once."

"How did you get bit?" I asked.

"Why," said Jed, "it was this way. I was workin' for Old Man Ballard and he'd just made me foreman, so I was feelin' kind of big an' chesty, anyhow. One day a fat little feller dressed up to kill come along in a red automobile and asked for me. He was a sure sport—not cheap nor flashy, but the real article. One of the boys sent him down to the corral, an' before I really knew it he had me sittin' on the fence, looking at his papers.

"'I don't want to take up your time,' he says. 'Just give me eleven minutes: ten to talk in and one to keep my face wiped. Your country is hot!' It was hot, so I just laughed an' let him go ahead. Well, sir, that chap had a gilt-edge proposition, for certain.

"His company was a new one, located on the coast, and they wanted to insure everybody west of Pittsburgh. What they needed, this man tells me, was influence. So they had the hull territory mapped out in districts and in each district they was goin' to appoint a representative—some feller that was prominent an' well liked an' could herd up the rest of the bunch to protect their families at so much per family.

"'And in this district,' says the agent, 'I am going to offer the representative's contract to you. I have looked the ground over carefully and I believe you are the man we want. You know all the boys, and when our regular agent comes down here and says: "Jed Brooks, Ballard's foreman, has a five-thousand-dollar policy with us," it'll draw 'em our way sure. They come to you, you tell 'em the company is the best in the world, and that settles it. That's all you've got to do—no hustling, no soliciting; just to say a good word when it's necessary.'

"Say, I nearly fell off the fence! Think of it—me picked out for a job like that! When I got my breath I asked: 'An' what do I get?'

"'I've just been telling you,' he says 'You have one of these twenty-year policies for five thousand dollars. The first year you pay the regular premium on it—next year you get a big rebate—after five years you won't have to pay a cent and you own the policy. Man,' he says, 'let me tell you something. In the wide world there's nothing like insurance for making big money, I mean. Look at the Eastern companies look at the millions they've made!' he says 'Why,' he says, 'the day you get in with us is the day your grandchildren are going to celebrate every year. I wish I could get one of these contracts' he says, 'but I can't The company pays me a salary, and a peach of a salary it is they buy my influence for cash. But you—listen to the knocking on the door, man; it may not come again!'

"He sure was a good talker. I begun to see myself, with the money all piled up in the banks, writin' out checks whenever I needed a stack of blues. It felt pretty good, too. He give me a cigar, an' I lit 'er up and puffed a while, important-like, to enjoy bein' a capitalist Then I says

"'Well, Muster, I'll tell you. I ought not to turn down a chancet like this, but I'm kind of hard up. Right now I ain't got the money, for a fact. You come around in about two months an' I'll talk to you.'

"'Rats!' he says. 'Two months from now I may be dead! I never looked that far ahead in my life. We want you with us right now,' he says, 'and we're willing to help you all we can. You give me what cash you can spare and your note for the balance—ninety days, no interest. Is that fair?'

"Well, sir, I done it! He had me locoed with his talk about me being so all-fired prominent. Why, great snakes! It took pretty near all I earnt in a year to pay the premium, but I happened to have some cash comin' in later an' I figgered on the big rebates to help me out the next four years. You see, for every thousand written in the hull state me an' the other representatives was to divide one dollar He showed me how some of the big New York companies had growed, an' it looked like, with any luck at all, I'd ought to make a pile of money out of it."

"Well," I asked while Jed rolled a cigarette, "where does the bite come in? That looks good to me even now, provided his company was all right."

"So it was," said Jed. "Good enough for anybody that wanted insurance, but I didn't want none. I was lookin' for profits, an' I didn't have sense enough to see that this feller was makin' a noise like a phony faro-box. I didn't even have sense enough to read the policy—just took his word for it that after five years my troubles would all be over an' I could begin ordering automobiles.

"The way I learnt about it was this: About a couple of weeks after I got my papers I happened to meet, in at Fritz' bar, a man we called Snoddy. Snoddy was a poor, discouraged, lazy, shif'less, hard-drinking rancher. He owned a few acres, an' a dozen cows or so, an' a bunch of dirty children, an' a overworked wife. Well, sir, he was standing up at the bar, boasting that he was the representative of this insurance company. He was telling the boys about his good luck—how he was goin' to be rich, all because he was prominent an' influential an' had been picked out for a high-class job.

"Of course, I begun to smell a rat right off. I found out Snoddy had it all right. I asked him if the agent made him promise not to tell any one, the same as he done with me.

"'I give my word of honor never to let on about it,' Snoddy shouts, 'an' I ain't a-goin' to break it!'

"'That's right,' I says. 'Keep your promise. How much have you got?'

"'Five thousand dollars,' says Snoddy, 'an' I borried the money to pay fer it an' I ain't a-goin' to tell a livin' soul!'

"'Sure not,' I says. 'You're in luck. When did he give it to you?'

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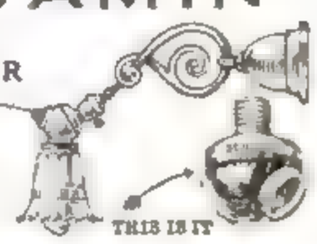

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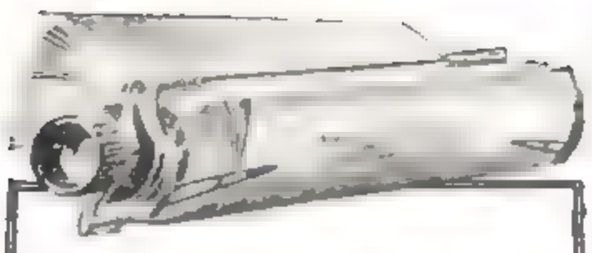

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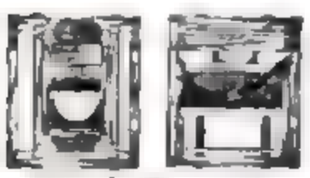

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git one. I passed him my word, Jed, or I'd tell you about it.'

"Well, sir, his was just the same as mine; the agent saw him the same day. I inquired around and there was half a dozen more in the same neighborhood Influence! Snoddy had about the same kind of influence as a polecat! When folks saw him comin' they had an engagement—mebbe up a tree, mebbe to see a friend somewheres, but they sure got away!

"Of course I saw the game, then. I took my papers to the J. P., him bein' a lawyer, an' told him the hull thing. He give me the horse-laugh.

"'It's the old story,' he says. 'Make a man believe he's gettin' something his neighbors can't get and he'll pay any price for it. You've got insurance, all right, but that's all. Why, your big rebates don't amount to no more than any company pays in dividends. Why didn't you read the policy? It doesn't say anything about being paid up in five years. The agent lied, that's all, to get his commission. They'll pass your note to some shyster and you'll have to pay it or lose your pony and your little bunch of cows. Charge it up to education, Jed,' he advises me, 'and forget it.'"

"Did you do it?" I asked.

"Why, not exactly." Jed inhaled a deep puff and blew it out slowly. "When I'm up against a brace game I most generally try to do a little fancy work myself. So I went up to see the feller."

"With a gun?"

"No," said Jed. "That is, I had a gun, but I didn't aim to use it. I just found out where he put up an' then bumped up against him accidental-like in the hotel lobby.

"'Why, hello!' I says. 'Don't you remember me? I'm your representative down Japatul way.'

"'Sure,' he says, sticking out his hand. 'Sure I remember you. But I meet so many men in the course of the day,' he says, 'that your name has slipped my mind for the moment. Let's see ——'

"'Jed Brooks,' I says; 'Old Man Ballard's foreman.'

"'That's it! I had it on the tip of my tongue. Well, Mr. Brooks,' he says, 'that policy you got is a rare one. I wish I had more to sell, but the representatives are all selected. I suppose you're feeling pretty good about it?'

"'Why, yes,' I says. 'I don't rightly understand yet how you come to pick me out instead of some one else. I never thought much about insurance before, but I've been kind of wishin' I'd taken ten thousand dollars instead of only five. It looks to me like a good investment.'

"Say, you'd ought to 'a' seen his face! I reckon nothing like that ever happened to him before; he got purple, he thought of so durn many things to say all at oncet. In one jump he had me in a big leather chair an' he was straddlin' a little one, shakin' his forefinger like it was loaded an' tellin' me how about it.

"'Man,' he says, 'why didn't you tell me? I had no idea you could carry that much and I didn't want to load you up.'

"'Why,' I says, 'I didn't think much about it at the time myself, but I'm makin' pretty good money now, with my wages and a few head of cattle an' all. So since then I've been wishin' I'd made it bigger. Meetin' you reminded me of it. I'd about made up my mind to take five thousand more in another company.'

"'Why another company?' he asks quiet-like. I see he thought he had the thing in his hands all right.

"'Oh,' I says, 'no use to put all your eggs in one basket; separate 'em and make it harder for the storekeeper to tell who brung in the rotten ones. Anyhow, I wouldn't much care to have two in the same company. It would look kind of foolish.'

"Well, he started right in an' give me the regular line of talk. I had to set there half an hour, listenin' an' askin' questions, but we wound up right where we started—him anxious to get me to take another five thousand dollars and me dead certain I didn't want it.

"'Well,' I says, 'I'd better be goin'. I hadn't decided to take it, anyhow, and I don't want to do nothin' to make our company sore, but it kind of looked good to me. But I wouldn't want another one with the same outfit, for sure. It'd look too foolish.'

"I could see he wanted to choke me for an ignorant hayseed; but he didn't. Instead, he slapped his leg like he'd just roped a fine, brand-new idea.

"'Here,' he says, 'we're a couple of fatheads! You want a ten-thousand-dollar policy all on one sheet of paper, eh? Well, get it! We'll cancel out the one you have and give you a new one altogether for the ten thousand. How's that for sense?'

"'Why,' I says, thinking it over, 'if you can do that ——'

"'We'll do it for you,' he says. 'Not for everybody, let me tell you. But you're a representative and that makes a difference. Now, then,' he says, takin' out a little notebook, 'how long are you going to be in town?

"'Back tonight,' I says. 'I got to put the cows to bed an' rock a couple of mules to sleep. I can't linger here over night.'

"'Well,' he says, 'I'll bring it out to you, then; it's not much of a trip. Look for me in about a week. It'll take that long to get it down here.'

"So I went over to the Granger House for the night, not having no idea of gettin' back to the ranch, but wanting to bring him out there again. I thought I could deal with him better at home."

Jed laughed reminiscently.

"He come out," he said, "with his red automobile and his papers all ready. I was to sign an application for a ten-thousand-dollar policy, so's they could have it on record, an' he was to give me this policy and hand back the old one. Then I'd told him I'd have cash on hand, so he could return my note, an' I'd draw him a check for the whole amount.

"'Here they are,' he says. 'Here's the policy and your future is provided for. Now, just sign this and we'll be all fixed up.'

"'You bet!' I says. 'Me for the tainted money! In a couple of years they'll be askin': "Where did he get it?" Now, so's to be all regular, give me a receipt for my old policy while I write your check.'

"So he done it, an' by writin' slow I just come to the signature when he handed over the papers. I looked at my note, tore it into five-cent pieces, tore up the check I'd been writin' an' stuffed the remains in my pocket.

"'Just exactly what do you mean by that?' he says, the veins in his neck swellin' up like angleworms.

"'Why,' I says, 'I changed my mind, that's all. I don't really want no insurance, after all. So,' I says, 'we won't argue none about that. You got so many representatives down here that you don't rightly need me, anyhow.'

"'Look here,' he says; 'I want to tell you you can't ——'

"'Pardner,' I says, 'we won't argue about it. I got a receipt an' that's all I care about. You can keep the little cash you got from me. But there's another thing to consider,' I says quiet-like, 'an' that's Snoddy.'

"'Who?' says he.

"'Snoddy,' I says, 'your representative. It's like this: When you go pickin' out the prominent men to steer folks your way you forget one thing, an' that's their families. Now,' I says, 'the human female can't do no more than a certain amount of work in eighteen hours, an' Madame Snoddy is already doin' twicet that much. So, if her better half is goin' to ornament barrooms representing your company, pretty soon he won't have no widder to leave his money to.'

"'I can't help that,' he says. 'It's for her benefit to have ——'

"'No, it ain't,' I says. 'You just got it figured out wrong. As far as I'm concerned if you can talk my money away from me you're plumb welcome to it,' I says, 'until I get it back. But Snoddy is different. On account of his wife an' kids the boys didn't like the idea of his borrowin' money to give over to you.'

"'You can tell the boys,' he says, 'to go ——'

"'Tell 'em yourself,' I says. 'They'll be here in a minute. I promised to turn you over as soon as I got through.'

"'What's that?' he says, looking around nervous-like.

"'Why,' I says, 'you can see 'em out by the barn there, saddlin' up. I don't know what they want, but they ain't a very sociable crowd to deal with when they get right mad.'

"'For Heaven's sake!' he says with a groan. 'One of them is coiling up a rope!'

"'It ain't uncommon to fetch one,' I says, 'in cases like this. If I was you I'd

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talk real friendly to 'em. Don't get excited or nothin'.'

"'Brooks,' he says, 'you get me out of this and I'll promise not to say a word about your tearing up the note. It's illegal penitentiary, Brooks—but I'll give my word. Shall I make a run for the auto?'

"'I wouldn't,' I says. 'They couldn't miss you at that distance. Anyhow, we haven't considered Snoddy's case yet. It's him the boys are riled up about—not me.'

"'Oh, Lord!' he says. 'I'll send the money to you—they'll be here in a minute. What are you going to do?'

"'Why, nothing,' I says. 'But if you had happened to have Snoddy's money with you and had been anxious to pay it back, mebbe I could've talked to 'em. It's too bad!'

"He dug into all his pockets at once and handed me a roll of bills, a bunch of keys, some loose change and a box of cigarettes.

"'Count it out,' he says. 'Quick! I'm too nervous. And take out the forty dollars you gave me, if there's enough. Hurry!'

"'All right,' I says, takin' my time. 'I'll keep the forty, because you won't want to be carryin' weight, anyhow. Now,' I says, givin' back his belongings and one twenty-dollar bill, 'I'll give you a chance. Walk with me to the machine. The boys won't start as long as I'm with you. When we get there jump in an' let 'er out for all she's worth. If she bucks stay with 'er an' dig the spurs in the gas-tank,' I says, 'for most likely you got to beat out some bullets.'

"Well, we walked slowly over to his car, an' when we got close enough he gives a jump, turns his crank, an' off he goes, a mile a minute, never lookin' behind. He took a one-strand barbed-wire fence with him at the turn an' it looked like he never hit ground again. I never saw a airyplane, but I bet that's what they look like."

"Did the boys shoot at him?" I asked.

"No," said Jed. "They didn't know who he was. I wouldn't 'a' told 'em for all the money there is. They were just goin' out to brand some calves, but, of course, they come in handy. No, I never told no one but Snoddy's wife. I went over an' give her the money an' told her what to do with it, and she says: 'You get to blazes out o' here, Jed Brooks, an' mind your own business!' But she was cryin' when she got through," said Jed, "so I knew what she meant."

THE TROUBLE MAN

(Continued from Page 11)

earnestly. "You can't make nothin' by fightin', cause you lose your point, anyway. And then, a majority of twenty to one ain't that a good proof that you're wrong?"

"Now, Billy, you can't get around that. That's your own argument," cried Pringle, delighted. "You've stuck to it right along that you Republicans was dead right because you always get seven votes to our six. *Nux vomica*, you know."

Uncle Pete rose with some haste. "Here's where I go. I never could talk politics without gettin' mad," he said.

"Billy, you're certainly making good. You're a square peg. All the same, I wish," said Wes' Pringle plaintively, as Uncle Pete crunched heavily through the gravel, "that I could hear my favorite tune now."

Billy stared at him. "Does your mind hurt your head?" he asked solicitously.

"No, no—I'm not joking. It would do me good if I could only hear him sing it."

"Hear who sing what?"

"Why, hear Jeff Bransford sing The Little Eohippus—right now. Jeff's got the knack of doing the wrong thing at the right time. Hark! What's that?"

It was a firm footstep at the door, a serene voice low chanting:

There was once a little animal
No bigger than a fox,
And on five toes he scampered ——

"Good Lord!" said Billy. "It's the man himself."

Questionable Bransford stepped through the half-open door, closed it and set his back to it.

"That's my cue! Who was it said eavesdroppers never heard good of themselves?"

V

HE WAS smiling, his step was light, his tones were cheerful, ringing. His eyes had looked on evil and terrible things. In this desperate pass they wrinkled to pleasant, sunny warmth. He was unhurried, collected, confident. Billy found himself wondering how he had found this man loud, arbitrary, distasteful.

Welcome, question, answer; daybreak paled the ineffectual candle. The Mexican still slept.

"I crawled around the opposition camp like a snake in the grass," said Jeff. "There's two things I observed there that's mightily in our favor. The first thing is, there's no whisky goin'. And the reason for that is the second thing—and our one best big chance. Mister Burleson won't let 'em. Fact! Pretty much the entire population of the Pecos and tributary streams had arrived. Them that I know are mostly bad actors, and the ones I don't know looked real horrid to me; but your Uncle Pete is the bell mare. 'No booze!' he says, liftin' one finger; and that settled it. I reckon that when Uncle Simon Peter says 'Thumbs up' those digits'll be elevated accordingly. If I can get him to see the gate the rest will only need a little gentle persuasion."

"I see you persuading them now," said Billy. "This is a plain case of the irresistible force and the immovable body."

"You will," said Jeff confidently. "You don't know what a jollier I am when I get down to it. Watch me! I'll show you a regular triumph of mind over matter."

"They're coming now," announced Wes' placidly. "Two by two, like the animals out o' the ark. I'm glad of it. I never was good at waitin'. Mr. Bransford will now oblige with his monologue entitled 'Givin' a bull the stop signal with a red flag.' Ladies will kindly remove their hats."

It was a grim and silent cavalcade. Uncle Pete rode at the head. As they turned the corner Jeff walked briskly down the path, hopped lightly on the fence, seated himself on the gatepost and waved an amiable hand.

"Stop, look and listen!" said this cheerful apparition.

The procession stopped. A murmur, originating from the Bar W contingent, ran down the ranks. Uncle Pete reined up and demanded of him with marked disfavor: "Who in merry hell are you?"

Jeff's teeth flashed white under his brown mustache. "I'm Ali Baba," he said, and paused expectantly. But the allusion was wasted on Uncle Pete. Seeing that no introduction was forthcoming, Jeff went on:

"I've been laboring with my friends inside, and I've got a proposition to make. As I told Pringle just now, I don't see any sense of us gettin' killed, and killin' a lot of you won't bring us alive again. We'd put up a pretty fight—a very pretty fight. But you'd lay us out sooner or later. So what's the use?"

"I'm mighty glad to see some one with a leetle old horse-sense," said Uncle Pete. "Your friends is dead game sports all right, but they got mighty little judgment. If they'd only been a few of us I wouldn't 'a' blamed 'em a mite for not givin' up. But we got too much odds of 'em."

"This conversation is taking an unexpected turn," said Jeff, making his eyes round. "I ain't named giving up that I remember of. What I want to do is to rig up a compromise."

"If there's any halfway place between a hung Mexican and a live one," said Uncle Pete, "mebbe we can. And if not, not. This ain't no time for triflin', young fellow."

"Oh, shucks! I can think of half a dozen compromises," said Jeff blandly. "We might play seven-up and not count any turned-up jacks. But I was thinking of something different. I realize that you outnumber us, so I'll meet you a good deal more than half way. First, I want to show you something about my gun. Don't anybody shoot, 'cause I ain't going to. Hope I may die if I do!"

"You will if you do. Don't worry about that," said Uncle Pete. "And maybe so, anyhow. You're delayin' the game."

Jeff took this for permission. "Everybody please watch and see there is no deception."

Holding the gun, muzzle up, so all could see, he deliberately extracted all the cartridges but one. The audience exchanged puzzled looks.

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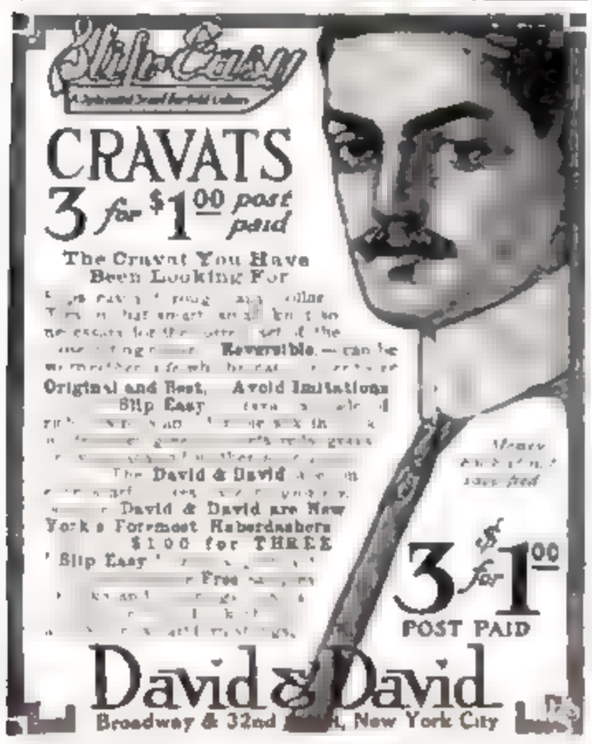

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Jeff twirled the cylinder and returned the gun to its scabbard. "Now!" he said, sparkling with enthusiasm. "You all see that I've only got one cartridge. I'm in no position to fight. If there's any fighting I'm already dead. What happens to me has no bearing on the discussion. I'm out of it.

"I realize that there's no use trying to intimidate you fellows. Any of you would take a big chance with odds against you, and here the odds is for you. So, as far as I'm concerned, I substitute a certainty for chance. I don't want to kill up a lot of rank strangers—or friends, either. There's nothing in it.

"Neither can I go back on old Wes' and Billy. So I take a half-way course. Just to manifest my entire disapproval, if any one makes a move to go through that gate I'll use my one shot—and it won't be on the man goin' through the gate, either. Nor yet on you, Uncle Pete. You're the leader. So if you want to give the word, go it! I'm not goin' to shoot you. Nor I ain't goin' to shoot any of the Bar W push. They're free to start the ball rolling."

Uncle Pete, thus deprived of the initiatory power, looked helplessly around the Bar W push for confirmation. They nodded in concert. "He'll do whatever he says," said Clay Cooper.

"Thanks," said Jeff pleasantly, "for this unsolicited testimonial. Now, boys, there's no dare about this. Just cause and effect. All of you are plumb safe to make a break—but one. To show you that there's nothing personal about it, no dislike or anything like that, I'll tell you how I picked that one. I started at some place near both ends or the middle and counted backward or forward, sayin' to myself, 'Intra, mintra, cutra, corn, apple seed and brier thorn,' and when I got to 'thorn' that man was stuck. That's all. Them's the rules."

That part of Uncle Pete's face visible between beard and hat was purple through the brown. He glared at Jeff, opened his mouth, shut it tightly, and breathed heavily through his nose. He looked at his horse's ears, he looked at the low sun, he looked at the distant hills; his gaze wandered disconsolately back to the twinkling, indomitable eyes of the man on the gate-post. Uncle Pete sighed deeply.

"That's good! I'll just about make the wagon by noon," he remarked gently. He took his quirt from his saddle-horn. "Young man," he said gravely, flicking his horse's flank, "any time you're out of a job come over and see me." He waved his hand, nodded, and was gone.

Clay Cooper spurred up and took his place, his black eyes snapping. "I like a damned fool," he hissed; "but you suit me too well!"

The forty followed; some pausing for quip or jest, some in frowning silence. But each, as he passed that bright, audacious figure, touched his hat in salute to a gallant foe.

Squatty Robinson was the last. He rode close up and whispered confidentially:

"I want you should do me a favor, Jeff. Just throw down on me and take my gun away. I don't want to go back to camp with any such tale as this."

. . . . . .

"You see, Billy," explained Jeff, "you mustn't dare the denizens—never! They dare. They're uncultured; their lives ain't noways valuable to society and they know it. If you notice, I took pains not to dare anybody. Quite otherhow. I merely stated annoyin' consequences to some other fellow, attractive as I could, but impersonal. Just like I'd tell you: 'Billy, I wouldn't set the oil can on the fire—it might boil over.'

"Now, if I'd said: 'Uncle Pete, if anybody makes a break I'll shoot your eye out, anyhow,' there'd 'a' been only one dignified course open to him. Him and me would now be dear Alphonsing each other about payin' the ferryman.

"'Spose I'd made oration to shoot the first man through the gate. Every man Jack would have come 'a-snuffin'"—each one tryin' to be first. The way I put it up to 'em, to be first wasn't no graceful act—playin' safe at some one else's expense—and then they seen that some one else wouldn't be gettin' an equitable vibration. That's all there was to it. If there wasn't any first there couldn't conveniently be any second, so they went home. B-r-r! I'm sleepy. Let's go by-by. Wake that dern lazy Mexican up and make him keep watch till the sheriff comes!"

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A 531

COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH COMPANY (GRAFONOLA)

Music on both sides!

(BACK)

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OUT-OF-DOORS

The Highways of the Air

IF IT were not for the migrations of our furred or feathered game we should not have much sport in America today. The great per cent of our wild fowl and many other birds, for instance, would be massed in certain definite and well-known regions where their slaughter would be only a matter of detail. It is very well for the gentlemen who believe that Nature is going to take care of things somehow that Nature does take care of them in her own way, and so prevents the intentions of the men who would kill the last game-bird for fifty cents, or the last game-animal for the sake of half an hour's sport.

In a loose way it is often supposed that only our wild fowl migrate. As a matter of fact, however, almost all of the birds of the North are migrants, as well as many of the South. Quail migrate irregularly, and grouse migrate mysteriously, but the two seasons of heat and cold in our upper latitudes cause a general shifting of our birds twice a year. Robins, blackbirds, bluebirds, jays, thrushes, practically all the song-birds, as well as the more sought-for occupants of our woods and marshes, move north in the spring and south in the fall.

Generally speaking, we suppose that the seasons of warmth and cold make the only reasons for these migrations, but, as a matter of fact, a great many species could spend the entire year in the northern latitudes if they cared to do so. In parts of the North some of these do winter, while in others they migrate. If good shelter and food offer, robins, bluejays, even bluebirds pass the winter in the Middle States, although they shift their habitat slightly in the spring and fall. Of course, if food fails the migration occurs at any time of the year. The wild duck does not find its food easily when the lakes and marshes are frozen, although the hardy mallard will hang about the last open water sometimes until midwinter. These ducks and others frequently pass the whole winter as far north as upper Missouri and Arkansas, only going below those latitudes under stress of heavy weather. Many others of the same species, none the less, go as far south as the Gulf and winter in Mexico, Central America or even South America. In these latter countries they are less persecuted in the winter than in the United States, where, indeed, they have no rest at all in any season of the year.

How Birds Helped Columbus

The food question or the climate question alone does not determine migration. These migrations are customs, but back of these customs are what you may call a habit, and that habit dates far back beyond the memory of man. We make toothpicks of the splint bone on a deer's foreleg, but few of us reflect that a foot once grew there. We cannot remember the time when the horse had several toes instead of one for each leg. Neither, for that matter, can we remember the time when the Gulf of Mexico stretched north practically to the foot of Hudson Bay. Yet such was once the case. When the division, which was made by a mid-continental upheaval, came there were some species which had their origin in the North and others which had their origin in the South. Their original short food-migrations became strengthened and lengthened into the great transcontinental flights which represent, according to some scientists, an ancient instinct for going back home. This habit has been kept up long after the original necessity for it has passed away, but in view of modern conditions it is a good thing that it has remained. Also, the sportsman can thank his stars for the same reason, counting as he does upon seeing the birds pass almost any part of the country twice a year.

The singular thing about these migrations is that they apparently cling to certain lines, as though the birds had certain highways of their own up in the air. Any plover shooter will tell you that so long as there were any plover they always used to appear in the springtime along certain high ridges, on either side of which they were not apt to be seen, except in their feeding flights, after they were located in the country. Wild pigeons also had such definite highways, and there are other species which, even in these days when civilization has wholly changed the appearance of the land, keep to the lines that they have followed from prehistoric days.

Take the case of the golden plover, which once moved in millions across the United States. It breeds in Labrador and the sub-Arctic countries, but passes its winters in South America. Curious and interesting enough is the habit of this bird, which, twice a year, travels more than a third the circumference of the globe, passing country where it well might better itself, but impelled northward and southward by some instinct stronger than breeding and feeding, stronger indeed than dislike for warmth or cold. The southern line of flight of a good part of the golden plover, or "frost-bird," as it is known in the East, runs east of the Atlantic States. Literally it passes over the high places of the keys, sunken or showing, which lie east of our lower coast. Observers show us that there used to be land here; and they further point out that had it not been for this north and south Atlantic flight of migratory birds Columbus might never have discovered America or any of the islands east of it. Passing westward by water he intersected this highway of our earliest aviators, and so figured out that land could not be far away. But, according to scientists who have gone into the matter, these birds were only following the places where land used to be until the sea engulfed it. One of these scientists points out that there are two lines of flight, one running east of the Gulf and one west of the Gulf; and he even shows that some species, like the bobolink, which ranges west across the continent, go south to the eastward of the Gulf. The bobolink did this, no doubt, long before the rice fields of Georgia and Alabama were planted.

The Route of the Golden Plover

Our birds do not migrate now in the large numbers they once did, but even in the past much of the flight was not noted because the birds traveled at night. Very interesting indeed it is to hear them in the night, calling, whistling or honking, as they travel all unseen. Sometimes, unerring as is their instinct, they go astray, though this is most often when they are confused by the evidences of civilization. Once, on a foggy night, in a Mississippi Valley town, some twenty years ago, there was a great flight of golden plover which, for four or five hours, passed above the town. In some way the lights seemed to confuse them, and although, without any doubt, the flight was an enormous one, some birds seemed to circle and hesitate. The air was full of their calls, and so curious was the phenomenon that all the inhabitants were out on the streets, and the next day the papers made much comment. This was in the spring migration. Such an experience, curious as it was, is not apt again to come to one in those parts today. You may, on some moonlight night, hear the honk of the wild goose passing over the unseen trails, or perhaps, if very fortunate, on a brilliant moonlit night may see some dark shadows passing high up in the air against the moon. The journeys of the plovers, the snipes and woodcock, the coots and lesser ducks and many of our song-birds, take place at night, but we are most apt to become aware of the great migrations by seeing in the daytime passing flocks of geese or ducks bound one way or the other. One of the cheeriest sounds the Western farmer ever heard was the honking of the wild geese going north.

The spring migration is more apt to be noisy and demonstrative than that of the fall. In the mating season, when the plumage of the birds is most brilliant, they are most vociferous and, for that reason, perhaps, most easily captured, although the spring duck or goose, to use a paradox, is older than those that you see going south in the fall and should be warier. In the fall the birds are more methodical and more sober, and the plumage of the new young is not yet so brilliant.

Even in the city parks you may, in the fall, notice the numbers of robins, bluebirds or blackbirds—not so many bluebirds

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as formerly, for that species is now becoming scarce. It is the sportsman who goes abroad in autumn, however, say in early October in the mid-latitudes, who has the best chance to see the migrations of the birds. Sometimes the crows begin to band up then and the blackbirds are very noisy and busy getting together their armies. In some strange way the woods have become full of robins and there are more bluejays fitting and screaming among the trees. In the fields the meadow larks are chattering and moving about restlessly, though not singing so melodiously as in the spring. Perhaps three-quarters of all the birds you see have come from some point farther north. They may proceed leisurely if the weather be pleasant, but let a cold snap approach and on the next day all the covers are bare and deserted. The birds have gone south in the nighttime; just when, no one knew. Behind them a few stragglers may linger, perhaps some cripples abandoned on the marshes, perhaps some foolish individuals, for birds sometimes make mistakes, as early robins and bluebirds do in the spring when they get caught in the snow. But the bulk of the feathered life will between two days mysteriously have vanished. What line did they take? We should have to go back far into geology to answer that question. We only know that in a general way the seacoast and the great interior river valleys, as they exist in this geological age, are natural highways for them.

Good Shooting in the Rockies

We speak of the migratory line of wild fowl as moving farther to the west, but it is quite likely that this line existed in the remoter regions even before we knew about it. The old skin hunters found ducks in every water hole of the great plains. The Rocky Mountains, strange as that may seem, offer some of the best duck-shooting in the country. One or two wet flats in western Kansas, the old McPherson Basin and the Cheyenne Flats, both once-famous buffalo ranges, in later years became famous wild-fowl marshes. At Greatbend, Kansas, near the Cheyenne Flats, a minister of the Gospel, disgusted at the lukewarm financial support of his congregation, turned market-shooter, and did well. On the high, dry plains of the Panhandle of Texas one has seen thousands of sickle-billed curlews in the spring, many miles from water.

The length of time on migration varies. A duck can fly a thousand miles a day, if necessary, and our spring ducks are lean and thin, not because they have lost flesh on the wing, but because they hung on too long to poor food before they started. Most of them stop "to take in more gasoline" from time to time where they find good marshes which they long have known to be full of food. Their tarrying on the northbound flight is not from inability to fly, but from inability to feed. They follow the line of the vanishing ice and go north as fast as the waters open. Although they pass north or south in the daytime, as any wild-fowler knows who has marked the travelers coming down in long spirals from the upper air to examine a marsh, they also travel at night, and the coots or mudhens seem to travel exclusively at night, or at least are not seen passing in the daytime. To watch this slow and clumsy bird flapping along in the endeavor to take wing ahead of your boat you would not think it could fly far or fast; yet it seems to get up into the air and go south in the fall with a longer and more determined flight than almost any other sort of wild fowl.

Woodcock and snipe travel at night, not usually in large parties. The birds that have frequented your covers or marsh lands will lessen in number, little by little, until at last you cannot find one left. They do not band up, like the blackbirds. Ducks begin to go north from the Gulf coast by the middle of February, or earlier. The first flights reach the region north of the Ohio River by the middle of February, though the heaviest flights are in March. The state of weather ahead and behind the flight determines its rate of progress, either in spring or fall.

The fact that land or water game has a definite line of travel, whether on the earth or in the air, is familiar to most sportsmen, who know that the deer of a forest will have local runways cut deep in the soil through immemorial time, as well as known migration-trails, whether they are deer in Michigan or caribou in Newfoundland; and that the wild fowl will usually hang to their old lines of flight. Sometimes, however, there are freakish migrations which do not seem to depend upon weather or food alone—for instance, those of the ruffed grouse.

Although we do not fully know the location of the main aerial highways, we none the less are sure that they exist, and we are of the common belief that the fall flight does not go south necessarily over the same line followed going north. We know that the Mississippi River, the Atlantic Coast and the Pacific shoreline are our greatest flyways. Perhaps not all of these were more used than that route north over high and dry plains. The latter is discontinued and the others are lessening, because of the settling of the country and the improvement in firearms.

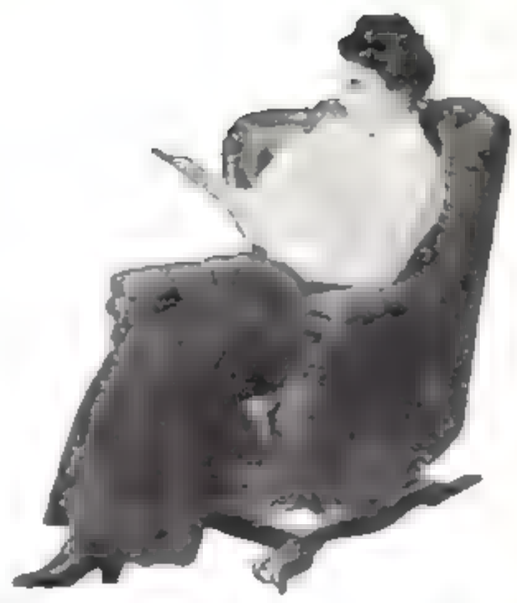
If the sportsman cannot tell the why or the wherefore of these great travel lines of the air, at least he is keen enough to learn about the branch lines that make off this side or the other from the great highways. He knows perfectly well that, in going to and from the feeding-grounds, birds will occupy pretty much the same line of flight unless very much molested. The goose hunter of Dakota or Saskatchewan, after he has located his lake full of fowl, does not try to shoot them there, but spends a day or two driving about the country until he has established the line of flight to and from the feeding-grounds. Then he puts out his decoys and digs his pit, not in the marsh but on the high and dry stubble.

Geese go out to feed, in the North, on the Platte or the Arkansas valleys or the Gulf coast of Texas, twice a day. They always have some safe roosting-ground, usually open sand-bar country, where they can see about them for miles. The first flight out is at daybreak, the return being made at about ten o'clock. Then the birds rest a while and pass out for food or water at about two o'clock, returning to their harborage again in the evening. These lines of flight will always be established over country least suitable for concealing enemies. Along the Gulf coast of Texas the gunner will nearly always find the geese going out from the salt water across the highest and barest headland offered in the shoreline. Sometimes one has shot them thus when there was no shelter better than that offered by a shallow path worn by passing herds of cattle. They always carefully avoided the tules or tall grass, where a shooter might be hidden in a blind.

The Flight of Crows and Geese

Crows are as canny as wild geese, and in passing to and from their roosting-grounds always adhere to one general line of flight which, in their belief, is safest for them. You would find it difficult to kill a crow out of the army that you may see passing across the country day after day. Blackbirds also, noisy and foolish as they seem in many ways, employ this same system. One of the most interesting sights in wild life in Texas is the daily flight of blackbirds to and from Mitchell's Lake, a low and marshy ground not far from San Antonio. In the evening the blackbirds which are wintering in the region round about resort to these tule-covered fastnesses as a nightly roosting-place. They come in millions, and always in a long-drawn-out column, narrow, but miles in length, which, intercepted midway, reaches on either hand farther than the eye can distinguish—a black legion of flying birds, all following one restricted path in the air above.

What a vast journey is this of the upper air, twice a year, back and forth over unknown ways and for reasons practically unknown! What a performance is such a voyage for this little, weak, puny, trembling thing whose heart you can feel throbbing as you hold it in your hand, a creature so feeble that it seems you could crush it by a breath. There is no such expenditure of energy known in any other form of animate life. Almost it seems a waste of energy, but still in the inscrutable ways of Nature it goes on, and it no doubt will go on until, at some day not too distant, the last red flash will leap up from the marsh in the dusk of dawn or evening, and there will be heard for the last time the splash in the water or the thump upon the ground which, perhaps, was not included in the original plans of Nature when she laid out her great transcontinental lines of aerial travel.



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STAGE REALISM

Overdoing a Good Thing

By FREDERIC THOMPSON

THE stage is the land of make-believe, and in it nothing is so unreal as the things that are real. A year ago I produced a play in which there were and are two unusual scenes, one laid in the wireless-room of an ocean liner, the other in the furnace-room of a steel plant. Each furnished excellent and exceptional opportunities for the practice of a wide variety of the tricks of stagecraft. One of the dramatic moments in the forging scene came with the lifting from the furnace of a twelve-inch marine gun of the sort used on our battleships. For five years I had had this stage representation in mind. My boyhood had been spent in a steel center where my father was engaged in the business of moulding and forging heavy contrivances out of molten iron and steel, so I was perfectly familiar with the looks and the details of a great rolling-mill. My eye for color and pictorial effect is, I take it, as good as any one's—at any rate, it has made me a comfortable living for a considerable number of years—but to make sure that the scenic investiture of this particular part of the play was absolutely correct, several months before the date of production I took a number of my assistants to the great steel works in the outskirts of Philadelphia, there to make drawings, photographs and notes of a real blast furnace in the act of turning out the very thing I was about to picture. Besides a photographer, there were my general stage director, my chief scenic artist, my head property man and my master carpenter. Upon our return we set to work building the "set," and about the middle of October produced the play.

Unappreciated Realism

Certain details of the criticisms next day surprised me, and I was even more dumfounded, two weeks later, after the metropolitan opening, to find much the same extraordinary remarks in the New York reviews. The tenor of the criticisms was enthusiastic praise, but the majority of reviews called attention to the fact that the big, molten gun when it emerged from the furnace was white when it should have been red! It did not occur to these wise men that steel is not malleable at a red glow, and I wrote a letter to one editor pointing out to him the advisability of familiarizing himself with the fundamental workings of the steel industry before he attempted further criticism of them. But it had no effect. I stood in the lobby for several evenings after the opening, and as the playgoers roamed in and out during the intermission I overheard conversations which convinced me that the public believed steel, when about to be taken from the furnace, to be red instead of white with a slight opalescent tint.

"What's the use?" said I to myself. "If they mistake a blast furnace for a blacksmith's shop I may as well cater to their belief. I'll let the colleges educate the public."

So I changed the gun-glow from white to red, thus reducing its apparent temperature a couple of thousand degrees, and there was never another criticism of the effect. To the public, the real seemed unreal, so I gave them the unreal and they applauded it as real.

Ever since I built my theater in New York I have given a great deal of time and study to stage lighting, with the aim of perfecting the reproduction of natural effects which are familiar to every one who can see or ever has seen. A great many of the results of this experimenting are now in use on most of the up-to-date stages of this country and of Europe. To explain the why and wherefore of many of them would be to indulge in a technical discussion which would be not only uninteresting to the average reader, but also out of keeping with the purpose of this article, the thesis of which is expressed in the opening sentence. One successful attempt to portray reality does, however, furnish an interesting case in point. Playgoers who have seen Polly of the Circus will remember that the second act takes place in the back yard of John Douglas' parsonage. Under foot there is the lawn; scattered about are trees and shrubs; to the right and rear one gets glimpses of the parsonage roof, a veranda and the village church, and overhead is the leafy foliage always abundant in a country town. The action of this scene lasts some thirty minutes, and throughout a bright summer sun is shining overhead, casting flecked shadows on the roofs, the lawn and the people who move on and off as their presence is required to carry on the drama. Now every one knows that, with the movement of the universal spheres, shadows change, and it was my idea to increase by a slow and almost imperceptible movement of light and shade not only the realistic effect of my scene, but also its apparent duration.

The experiments were successful, the play was produced, the scene was exquisitely natural. I was as happy as a small boy with a new, red wagon, when I noticed that throughout the act in the parsonage yard people were constantly nudging one another and calling whispered attention to the fact that the shadows were moving, that the leaves of the maples overhead were softly rustling in the faint breeze, that the very scenery seemed alive with the dreamy, hazy life of a hot, midsummer country-town day. My effect was too real; it was attracting attention to the scenery when every eye and every mind should have been riveted on the play. So I cut out one of the best light effects I have ever devised, and now when you watch Polly of the Circus you find a stationary sun, casting through the leaf-laden trees precisely the same shadows at the end of the act as it cast when the curtain rose

A somewhat similar incident, so far as the audience was concerned, occurred several years ago while Madame Nazimova and Paul Orleneff were giving a series of benefit performances in Russian at the Criterion Theater in New York. The first play was Ibsen's Ghosts, and in it Orleneff impersonated Oswald, while Madame Nazimova—or, as she then called herself, Nazimoff—played the calculating servant-girl, Regina. In the dining-room scene, when the young son of the house falls to opening bottle after bottle of champagne, the usual procedure of usual actors is to resort to the usual stage subterfuge of opening pop or some other charged water, with or without the uncorking assistance of a property man in the wings. He was playing—and playing tremendously well—before a house packed with the cream of New York society at five dollars a seat, and he was not going to appear in the light of a tank actor. So he opened three pints of an almost extinct vintage of extra-fine juice of the grape, and for five minutes everybody in the audience was saying to his or her neighbor:

"Did you see that! he's drinking real champagne!"

In a restaurant he would have attracted attention if he had been uncorking any substitute, but on the stage he was opening the real thing, and was all but spoiling one of the best acts of a great play because he was not fooling his audience!

The Episode of Sarsaparilla Soup

This reminds me of a funny incident that happened in a New York manufacturing town some years ago. A play called The Official Marriage was the attraction, and in it there occurred a scene that represented the border line between Germany and Russia. There was a split stage, one-half of which was set as a room on the Kaiser's domain, while the other, not dissimilarly arranged, belonged to the Little White Father. In each room there was a small café table on which, at a psychological moment, a plate of consommé was to be deposited. On the night previous, the property man who traveled with the company had succumbed to the fumes of a quantity of cheap liquor, which fact, added to the late arrival of the show in town, well-nigh distracted the players, the stage manager and the man who ran the box-office.

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and water or sarsaparilla. When the time came to ring up the curtain on the scene in question the stage manager, Mr. McClellan, suddenly discovered that the alcoholic disappearance of "props" had caused every one to overlook the soup. There was nothing in sight that looked at all like it. Turning to a "grip" he shoved a dollar in his hand and told him to run fast and bring back a bottle of sarsaparilla. The boy darted out the stage door while McClellan perspired and the gallery gods stamped their feet, impatient at the delay in the entertainment. The stage hand, however, was fleet and returned with a square bundle which he turned over to the manager.

"What's this?" said the latter.

"Sarsaparilla," said the "grip."

"Where's the change?" snapped McClellan, who recalled that the beverage retailed at five cents a bottle.

"Ain't any," replied the boy; "it cost a dollar."

"For the love of ——" Then he realized that the sarsaparilla brought him was the concentrated extract which is used for the home manufacture of that beverage.

And as actors must consume "prop" food and drink just as if they were the real things, the countenances of the two who were forced to make way with twin plates of this favorite spring remedy, and act as if they liked it, may easily be imagined. It is an interesting case of overdoing the unreal.

My experience with the unfortunate results following the use of real "props" led me to issue an order recently which may have been bad. As only one side of the question was ever demonstrated it is impossible to determine which might have been the better, but I am still of the opinion that my decision was right. While A Fool There Was was being rehearsed one of my assistants was approached by a leading New York florist, who offered to furnish daily a huge basket of American Beauty roses provided the messenger who carried them aboard ship—in the second scene, first act of the play—wore the uniform of his establishment with the name on his cap, and that a line of acknowledgment appeared in the theater program. I refused to accept this offer because of my experience with the sunlight effect in Polly, and because of what I had noticed at the Orlenetf-Nazimova performance of Ghosts. I thought and still think that the genuineness of the blossoms would have attracted attention at a moment when every eye should have been riveted on the principal actors, an effect that was not brought about by the substitution of the wonderful artificial flowers which are now so easily procured.

Real Roses Unreal

Those who have seen this play will readily recall that Miss Kaelred, as The Woman, is constantly evidencing her light and carefree temperament by blowing the petals of red roses in the face and finally over the inert body of her victim. When the piece was first acted real roses were used, in fact, for the initial performance at Albany, on March 18, 1909, a messenger rushed from New York on a fast limited express with a great bundle of American Beauties, because none could be procured in the Empire State capital. He arrived just in time for the performance, and as he had to purchase a through ticket to Chicago at a cost of thirty dollars, the total expense of Miss Kaelred's flower-throwing was a little more than one hundred dollars.

But for some reason or other real petals would not work; the actress could not blow them with any but a soggy effect, and by the time we arrived in New York three days later, artificial flowers had been substituted with excellent results. The real seemed unreal. The unreal did not.

And now I wish to narrate an incident which is the most extraordinary of all because it has to do with living people rather than with inanimate things, and for that reason offers the best conceivable example of what I am getting at. The final scene of the third act of Via Wireless is the big thing in the play, and takes place on a liner beating up the Atlantic Coast from the West Indies in the dead of night, and all but foundering in a terrific gale. For the most part the action occurs in the cabin of the Marconi operator, which is in the immediate foreground, and the first twenty minutes are taken up by a dramatic monologue on the part of the wireless man—

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Mr. Kaufmann. Until the last sixty seconds no other person appears save sailors, none of whom has more than a line or two to speak before his words are drowned by the noise of the tempest. In Brewster's Millions I had had experience with make-believe seafaring men and, because the maritime scene in Via Wireless required little or no acting ability on the part of any one except the operator, I decided that I could heighten the realistic effect of the act by introducing real sailors who would move about the rocking, reeling vessel in the way sailors might be expected to move, rather than in the landlubberly fashion of the average twenty-dollar-a-week actor whose knowledge of the sea is gained from an occasional trip on a Staten Island ferry-boat. At the time Via Wireless was produced I had lying at anchor in New York harbor a big steam yacht, and when I decided on the use of marine reality in this scene I moved the captain and most of the crew of the yacht to the theater where rehearsals were being held.

The rehearsals done, we opened the piece for one week out of town, laid off a week because there was no suitable theater open, and came to New York the following Monday. On Tuesday morning two of the best-equipped reviewers of plays of which our national metropolis can boast devoted ink, type and much white paper to calling attention to what they thought was the principal defect of the play, namely, the amateurish, unseamanlike conduct of the men I had selected to impersonate sailors.

"Sailors never acted like that," said one.

"They never looked like that," remarked another.

"Where did he find them?" wrote a third. "Truly the art of Booth and Irving is lost along with the secret of building bendable glass."

And yet these were real sailors acting in the most realistic sailor fashion imaginable—or rather, not acting at all. The answer? It is simply this: They were completely "out of the picture," to use an expressive phrase which may or may not be slang. The rest of the players in Via Wireless were not real; they were impersonating various types; and despite their unreality were giving a veracious and accurate impression. The sailors, being real, appeared by contrast unreal. A more striking example of the topsyturvyness of the stage can scarcely be conceived, nor one which demonstrates more conclusively my contention that the theater is the land of make-believe. Of course, it was the easiest thing in the world to substitute a clump of small-salaried actors who did not jar. The play sailed triumphantly along after that.

Distractions to be Avoided

The reason, nine times out of ten, why realism on the stage hampers the success of a performance is that, appearing as a small island of truth in an ocean of falsity, it attracts attention by its reality and thereby detracts from the impression of the play as a whole. Anything that drags the auditor's mind away from the play and the playing, and makes him cogitate, is wrong. It should be cut out immediately upon discovery. In one of my productions a leading player had a speech in which he multiplied two not very large sums, the product of which multiplication had a great deal to do with the subsequent action of the scene. It so happened that the mathematical result was in five or six figures, all different. At rehearsal I stopped the actor and gave him a sum total which was near enough and in round numbers. No one ever questioned the correctness of the figures, because no one ever stopped to work out the problem. If the correct result had been spoken the whole audience would have wondered if it *was* correct, and the action of the play—very important at that point—would have been arrested until they had reached a decision.

It is a great deal easier to convince an audience that a thing diametrically opposed to the truth is right than it is to make them believe that a great many accurate points are not false. In the yacht scene of Brewster's Millions the vessel lifts anchor and gets under way with the mainsail set—the Flitter, you will remember, was a steam yacht. Such a thing simply wouldn't be done, and yet it was passed over unnoticed because the audience was too much interested in the play to pay attention to rigging and sails. If the mainsail had been lowered at the natural time the scene would have been spoiled to a considerable extent.

The business of making the unreal seem real, of fooling the public eye, of creating imitations that appear more perfect than the actual, is the most expensive, the most difficult and the most highly-developed part of play-building. Only a few years ago one gasman handled all the lighting of a stage. At every performance of one of my plays I use fourteen electricians constantly, from the rise of the curtain until the end of the play. Water effects used to be created by means of a painted ground cloth under which perspiring stage-hands rose and stooped in an awkward attempt to simulate waves. Now, strips of scenery of various heights are placed across the stage and streams of light from a dozen stereopticons are thrown on them, while other electrical machines project moving clouds on a cyclorama in the rear. Not so many years ago the sound of thunder was produced by rolling a cannon-ball across the rough parts of the stage. Now expensive and complicated machines create simultaneously the effect of thunder, wind, rain and lightning, with results that are startlingly realistic.

Realistic Shadows

I have spoken of the moving shadows in one of the scenes of Polly of the Circus. As an example of the care with which stage illusions are built, let me tell you some more about this effect. The old way and the easy way was to send the light down through the hanging scenery; but to bring about a more exact copy of Nature I resorted to a new trick. I had photographs made from the ground looking up through the leaves and branches of maple trees, and these photographs, transferred to eight stereopticons on the floor of the stage and backed by electric lamps, controlled by clockwork, were projected on the hanging scenery from the side instead of from above, with the result that the audience watched an exact reproduction of Nature—moving leaves, shifting shadows and all the other gradual light changes of a sunny, summer afternoon.

The average playgoer, watching a scene played in a room apparently illumined by sunlight from without, supposes that the light comes through the windows through which the unreal sun is shining. It doesn't. These windows are necessarily facing the audience and in the rear of the actors. Light thrown through them would not only cast shadows of the players in the direction of the footlights, but would leave their faces in the dark. The real would be too unreal. The trick is simple and perfectly effective. Sunlight is sent at an angle against the ivy, the curtains and the sashes of the windows, illuminating them with a warm glow, but stopping at that. Lamps in the wings between the actors and the audience throw shafts of light across and through this make-believe sunshine, revealing the features of the players, and fostering the impression that all the light comes from the direction of the sun. The result in this case is a perfect illusion. The audience see and accept as true a thing that does not exist. They see sunshine coming toward them when it is headed in the opposite direction. Applause of such a scene is a tribute to the play-builder's ability to make the unreal better than the real.

Electricity, photography and mechanical inventions of a thousand sorts have reduced to a science the business of fooling and amusing the public. They have made it possible for the unreal to become more real than the real, and by so doing they have advanced the drama in the last quarter of a century farther than it had moved in the preceding two hundred years. Money? Of course it costs money. To work one scene in one play I employ fifty-six stage hands, electricians and mechanics, but by doing this I make it unnecessary for the audience to tax their imagination. The play is the important thing and must be presented without obstructions, notwithstanding the fact that fake sunlight costs more than the real thing.

The stage is the land of make-believe. In this fictitious country real human beings, real flowers, real wine, real sunlight, real seamanship and actual mathematics are not recognized. This is also true of a genuine Welsh rarebit and a newly-broiled turkey. A real Welsh rarebit in a theater at night is as impossible as one in a restaurant in the daytime. Has any one ever seen a rarebit by daylight?

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8. Nail File
9. Screw Driver
2. Buttonhole Scissors
3. Gaspipe Tong
4. Cigar Cutter
5. Wire Cutter

12. Hammer
13. Penknife
14. Glass Cutter
15. Glass Breaker
16. Marking Wheel
11. Cartridge Extractor
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17. Ink Eraser
18. Stereoscope

[illegible] and ways about the home and office. 14

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Cards, circulars, [illegible] books, newspapers $5 [illegible] $15. Type, $60. [illegible] All easy, rules sent. Write factory for [illegible]

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LUXURY in a Limousine means more than fine upholstery and plate glass . . . Easy springs, tires of adequate size and a quiet, powerful motor are essential elements. Neither the essentials nor the refinements are lacking here;—luxury in an Oldsmobile is all that you have imagined possible in a motor car.

"Special" Four Cylinder "Limited" Six Cylinder
36 inch and 42 inch tires.

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—His Wife (May Wilson Preston)

Harold M. Brett, Engaged in His Favorite Form of Exercise

P. V. E. Ivory and His Trained Live Performing Models

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THE finest compliment you can pay a man is to give him a HOWARD watch.

It shows that in your opinion the best is not too good for him.

It classes him among men with whom punctuality and exactness are a principle—as a HOWARD sort of man.

He knows the HOWARD is the finest practical timepiece in the world. He appreciates your decision as to quality.

He values the HOWARD for its associations—as the chosen timepiece of the men who have done the big things in this Nation for three generations.

Moreover, it is an intimate sort of gift; something that is always with him and which must often suggest the giver.

A HOWARD watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each HOWARD from the 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at $35.00; to the 23-jewel in a 14-k. solid gold case at $150.00—is fixed at the factory, and a printed ticket attached.

Drop us a postal card, Dept. N, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

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It is a fashion book of sectional bookcases, showing the newest designs in the popular Sanitary Clawfoot and Mission styles, as well as our pleasing Standard.

Gunn Sectional Bookcases are known the world over for one feature that will interest you at once, more than all others. This is because of the big saving in freight as they are the only bookcases shipped flat. There are no disfiguring tops to hold the sections together, the doors are easily removed and are roller bearing and noiseless. The finish and workmanship are high grade, making a handsome and durable piece of furniture at a low cost.

Sold by furniture dealers everywhere, or direct where not in stock. Write today for our new bookcase catalogue M.

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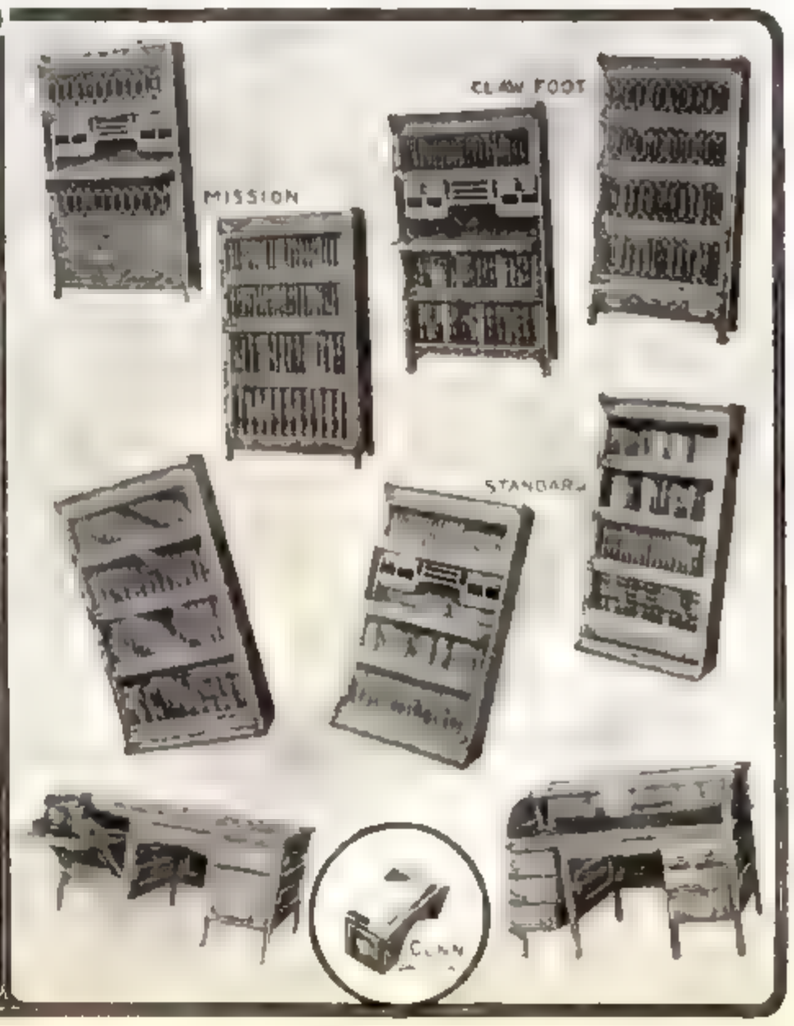
Grand Rapids, Mich.



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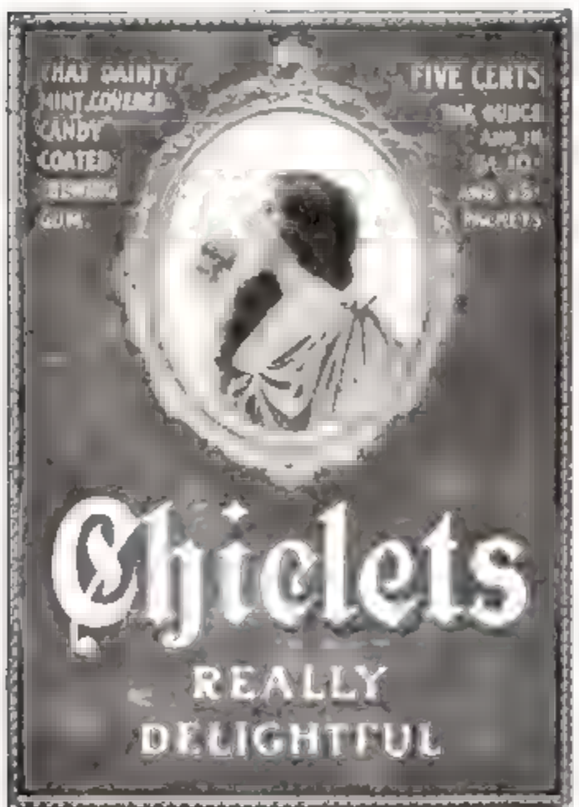

JUST RIGHT AFTER DINNER

Try Them! [illegible] buy Chiclets in your [illegible] and send us ten cents for a [illegible]. Any jobber will supply [illegible] Chiclets.

FRANK H. FLEER & COMPANY Inc
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For 34 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation.

[illegible] Deposit also for savings investors.

[illegible] Lawrence, Kans. Ask for Loan List No. 715

Sense and Nonsense

Miss Monkey (the Nursemaid): The Missus Told Me If He Cried to Take Him in My Arms, but I'll Give Up My Job First!

Returned With Thanks

THE idea of Life originated in the brain of a young artist named Mitchell, in 1882. His studio was in the top of a brownstone, residence-like building, and it served as editorial headquarters of the new magazine for some time. One morning the office boy—who had early become a necessity when the writer became a factor—brought upstairs a neatly-covered basket and took it in to the editor, saying it had been found in the hall near the Life mail box. They uncovered it, pink and crying.

"Take it to the police station," said Mitchell. "And here," as he tucked in close to the child one of the little blue cards that are known, oh, so well, to the amateur writers and artists of the whole country.

At the station-house the red-necked and blue-coated man at the desk had encountered noisy baskets before and was undisturbed. But the blue card! "F'r th' love o' God," he said; "th' nerve of 'm!" And read: *The Editor of Life regrets that he cannot use the inclosed. The rejection of a contribution does not necessarily imply that it is lacking in merit. Any one of a number of reasons may render a contribution unsuited to Life's present uses.*

Mr. Mitchell is still dispensing the cards.

Modern Mother Goose

Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty officed on Wall;
Humpty Dumpty made a great haul,
And all the King's lawyers and counselors deep
Couldn't put back all the fleece on the sheep.

Simple Simon in Politics

Simple Simon met a Pieman
Cutting up a Pie;
Said Simple Simon to the Pieman
"This I'd like to try."
Said the Pieman to Simple Simon,
"Votes for me how many?"
Said Simple Simon to the Pieman:
"Indeed, I have not any!"

Jack in a Corner

Little Jack Horner
Framed up a corner
Just to send wheat soaring high.
He put in his thumb
To pull out a plum,
And got squeezed most alarmingly dry.

Hickory, Dickory, Dock

Hickory, Dickory, Dock,
The Bulls ran up the stock:
When the Lambs were done brown
The stock was run down,
Hickory, Dickory, Dock.

Tom the Broker's Son

Tom, Tom, the Broker's son,
Fleeced a lamb and away he run.
He was so fleet,
His work so neat,
He fleeced more lambs all down the Street

—*J. W. Foley.*

Our entire plant devoted to turning out this one car

Specialized production is the secret of the Speedwell—
Secret of its low price—
Secret of its high efficiency!

Our sole aim is to make the best car that can be built—regardless of price. And it is a mere incident that our economical methods and large output have enabled us to sell this car for $2500.00.

For $2500 in the Speedwell you get all there is to get in any car at any price.

You get all the speed and power you can use. You can go anywhere—do anything—that you can in any higher priced car. You get the last word in style—in finish—in comfort—in durability.

Go to our nearest agent and ride in the Speedwell—and compare it point by point with the highest priced car you know of.

Brief Specifications

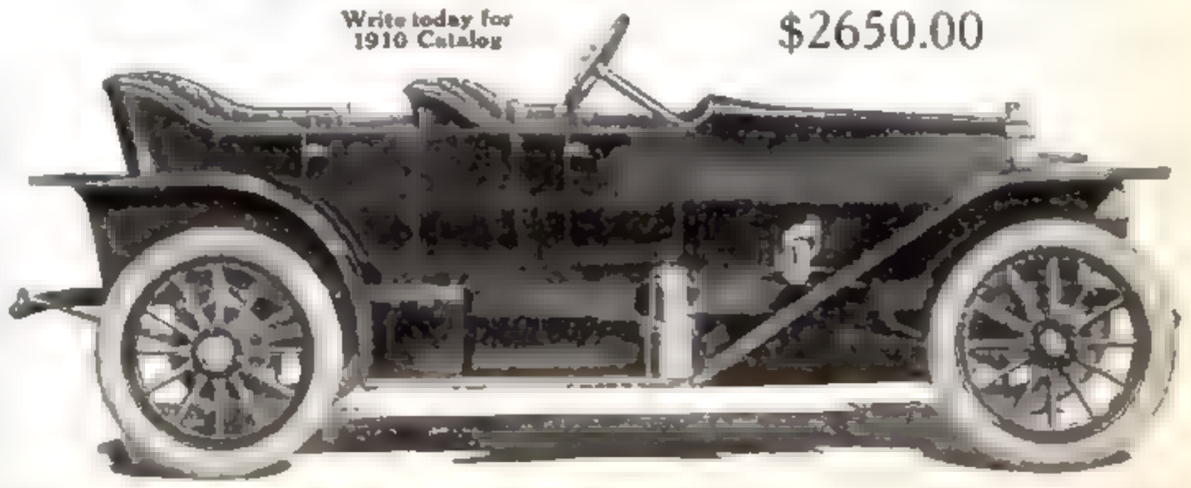
Wheel Base—121¼ inches.
Motor—[illegible] 5 in. bore by 5 in. stroke. 50 H. P.
Lubrication—[illegible] Constant oil level in upper crank case.
Dual Ignition—[illegible] system.
Improved cone clutch—[illegible] Engages gently, free from complications.
Axles—Front axle one-piece drop forging. Rear axle full floating drawn steel type, Timken bearings.
Brakes—On rear axle—[illegible] square inch of braking surface to each 7 pounds of car.
Springs—Front [illegible] Rear semi-elliptic, maximum flexibility.
Bearings—Timken roller bearings throughout.
Tires—36 x 4 on all except 7-passenger models, 36 x 4½.

Speedwell "Special"

A four passenger touring car of unlimited speed with body designed along racing lines offers the least possible wind resistance and the greatest protection and comfort.

Write today for 1910 Catalog

$2650.00



The Speedwell Motor Car Co., 40 Essex Ave., Dayton, O.

THE WALKING DELEGATE

(Concluded from Page 15)

"Might you wouldn't have to pay him nothing, maybe," Goldman suggested

"What d'ye mean?" Abe cried

"Might if you would take it the loft he would call off the strike," said Goldman.

"That's so, Mawruss," Abe murmured, as though this phase of the matter had just occurred to him for the first time.

"Maybe Goldman is right, Abe," Morris replied. "Maybe if we took it the loft Slotkin would call off the strike."

"After all, Mawruss," Abe said, "the loft ain't a bad loft, Mawruss. If it wasn't such a good loft, Mawruss, I would say it no, Mawruss, we shouldn't take the loft; but the loft is a first-class A Number One loft."

"S'enough, Abe," Morris replied. "You don't have to tell it me a hundred times already. I ain't disputing it's a good loft; and so if Slotkin calls off the strike we take the loft."

At this juncture the store door opened and Slotkin himself entered

"Good afternoon, gents," he said.

Morris and Abe greeted him with a scowl.

"I suppose you come for an answer about that loft, huh?" Morris snorted.

Slotkin stared at Abe indignantly.

"Excuse me, Mr. Perlmutter," he said, "I ain't here as broker. I'll see you later about that already. I come here now as varking delegate."

"Sure, I know," Abe replied. "When you call it a strike on us this morning, that ain't got nothing to do with our taking the loft. We believe that, Slotkin; so go ahead and tell us something else."

"It makes me no difference whether you believe it or you don't believe it, Mr. Potash," Slotkin went on. "All I got to say is that you signed it an agreement with the union; ain't it?"

"Sure, we signed it," said Abe, "and we kept it, too. We pay 'em always union prices and we keep it union hours."

"Prices and hours is all right," Slotkin said, "but in the agreement stands it you should give 'em a proper place to work in it."

"Well," Morris cried "ain't it a proper place here to work in it?"

Slotkin shook his head

"As varking delegate I seen it already. I seen it your shop where your operators work," he commenced, "and ——"

"Why, you ain't never been inside our shop," Goldman cried.

"I seen it from the outside from the street already—and as varking delegate it is my duty to call on you a strike," Slotkin concluded.

"What's the matter with the workroom?" Abe asked.

"Well, the neighborhood ain't right," Slotkin explained. "It's a narrow street already. It should be on a wider street like Nineteenth Street."

He paused to note the effect and Morris grunted involuntarily.

"Also," Slotkin continued, "it needs it light on four sides, and two elevators."

"And I suppose if we hire it such a loft, Slotkin," Abe broke in, "you will call off the strike,"

"Sure I will call it off the strike," he declared. "It would be my duty as varking delegate. I moust call it off the strike."

"All right, then," Abe said; "call off the strike. We made up our minds we will take the loft."

"You mean you will take such a loft what the union agreement calls for and which I just described it to you," Slotkin corrected in his quality of walking delegate

"That's what we mean," Abe replied.

"Why, then, that loft what I called to your attention, as broker, this morning would be exactly what you would need it!" Slotkin exclaimed, in the hearty tones of a conscientious man, glad that for once the performance of his official duty redounded to clean-handed personal profit.

"Sure," Abe grunted.

"Then, as broker, I tell it you that the leases is ready down at Henry D. Feldman's office," Slotkin replied, "and as soon as they are signed the strike is off."

V

A WEEK later the Fashion Store's order was finished, packed and shipped, and on the same day that Goldman, the foreman, dismissed the hands he went down to Henry D. Feldman's office. There he signed an agreement with Potash & Perlmutter to make up all their cloaks and garments in the contracting shop which he proposed to open the first of the following month

"Where are you going to have it your shop, Goldman?" Morris asked, after they had returned from Feldman's

"That I couldn't tell it you just yet," Goldman replied. "We ain't quite decided yet."

"We!" Abe cried excitedly. "Who's we?"

"Well, I expect to get it a partner with a couple of hundred dollars," Goldman said; "but, anyhow, Mr. Potash, I get some cards printed next week and I send you one."

"All right," Abe replied. "Only let me give it you a piece of advice, Goldman: If you get it a partner, don't make no mistake and have some feller what wants to run you and the business and everybody else, Goldman."

The thrust went home and Morris stared fiercely at his partner.

"And you should see it also that his wife ain't got no relations, Goldman," he added, "otherwise he'll want you to share the profits of the business with them."

Goldman nodded.

"Oh, I got a good, smart feller picked out, and his wife's relations will be all right, too," he said, as he started to leave. "But, anyhow, Mr. Perlmutter, I let you know next week."

About ten days afterward, while Morris and Abe were in the throes of packing, prior to the removal of their business, the letter-carrier entered with a batch of mail, and Morris immediately took it into the sample-room.

"Here, Abe," he said, as he glanced at the first envelope, "this is for you."

Then he proceeded to go through the remainder of the pile.

"Holy smokes!" he cried, as he opened the next envelope.

"What's the matter?" Abe asked. "Is it a failure?" He had read his own letter and held it between trembling fingers as he inquired

"Look at this," Morris said, handing him a card.

It was a fragment of cheap pasteboard and bore the following legend:

PHILIP GOLDMAN SAM SLOTKIN

GOLDMAN & SLOTKIN

CLOAK AND SUIT CONTRACTORS
SPONGING AND EXAMINING

PIKE STREET NEW YORK

Abe read the card and handed it back in silence.

"Well, Abe," Morris cried, "that's a fine piece of business. We not only got to take it the loft what Slotkin picks out for us, but we also got to give Slotkin our work also."

Abe shrugged his shoulders in an indifferent manner.

"You always got to run things your way, Mawruss," he said. "If you let me do it my way, Mawruss, we wouldn't of had no strike nor trouble nor nothing, and it would of been the same in the end."

"What d'ye mean?" Morris exclaimed.

"Look at this here," Abe replied, handing him the letter. It was printed in script on heavily-coated paper and read as follows:

MRS. SARAH MASHKOWITZ & MRS. BLOOMA SHEIKMAN

SISTERS OF THE BRIDE

REQUEST THE HONOR OF YOUR CO.
AT THE MARRIAGE OF THEIR SISTER

MISS MIRIAM SMOLINSKI
TO
SAM SLOTKIN

ON SUNDAY OCT 3 1909 at 7 P M SHARP

NEW RIGA HALL ALLEN STREET

BRIDE'S RESIDENCE
CARE OF ROTHMAN'S CORSET STORE
—— MADISON AVE
N Y CITY

LADIES AND GENTS WARDROBE CHECK 50c

There's a Sincerity overcoat for *every* sort of *climate*. Your dealer has chosen fabrics heavy enough for *any* local weather—thick, *firm* cloths, which good tailoring has rendered shapely at *lapel* and collar and *shoulder*, without burdening the garment with *bulk* and *padding*.

Your undercoat can't show above a Sincerity great coat. It won't work away later on, because it has been "felled" by hand, to keep precisely as you find it the day you *buy* it.

Look for the Sincerity label. The label is our *signed responsibility*. You see, *we* know how *honestly* we *make* our goods.

A book about young men's fashions (and other men's) is yours for the asking

Kuh, Nathan & Fischer Co
MAKERS CHICAGO

RUBBERSET Construction
defies destruction—there can be no other like it
We have patents that guarantee this
Study the "INSIDE FACTS"
See the photographic cross-section, note the extra length of the bristles, sunk deeply into a bed of vulcanized rubber from which no bristle is ever to part.
RUBBERSET
Shaving Brushes
Price range—25c. upwards to $6.00
Try BERSET SHAVING CREAM SOAP. Quickens the shave, softens the beard and soothes the face. 25c the tube
RUBBERSET Shaving Brushes and BERSET Shaving Cream are on sale at Druggists, Hardware and General Stores.
RUBBERSET COMPANY, Factories and Laboratories, Newark, N. J.
Each bristle gripped in hard vulcanized rubber

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES—POST CARD PROJECTORS
Motion Pictures, Talking Machines and our Wonderful New Post Card Projectors for home amusement. Our Motion Picture Machines for Entertainment Work are the wonder of the year. Perfect, thrilling moving pictures, just as shown at the big Theatres. Our Post Card Projector shows perfectly sharp and clear, 6 to 8 foot pictures, in natural colors, from views, post card pictures, clippings from papers, books, etc. Our machines are the finest, and all sold at a price any one can afford. We have one of the most practical machines for entertaining. Send to-day for ... and special circulars for home entertainment or No. 124 for traveling exhibition work
CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 DEARBORN STREET, DEPT. 188, CHICAGO

The simple reason why the Cadillac "Thirty" is the most economical car to buy

You have no doubt heard it said that "the Cadillac never goes out of commission."

And now the Cadillac product is acquiring another distinction.

The old tribute of praise is being supplemented by another. This latter says that the Cadillac of 1909 commands a higher (proportionate) price today than any year-old car on the market.

And the more you analyze that fact the more will its importance grow upon you.

Why should this be true of the Cadillac "Thirty" in particular; and what special superiority does the car possess over others that makes it as good value in its second year as in its first?

The answer is almost disappointingly simple: Because no other car in the history of the industry has ever been built with the same thoroughness and care.

Is that all? Yes, that is all—but how much it means to you!

The length of time your car will last—the duration of service it will render you—is in direct proportion to the degree of skill and knowledge exercised in its building.

Almost any car nowadays will answer reasonably well for a time.

How long that time will be depends entirely upon the extent to which the liability to wear, repair and friction has been reduced by correct methods of manufacture.

It is conceded that no plant in the world surpasses the Cadillac plant in that respect.

An examination of the chassis of the Cadillac "Thirty" delights the heart of the expert engineer.

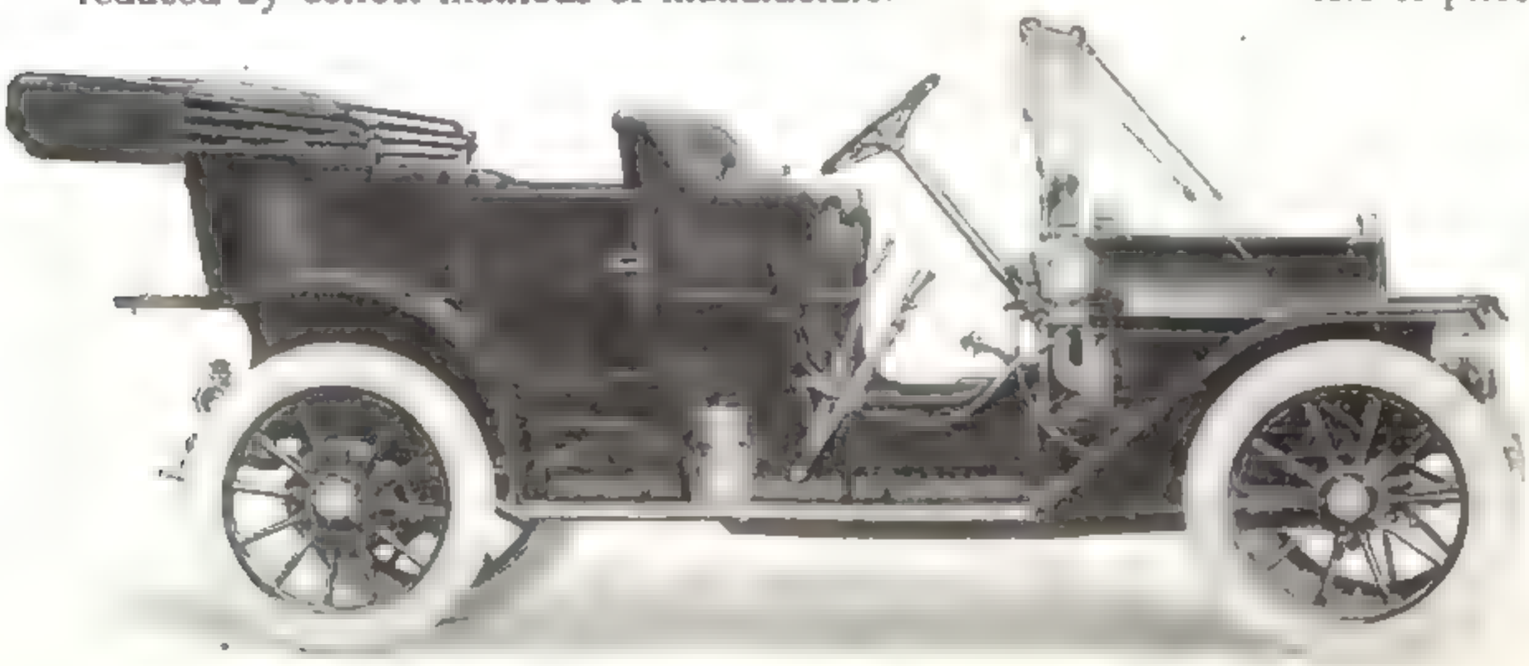
His trained eye discerns master workmanship at every point as the eye of an artist detects the handwork of genius.

He will point out to you the parts and the surfaces upon which the long life and service of the motor depend and show you how scientific methods of manufacture have exerted themselves to the uttermost to ward off friction and wear.

He will tell you what is unquestionably true—that with ordinary, intelligent care, the Cadillac "Thirty" should keep continuously in commission for an indefinite period.

And the same elements that make for long life—the safeguarding against friction and wear by scrupulously close and fine workmanship—are an assurance also of the lowest cost of upkeep in any motor car.

The Cadillac "Thirty" is undeniably the least expensive car you can buy because it will last longer and cost less to maintain. And it will last you longer and cost you less to maintain for the simple and most excellent reason that it is the most skillfully constructed car in the world, regardless of price.



Four Cylinder, 30 Horse Power
Three Speed
Sliding Gear Transmission

$1600

(*F. O. B. Detroit*)

Including the following equipment: Magneto, four unit coil with dry cells, one pair gas lamps and generator, one pair side oil lamps, one tail lamp, horn, set of tools, pump and tire repair kit, robe rail, tire irons.

Cadillac Motor Car Company, Detroit, Mich. Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers. Licensed under Selden Patent

WHAT THE NEW TARIFF DOES FOR THE TRUSTS

(Continued from Page 13)

do not think the matter of technicalities enters into it so much as does the final result."

In other words, no matter if the Trust gets 40 or 50 cents or even $1.50 while we get only 7 cents, we must stick immovably for the whole arrangement.

Senator Aldrich said the wool schedule was "the citadel of protection." And a beautiful structure it is! The wool schedule turned President Taft's stomach a bit, as he frankly confessed at Winona. Yet he judged best to swallow it—having regard not to "technicalities" but to the "final result."

Southern cotton mills, it should be understood, chiefly make the commoner grades. It is the well-organized New England mills that supply the typical trust and tariff features of that industry. When tariff revision was taken up these cotton men asked simply that the Dingley rates on cloth be maintained. There was a general impression that duties running up to 30, 40 and 50 per cent were quite high enough for a commodity in producing the raw material of which we lead the world. The cotton industry had prospered. In 1907 the Fall River mills, besides paying an average of 11 per cent in regular dividends, had paid some handsome extra dividends—in one case 100 per cent, in one 67 per cent, in two cases 50 per cent, in another 33⅓ per cent, in another 25 per cent.

"I am not here asking for an increase in the cloth clauses of the cotton schedule," said a representative of the mills to the House Ways and Means Committee "The importations are not so large that we feel justified in asking that the duties be increased."

Nevertheless, duties on cotton cloth were increased—in some cases as much as 20 per cent; in others, 30, 40, 50 and even 100 per cent. And these increases were secured in a rather peculiar manner.

Paragraphs 305 to 309, inclusive, of the Dingley law levied straight *ad valorem* duties on cotton cloths valued upward of 7 cents, upward of 9 cents and so on. But when the new tariff bill got to the Senate the Finance Committee changed these *ad valorem* duties to what it called specific duties. Mr. Aldrich was of opinion that *ad valorem* duties were a rather bad thing, for they tempted importers to undervalue the goods. If your law said that certain goods should pay 25 per cent of their value the importer would state the value as low as possible. But if the bill said those goods should pay so many cents a yard or a pound there was no getting around that.

The Pretext and the Facts

Here is the way the Finance Committee's changes from *ad valorem* duties to so-called specific duties work out. The Dingley law said: "Cotton cloth, not exceeding 100 threads to the square inch, not bleached, dyed or printed, valued at over 7 cents per square yard, 25 per cent *ad valorem*." The new law says: "Cotton cloth, not bleached, dyed or printed, not exceeding 100 threads to the square inch, valued at over 7 cents and not over 9 cents per square yard, 2¼ cents per yard."

So, if you imported cloth valued at 7½ cents a yard, under the old law you would pay straight 25 per cent of its value, or 1⅞ cents per yard; but under the new law you would pay 2¼ cents. If your cloth was worth 8 cents a yard, under the old law you would pay 25 per cent, or 2 cents a yard; under the new law you would pay 2¼ cents. When you got to the highest-priced cloth in that category, valued at 9 cents a yard, then the duty under the old law and under the new law would be just the same—2¼ cents a yard.

This applies substantially throughout. When you get to the highest-priced cloth in a given category the new specific duties are equal to the old *ad valorem* duties; but on cloth under the highest price the new duties are higher.

It was, of course, promptly pointed out that the new duties were not specific at all. Under them, just as under the Dingley law, somebody had to say whether the cloth was worth 7 cents or 9 cents before the duty could be levied. And the temptation to undervaluation was far stronger. Here, for example, is a piece of bleached cotton cloth. If it is valued over 12 cents, but not over 15 cents, the duty is 5 cents a yard; but if it is valued over 15 cents and not over 16 cents the duty is 6 cents a yard. If the true value is 15⅛ cents a yard and the importer can get it undervalued by only that eighth of a cent he saves a whole cent in duty, whereas to save a cent a yard in duty under the *ad valorem* Dingley rates he would have to get his cloth undervalued full 3 cents a yard. The temptation to undervaluation in that case would be twenty-four times as great under the new law.

That the purpose of these Senate changes was to increase duties was so evident that the defense of them largely shifted to new ground, as we shall see in a moment. But this was not the only way in which duties were increased

Of late years a process called mercerization has come much into vogue in the cotton trade. Briefly, it consists of subjecting the goods to a caustic bath to add luster. Most of the imported cloth is now mercerized; so, also, is a good deal of the domestic product except of the cheaper grades. Often, however, not the whole cloth but only two or three threads of it are mercerized.

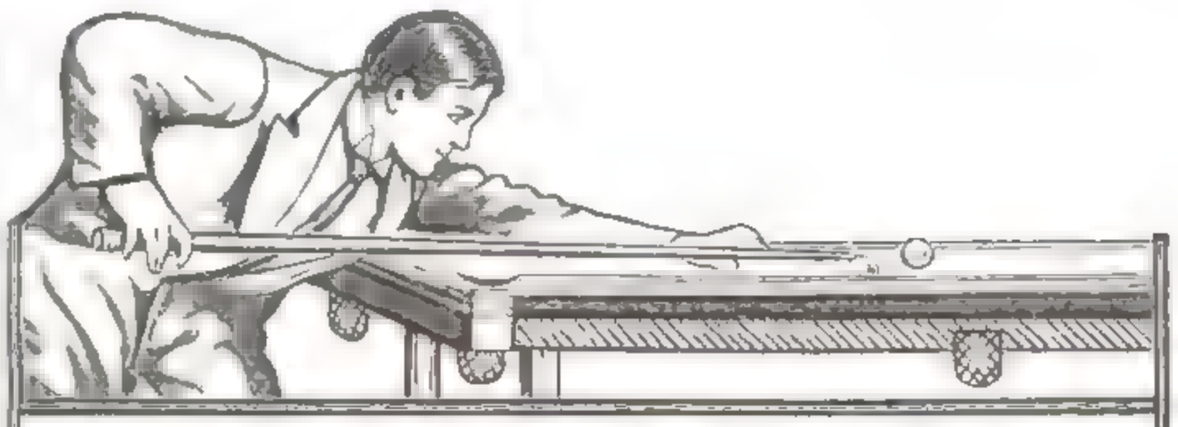
A Gift With Compliments

The new law says that cloth which has been mercerized shall pay an additional duty of one cent a yard. It was shown by statements from the dye houses that the cost of mercerization is from one-eighth to seven-eighths of a cent a yard, depending upon the extent to which the process is applied. In the former case, of course, this additional duty would amount to eight times the cost. Moreover, the process of mercerization adds to the value of the cloth, so that it would come in under a higher category and pay a higher duty, even if this surtax of a cent a yard had not been added. In short, this additional duty of a cent a yard is a plain, out-of-hand gift to the cotton mills—with the compliments of the Senate Finance Committee.

After Dolliver, Beveridge, Cummins and La Follette had pretty thoroughly ventilated the Finance Committee's benevolence in this regard and shown that the committee was raising duties on cotton cloth after the manufacturers had said they were not seeking a raise, a brand-new defense of the cotton schedule was brought out. It was alleged that while the new duties might be higher than those that were collected under the Dingley law, they were not higher than the duties that Congress had intended to impose by that law. Certain court decisions, it was said, had crippled and fairly eviscerated the cotton schedule of the Dingley law, letting in a lot of foreign pauper-labor cotton at much lower duties than Congress had meant to prescribe, so that the new schedule merely repaired the damage which these ruinous court decisions had wrought.

That looked like a facer—until the insurgents scurried about to discover just what those ruinous court decisions actually were. I wish I had space to give Senator Dolliver's own minute and picturesque description of what they found.

For example: Paragraph 339 of the flax schedule of the Dingley law says that laces, lace window-curtains, nets, veils and a long list of other things shall pay a duty of 60 per cent. Among the other things enumerated—between "veilings" and "ruchings"—are "etamines and *vitrages*." Some two or three years after the Dingley law was passed, it seems, a fine old protectionist wheelhorse, who had landed in an official berth in the New York Custom House, contemplated this paragraph of the flax schedule and then discovered, from a textile dictionary, that an etamine is a sort of fabric so woven that the threads do not touch. So, he ruled that a lot of loosely-woven cotton fabrics were etamines and dutiable at 60 per cent under the flax schedule. On appeal these rulings were promptly overthrown, and it was the annulling of this patriotic attempt on the part of an assistant appraiser to assess



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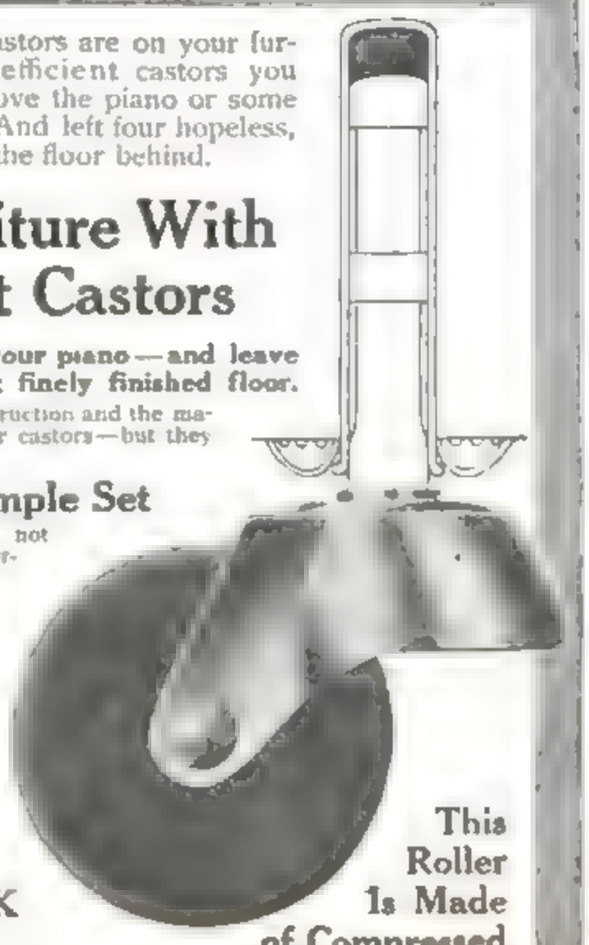

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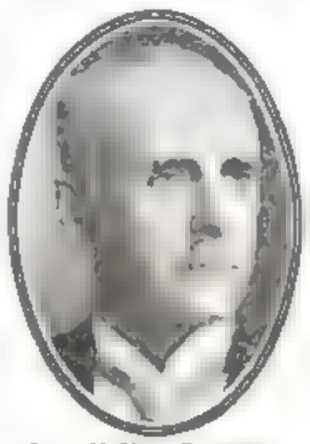

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cotton goods at 60 per cent under a paragraph of the flax schedule which figured prominently in the alleged evisceration of the Dingley law by the courts. After dissecting the other cases it seemed clear enough that the Dingley rates, in fact, had been applied substantially as Congress had meant them to be. One of the reasons given by the manufacturers before the House Ways and Means Committee for maintaining the Dingley schedule was that the courts had clarified it and settled its meanings.

The duty on refined sugar was reduced from $1.95 to $1.90 a hundred pounds, amounting to a trifle more than 2½ per cent. The theory of the sugar schedule is like that of the woolen schedule. There is a duty on the raw article to protect the domestic grower, and the refiners—ably represented by the American Sugar Refining Company, or Sugar Trust—get a higher duty to protect them. The duty on raw sugar starts at 95 cents a hundred pounds for that which is not above 75 degrees of saccharine purity, and for each additional degree it gets an additional 3½ cents a hundred, so that at 100 degrees the duty is $1.82½ a hundred pounds. The refiners' protection, or differential, was the difference between that and $1.[illegible], or 12[illegible] cents a hundred pounds. By the new law it is only 7½ cents. That is a rather heavy reduction, but the refiner has important compensations.

Duties Not What They Seem

For one thing, the great bulk of the imported raw sugar is around 95 degrees of saccharine purity. At 96 degrees the import duty is only $1.68½ a hundred pounds, and the loss in refining is admittedly not quite so great as the tariff scheme assumes. In other words, the refiners' differential is a trifle larger than it appears to be. Only a trifle, it is true; yet when you are dealing with seven billion pounds a very small fraction per pound helps. Then, since the Dingley law was passed, the importations of raw sugar from Hawaii, free of all duty, have more than doubled, rising last year to a billion pounds, or one-fifth of our total importations. Also, sugar from Porto Rico is now admitted free of duty, and from that source, last year, came almost half a billion pounds. Again, under the reciprocity treaty with Cuba, made in 1903, raw sugar from that island is admitted at a reduction of 20 per cent from the regular duty. In 1907—the year upon which tariff estimates were based for the new law—we imported from Cuba over three billion pounds of raw sugar, which was three-quarters of our total dutiable imports.

In 1907 we used seven billion pounds of sugar, of which 1½ billion pounds were produced at home and 5½ billion pounds imported. Of this imported raw sugar nearly 1½ billion pounds came in duty free and 3 billion pounds at a reduction of 20 per cent, leaving only, roughly, a billion pounds to pay full duty. This, obviously, puts an entirely different face upon the Trust's differential. As to raw sugar that comes in free the differential is, of course, the whole amount of the duty on refined sugar, or $1.90 a hundred pounds instead of 7½ cents. And on the Cuban sugar—as you will see by deducting 20 per cent from $1.82½—the differential is 46 cents a hundred pounds instead of 7½. Only as to that lonesome billion pounds of raw which pays full duty is the true differential what it purports to be.

And, under the new tariff law, raw sugar from the Philippines may be imported, duty free, to the extent of three hundred thousand tons a year. If such an amount of free sugar should by any possibility come in from the Philippines while consumption and domestic production stood as in 1907, then the refiners would have to pay full duty on rather less than half a billion pounds, or under 10 per cent of the total importation of raw sugar. These factors should be kept in mind in considering the reduction of 5 cents a hundred pounds in the Trust's differential.

The Tobacco Trust was another conspicuous sufferer by the revision of the tariff. In the first place, Senator Beveridge, by an amendment of the internal-revenue law, upset the famous arrangement by which, in effect, the Trust was permitted to sell short-weight packages in order to compensate itself for the Spanish-American War taxes long after those taxes had been repealed. Then, the internal-revenue

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taxes on cigarettes and little cigars were increased, and the tax on smoking and chewing tobacco raised from 6 cents a pound to 8 cents. Again, the tariff bill provides for admission from the Philippines, free of duty, of 150 million cigars, a million pounds of filler tobacco and three hundred thousand of wrapper.

That looks like a Waterloo. But let us see. In the first place, the Conference Committee—whose mighty services in rescuing imperiled interests we have hardly yet begun to appreciate—changed the regulations as to the size of packages in which tobacco may be sold. The law now says that smoking and chewing tobacco and snuff may be put up and sold "in packages containing one-half ounce, three-fourths of an ounce, and further packages with a difference between each package and the one next smaller of one-fourth of an ounce up to and including four ounces, and packages of six, seven, eight, ten, twelve, fourteen and sixteen ounces." Also cigarettes and little cigars may be put up in packages containing five, eight, ten, fifteen, twenty and so on.

Tobacco Leaf, a recognized organ of the trade, observes: "The Conference Committee made important changes in the provisions regarding new packages, the object being to enable the manufacturer of tobacco, snuff, cigarettes and little cigars to pass the increased taxes on to the consumer." The increased tax on cigarettes amounts, according to the same authority, to seventeen-one-hundredths of a cent on a package of ten.

Nearly eight billion cigars were made in this country last year. So the free importations from the Philippines will come to rather less than 2 per cent of the domestic output.

This glances only at the five big trustified or trustlike interests that have been so conspicuous in tariff history. There are quite a lot of others in the family, but the reader may rest assured that none of them has been hurt in the smallest degree.

Senator Cummins, of Iowa—Republican insurgent—and Senator Heyburn, of Idaho—Republican standpatter—were debating what the margin of protection should be and how it should be determined.

"That brings us," said Senator Heyburn, "to the question as to who is to determine what is the margin of profit which our producer, whether he produces the raw material or the finished article, should have as against the foreign competitor, and who should fix it. I contend that the producer should fix it."

"Therein," replied Senator Cummins, "lies the difference between the Senator from Idaho and myself. I say it is the duty of the Senate to fix that difference."

A little later Senator Heyburn asserted that when a domestic and a foreign manufacturer met in this market to sell an article: "We are going to say: 'Mr. American, fix your price and we will fine the foreigner the difference between the price you want to sell it for and the price at which the foreigner brings in his goods.'"

As is rather well known, the stand-pat doctrine—so frankly expressed by Senator Heyburn—actually prevailed. They were discussing the wool schedule. We have just seen how much the wool grower really has to do with that and how much the comparatively small, independent manufacturer has to do with it. It is the Trust that does the fixing.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Payne upon the new Tariff Law and its workings. The next article will be printed in an early issue.

A PIECE OF STEAK

(Continued from Page 8)

men apart. King helped to force himself free. He knew the rapidity with which Youth recovered and he knew that Sandel was his if he could prevent that recovery. One stiff punch would do it. Sandel was his, indubitably his. He had outgeneraled him, outfought him, outpointed him. Sandel reeled out of the clinch, balanced on the hair-line between defeat or survival. One good blow would topple him over and down and out. And Tom King, in a flash of bitterness, remembered the piece of steak and wished that he had it then behind that necessary punch he must deliver. He nerved himself for the blow, but it was not heavy enough nor swift enough. Sandel swayed but did not fall, staggering back to the ropes and holding on. King staggered after him and, with

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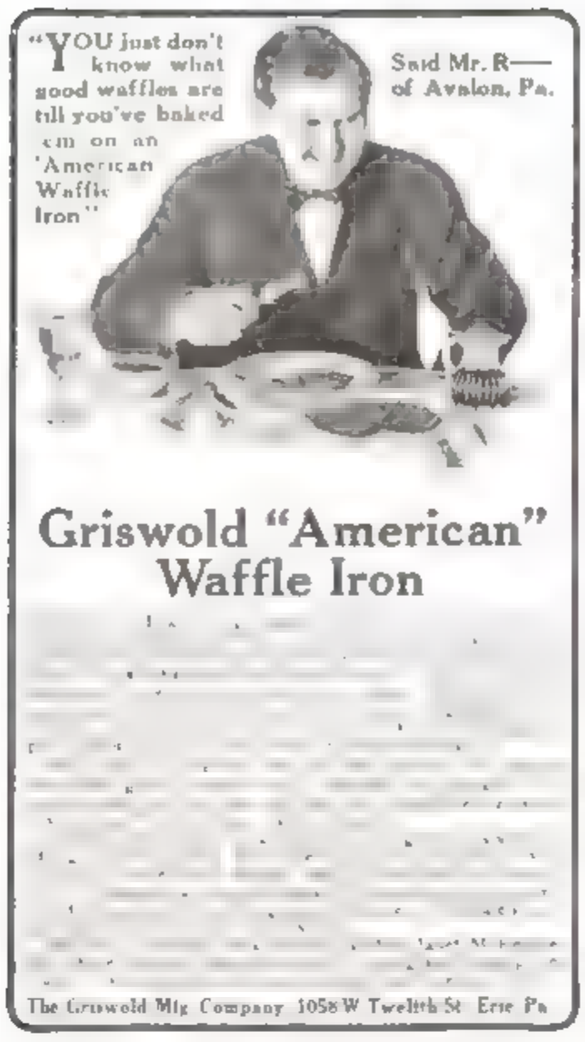

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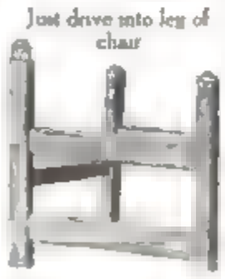

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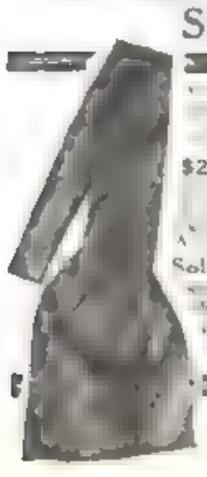

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a pang like that of dissolution, delivered another blow. But his body had deserted him. All that was left of him was a fighting intelligence that was dimmed and clouded from exhaustion. The blow that was aimed for the jaw struck no higher than the shoulder. He had willed the blow higher, but the tired muscles had not been able to obey. And from the impact of the blow Tom King himself reeled back and nearly fell. Once again he strove. This time his punch missed altogether, and, from absolute weakness, he fell against Sandel and clinched, holding on to him to save himself from sinking to the floor.

King did not attempt to free himself. He had shot his bolt. He was gone. And Youth had been served. Even in the clinch he could feel Sandel growing stronger against him. When the referee thrust them apart, there, before his eyes, he saw Youth recuperate. From instant to instant Sandel grew stronger. His punches, weak and futile at first, became stiff and accurate. Tom King's bleared eyes saw the gloved fist driving at his jaw and he willed to guard it by interposing his arm. He saw the danger, willed the act; but the arm was too heavy. It seemed burdened with a hundredweight of lead. It would not lift itself, and he strove to lift it with his soul. Then the gloved fist landed home. He experienced a sharp snap that was like an electric spark and, simultaneously, the veil of blackness enveloped him.

When he opened his eyes again he was in his corner, and he heard the yelling of the audience like the roar of the surf at Bondi Beach. A wet sponge was being pressed against the base of his brain and Sid Sullivan was blowing cold water in a refreshing spray over his face and chest. His gloves had already been removed and Sandel, bending over him, was shaking his hand. He bore no ill will toward the man who had put him out, and he returned the grip with a heartiness that made his battered knuckles protest. Then Sandel stepped to the center of the ring and the audience hushed its pandemonium to hear him accept young Pronto's challenge and offer to increase the side bet to one hundred pounds. King looked on apathetically while his seconds mopped the streaming water from him, dried his face and prepared him to leave the ring. He felt hungry. It was not the ordinary, gnawing kind, but a great faintness, a palpitation at the pit of the stomach that communicated itself to all his body. He remembered back into the fight to the moment when he had Sandel swaying and tottering on the hairline balance of defeat. Ah, that piece of steak would have done it! He had lacked just that for the decisive blow, and he had lost. It was all because of the piece of steak.

His seconds were half-supporting him as they helped him through the ropes. He tore free from them, ducked through the ropes unaided and leaped heavily to the floor, following on their heels as they forced a passage for him down the crowded center aisle. Leaving the dressing-room for the street, in the entrance to the hall, some young fellow spoke to him.

"W'y didn't yuh go in an' get 'im when yuh 'ad 'im?" the young fellow asked.

"Aw, go to hell!" said Tom King, and passed down the steps to the sidewalk.

The doors of the public house at the corner were swinging wide, and he saw the lights and the smiling barmaids, heard the many voices discussing the fight and the prosperous chink of money on the bar. Somebody called to him to have a drink. He hesitated perceptibly, then refused and went on his way.

He had not a copper in his pocket and the two-mile walk home seemed very long. He was certainly getting old. Crossing the Domain he sat down suddenly on a bench, unnerved by the thought of the missus sitting up for him, waiting to learn the outcome of the fight. That was harder than any knockout, and it seemed almost impossible to face.

He felt weak and sore, and the pain of his smashed knuckles warned him that, even if he could find a job at navvy work, it would be a week before he could grip a pick handle or a shovel. The hunger palpitation at the pit of the stomach was sickening. His wretchedness overwhelmed him, and into his eyes came an unwonted moisture. He covered his face with his hands and, as he cried, he remembered Stowsher Bill and how he had served him that night in the long ago. Poor old Stowsher Bill! He could understand now why Bill had cried in the dressing-room.

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THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO. CLEVELAND O.
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THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE

(Concluded from Page 19)

one or two actors must of necessity be superior to the rest, yet what is called the modern star system has done much to deteriorate and ruin the theatrical profession. It resembles a painter who lavishes all his skill upon one central figure, and roughly sketches and daubs in the rest of the picture. This passion for self-display may flatter the vulgar and diseased conceit of some overgrown egotist, but it is fatal to the best interests of the drama."

It would seem a strange answer to his own argument, but Wallack's appearance as a star at the Grand Opera House was the beginning of the end of his success on Broadway. For after that engagement he never drew what might be called a good house in his own theater again, or at least never met with any financial success.

Lester's father, outside of the speech he made on the opening night at the New Wallack's, never appeared upon its stage, and turned over the affairs of the house to Lester and Mr. Moss, who had charge of the front of the house.

Probably the only time that Lester Wallack refused a part for which his father had cast him was when the play of Camille was produced. He had been chosen for the character of Armand, but declined the part, not considering it as suited to him. At the time there was a young man connected with the company who, some time before, had been appearing with the stock company playing in the Lecture Hall, as it was termed, in Barnum's Museum, Broadway and Ann Street. Mr. Moss, who had seen him play, spoke very highly of him to the elder Wallack, and through this recommendation he became a member of the Wallack Company. His name was E. A. Sothern. It was he who was cast for Armand, after Lester's refusal.

Wallack and Sothern in Mischief

When the play made a distinct hit and Lester saw what a good part it was, he desired to have it taken away from Sothern and given to him. But this his father would not do.

This little episode did not interfere very long with the friendship that existed between the two men. When Sothern played his engagements as a star with Wallack's Company, at his Thirteenth Street Theater, the two men were almost inseparable companions.

Across the street from the New Wallack's Theater at that time there stood a two-story building, the lower floor of which was used as a candy-store and the upper floor as a sort of storeroom. It had two windows facing Broadway, and here behind the partly-closed blinds, on an afternoon, when Broadway was crowded with its promenaders, Wallack and Sothern, armed with two tin putty blowers and a chunk of putty, would conceal themselves. Watching their opportunity, they bombarded the passersby, and if, as often happened, some friend should chance to fall a victim to their unerring aim, the delight of the "two boys" knew no bounds. Mr. Wallack told me that one afternoon Leonard Jerome and William Travers were among the promenaders, both with new shiny high hats, forming excellent targets for the putty blowers, and suddenly they felt something hit their hats. Looking around with a puzzled air to see where the something came from, they felt the sting of the putty ball on their faces. Mr. Wallack would chuckle over the remembrances of the look of disgust on the faces of the two men as if it had been one of the happiest moments of his life.

Lester Wallack was liked by every one with whom he came in contact. Especially was this true of his company. Wallack was always the gentleman, even at rehearsal, where this element of a man is singularly lacking in many of our present-day stage managers. He was always the ready teacher and adviser, particularly so to newcomers. I have seen him rehearse many times, and but once did I ever hear him speak a cross word to his company—and I am in doubt as to whether that could be considered cross. At a dress rehearsal of a new play the leading man of the company carefully pulled up his trousers before sitting down. Wallack stopped the rehearsal and asked the actor what he meant by such an action. "To prevent them bagging." "Don't do it again. Do you want the audience to think that the leading man of Wallack's has but one pair of trousers?"

An item that had appeared in one of the daily papers asserted that Charles Dickens had never written a play. This item was in a London paper, and copied in the New York Times. I remembered that among the letters Mr. Wallack had given me was one from Dickens, regarding a play. On looking up the letter I took it with the newspaper clipping and asked Mr. Wallack about it. He said that he was unable to remember the exact circumstances, but that he knew Dickens had sent him a play to read and that he had written the play. It was unsuited to Mr. Wallack's purpose, so he wrote and asked Mr. Dickens if he would not rewrite it, offering some suggestions. The letter which follows was in reply.

WESTMINSTER HOTEL,
Thursday, Ninth January, 1868.

My dear Mr. Wallack:

I have been absent at Boston.

In reply to your note received last night, let me beg you to be so good as to send me the play back, and so make an end of the matter.

Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Lester Wallack, Esquire.

Apropos of the same subject, I found among letters given me by Mr. Florence the following:

> Mr. Charles Dickens has addressed to M. Harmant, director of the Vaudeville, a letter of which the following is a translation: "Sir: I have the honor to request you to present my sincere thanks to the artists who have lent me their assistance in the representation of L'Abime, and to assure them of my high appreciation of the powerful interpretation they have furnished to my drama. Permit me also to thank you for the liberality with which you have placed at the service of an English writer the resources of your excellent theater. I hope before long to express in person my gratitude to you and my thanks to your artists. But compelled to return without delay to London, I could not quit Paris without addressing to them or to you my acknowledgments and the assurances *de mon parfait dévouement*.
>
> "(Signed) CHARLES DICKENS."

This play was one in which Florence made one of his noted successes, and was entitled No Thoroughfare.

Wallack's Last Day

Lester Wallack, a short time before his death, came down to the Star Theater to witness a performance that was being given. At the conclusion he came into the office and for some few minutes lived over the past history of the house with his stories. He was quite lame, and as I offered to help him, shaking the cane with which he walked and bending over like an old man, he repeated those lines of Jacques': "The lean and slippered pantaloon." Then straightening up, and raising his monocle to his eye with the same genial smile that seemed a part of him, with that courtly grace and air that betokened the gentleman, he walked to the carriage in waiting and as he drove off called out in his cheery manner: "Shall come down again some day to see you." But that day never came, and thus did Lester pay the last visit to the house that had been the scene of some of his greatest triumphs. It was the theater that he loved. It recorded the happiest years of his life. As his father had said in the beginning: "It's John's venture—he must stand or fall by it." He once said that he could never feel the same attachment or even interest in his new theater at Thirtieth Street. At the Thirteenth Street Theater he made dramatic history. The success that came to him there did not accompany him to his new home farther uptown. Lester Wallack lived long enough to see the fortune that he had worked so faithfully to accumulate almost totally obliterated.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of three papers dealing with the early days of the drama in America.

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This Label will be on Every Tie

This label is your infallible guarantee of the latest fashion in patterns, weaves and colorings; and of the fullest possible value for your money.

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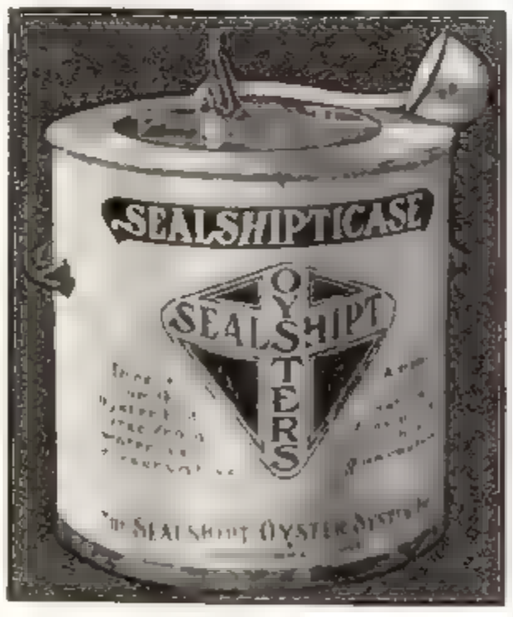

There is only one way you can insure yourself oysters as pure, fresh and delicious as the day they were dredged from the sea.

That is, by insisting upon the genuine Sealshipt Oysters. And getting them from the white and blue porcelain Sealshipticase used by all our licensed agents under contract.

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Unless the oysters are properly guarded [illegible] from the ocean, the [illegible] the [illegible] shipped [illegible] and [illegible] a sealed [illegible] package.

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There is no other organization save the Sealshipt System which covers the growing, the shucking, the shipping, the selling of oysters.

Sealshipt Oysters go into air tight, germ-proof containers which are packed in ice in our patent Sealshipters. These containers are sealed *at the seaside*. Your dealer is the first to break that seal. And when your dealer breaks the seal *his* responsibility begins—responsibility to us.

He may charge Sealshipt Oysters [illegible] our Sealshipt price. He is a Sealshipt Oysterman under license—a part of the Sealshipt System.

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Anybody can shave quickly, handily and with pleasure if he has the head barber's edge. The AutoStrop Safety Razor gives you the head barber's edge, and you or anybody can get it—get it as quickly and handily as the head barber does. You don't detach blade. You simply slip strop through the razor itself and move back and forth. A few flicks and you've the head barber's edge. A few strokes and your head barber's shave is done. A wipe (without taking anything apart) and it's clean and dry.

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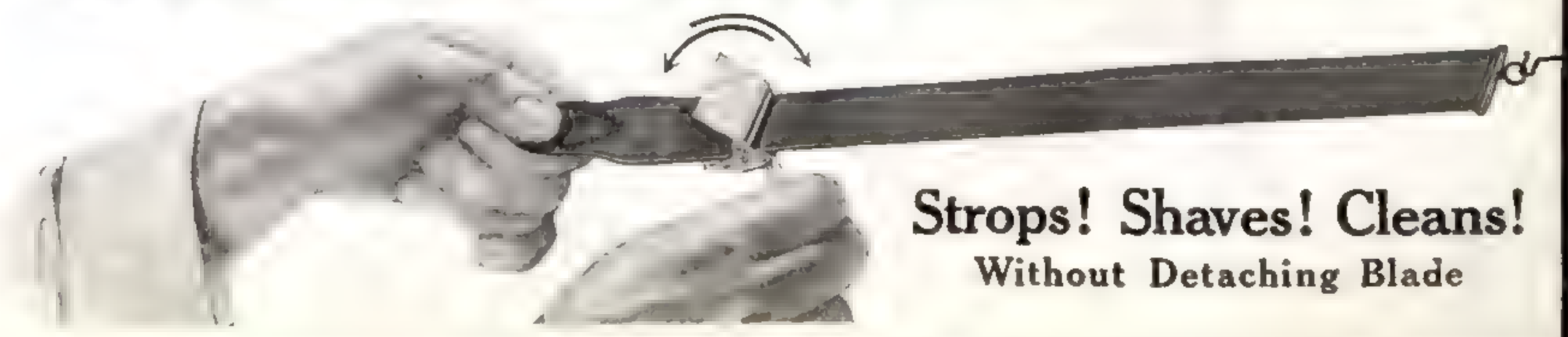

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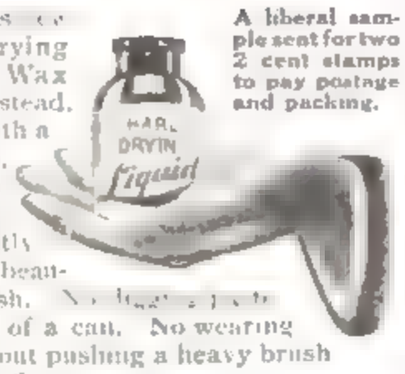

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Magic Fire Bricks [illegible] Ideal fire brick on the [illegible] no matter w[illegible] They HARDEN QUICKLY in the FIRE!

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Make you wait. They never fit. [illegible] trying to fit them. You [illegible] your stove may burn out w[illegible]

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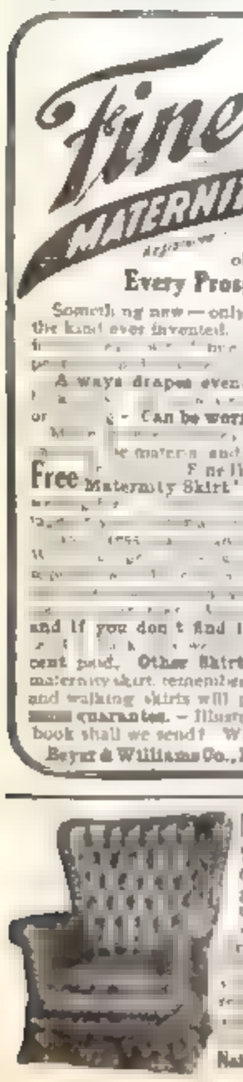

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(Exactly like cut.) A wonderful bargain for Holiday buyers. Retails for $30 to $40 in many places. This beautiful [illegible]

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THE LOSING GAME

(Continued from Page 21)

lumpy-nose, elderly person who for some time had been known to him in an incidental way. The colonel was a sport and a lawyer, but his reputation in the former capacity was much better than in the latter. He was commonly known, in fact, as more or less of a shyster, whose principal business consisted of dealing in dirty politics. The colonel mentioned the anti-bucketshop bill, and his own abilities in a line that would prove profitable to Pound. He came, in short, seeking employment with the utmost frankness. His idea was that certain statesmen, who were amenable to his sapient advice, should be permitted to deal in stocks or grain at Mr. Pound's shop, and should also be permitted to win appropriate sums at the proper moments. In his usual reckless contemptuousness, Pound was well enough inclined toward the proposal. If Colonel Yew could deliver any votes he was perfectly willing to pay a fair, going price therefor.

Pound foresaw that his bank roll was bound to suffer, and though the question of cash was not really pressing with him, it was certainly pending; for with the stock market booming as it was, and a trade as extensive as his own, the bucketshop's losses to its customers were really assuming staggering proportions. At Toronto, especially, although Tommy Watrous had worked up a fine business, and proudly boasted that he had nearly five hundred customers, the losses were really killing. In a single week, at all the offices, the loss reached eighty thousand dollars. It seemed not improbable that Pound would presently have to fall back upon his Government bonds, which he had resolved to cling to at all hazards.

But at this juncture luck signally favored him; and the good luck came precisely from Toronto where his luck had been rather worse than anywhere else.

Before the Legislature had been in session a month Tommy Watrous wrote him a long letter, inclosing a lengthy clipping from the St. Jude (Ontario) Daily Intelligencer. The gist of the clipping was that the contest over the will of the late G. H. Wyman had been decided, the will having been set aside and the estate awarded to Mr. Wyman's two sons, Algernon G. and Henry M. The estate was inventoried at one million eight hundred thousand dollars, mostly in cash and prime securities. "The estrangement between Mr. Wyman and his sons," the Intelligencer added discreetly, "continued for several years prior to his lamented decease, during which time the young gentlemen, who now come into this princely inheritance, lived in straitened circumstances."

Algernon G. Wyman, it appeared from Tommy's letter, had been a friend of the manager of the bucketshop's small branch at St. Jude. In his impecunious days he had occasionally borrowed twenty dollars and bought ten shares of something or other, and had usually lost the money. He appeared to be a flighty, addle-pated young man, considerably addicted to Scotch whisky and other follies, whom the elder Wyman, presumably, had disinherited for very good reasons. But the main point was that Algernon was infatuated with the bucketshop business; thought it the finest possible opening for a capitalist. "He has been talking to me about all day," Tommy wrote. "I guess this big wad of money has sort of made him dizzy. He wants to buy out our Canadian offices right away. Of course, I told him to go right up to St. Paul and see you, and gave him a letter of introduction. He has gone back to St. Jude to get his brother. Expect you will see both of them about a day after you receive this. You can size up Algernon in a few minutes. I don't believe he and his money will stay together very long. Don't I get a commission on this?"

That same afternoon Tommy wired:

> Algernon is still in town; says he has written you. Don't you think it would be best to run down here and see him —without appearing anxious?

The next morning Pound received a long, typewritten letter on the stationery of the King Edward Hotel, Toronto:

> *Dear Sir:* Making reference to the conversation had between the undersigned and Mr. Thomas Watrous,

The world's greatest singers make records only for the Victor.

The world's *greatest* singers! The greatest tenors; the greatest sopranos; the greatest contraltos; the greatest baritones; the greatest bassos. Not *among* the greatest, but *the* greatest of all nationalities.

Caruso, the greatest Italian tenor
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Scotti, Battistini, Ruffo } the greatest Italian baritones
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Boyd Syllabic System — written with only nine characters. No [illegible] no [illegible] no [illegible] speedy practical system that can be [illegible] in [illegible] hours at [illegible] spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address, Chicago Correspondence Schools, 726 Chicago Opera House Block, Chicago, Ill.

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Delicious, Invigorating and Sustaining

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Pat'd Aug. 24, 09

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Be sure to get one and stop fumbling with wallet, or loose "roll," or old-style bill fold.

At leading Leather Goods Dealers and Department Stores.

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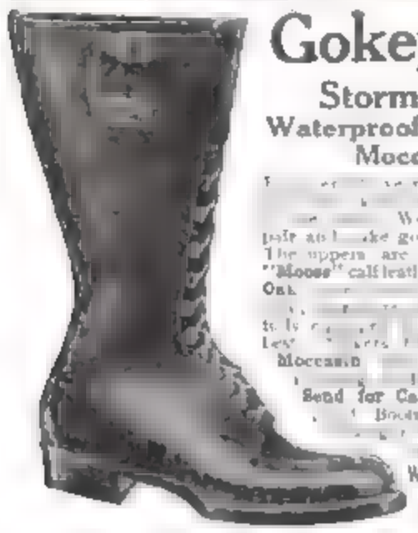
For Christmas and this Beautiful Cart?

The Tony Pony Line

MICHIGAN BUGGY CO., 37 Office Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.
We also make the Rhode Michigan Line of pleasure vehicles.



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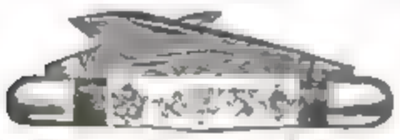

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N. 46 Gallery Fine Arts, Battle Creek, Mich.

manager of the office of the Moxley Stock and Grain Company at this place, and also to such communications as may have passed by post and wire between yourself and the said Mr. Thomas Watrous

The writer, in fact, rambled like an inebriate man on an icy sidewalk. What he had to say was that, upon telephoning his brother at St. Jude, he discovered that Henry had started north on a hunting expedition. He was now trying to reach him by wire and get him to return at once to Toronto, so that both of them could proceed immediately to St. Paul. He begged Mr. Pound, meanwhile, to say whether it would be possible for himself and his brother to buy the Canadian system of the Moxley Stock and Grain Company or to buy a substantial interest in the company itself. In case Mr. Pound was unfavorably inclined toward this proposal, he hoped Mr. Pound would not give a positive answer in the negative until he and his brother Henry had an opportunity to talk it over with Mr. Pound personally. He was expecting to have word of his brother almost any moment. This communication was signed Alg. G. Wyman.

Pound took much care in framing an answer. He judged that he had to deal with a rank sucker, which was all the more reason why he should not expose himself to legal attack. The bucketshop was drifting toward bankruptcy, especially as Pound had sequestrated five hundred thousand dollars of its assets in Government bonds, which he proposed to keep for his own personal use. His task, therefore, was to make Mr. Wyman think the concern was in a highly flourishing state, and to sell him an interest in it on that basis, yet not to commit himself in writing or before witnesses in such a way that Mr. Wyman could substantiate a charge of fraudulent misrepresentation.

In substance, therefore, he wrote that while the company had been highly profitable the care of conducting it alone was proving injurious to his health; he realized, too, that if the Messrs. Wyman, with their ample capital, were minded to go into that business they might set up a competing concern. For the sake of having some capable persons associated with himself in the management of the company and to avoid competition he might consent to sell the Messrs. Wyman an interest.

Mr. Wyman was very glad, indeed, to hear it—as appeared from the long, meandering telegram which he at once sent Pound, and the still longer and more meandering letter. In addition to these communications, Mr. Wyman kept Tommy Watrous busy sending messages over the private wire. All the while he was endeavoring to locate his brother Henry.

Within two days Pound, at Mr. Wyman's impatient solicitation, submitted a definite proposal. The capital of the company, as appeared on its letterheads, was one million dollars. It might as well have been ten millions, or ten cents, for Pound owned it all. He offered to sell the Messrs. Wyman twenty-five hundred shares, equal to a one-quarter interest, for three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars, or at the rate of one hundred and fifty dollars a share. With this proposal he inclosed the original statement of that investigating committee before which he had exhibited seven hundred thousand dollars of Government bonds and statements from the banks showing that the company had more than four hundred thousand dollars in cash on deposit. He added, quite truthfully, that a statement of a later date would show still larger resources—without adding that a statement of the present date would not show nearly so much. He pointed out that he was sending Mr. Wyman the original report and begged Mr. Wyman to preserve that precious document very carefully and hand it to Mr. Thomas Watrous as soon as he had examined it.

In answer to this Wyman wired:

> Feel confident of arriving at conclusions with negotiations. In signification of same am depositing one hundred and fifty thousand dollars earnest money with London and St. Lawrence Bank. Have received intelligence of locality of my brother Henry. Expect him here Saturday.

Half an hour behind this message came a dispatch from the London and St.

A Book of Facts About 6% Irrigation Bonds

We have written a book on Irrigation bonds, based on 15 years of experience. It is a conservative statement of the vital facts of which we have intimate knowledge.

It will give you a clear conception of these ideal securities, which are now the most popular bonds that we handle.

Every investor, small or large, owes to himself a knowledge of these facts. Please send for the book—it is free.

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We are very large dealers in all good classes of bonds—Municipal, Corporation and Public Utility. We can offer you the choice of scores of such issues, and we just as gladly supply them as we do Irrigation bonds. So our position is not at all biased.

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In the past 15 years we have sold 71 separate issues of Reclamation bonds—Drainage and Irrigation—without a dollar of loss to any investor. We are now the largest dealers in this class of bonds, so our book is based on ample experience.

We buy and sell *Entire Issues* of Reclamation bonds. Our own engineers and attorneys pass on every detail. An officer of our Company spends most of his time in the irrigated country, watching every project through to completion.

Being the largest dealers in Irrigation bonds, we have our pick of the issues. There are few projects of this kind, save Government projects, which we are not invited to finance. We are able, therefore, to supply our customers with the best of these securities, all based on well-located lands.

Farm Lien Security

Irrigation bonds are secured by first liens on the most fertile farm lands in America. The liens are given by individual land owners in payment for water rights. And the water immediately multiplies the land's value.

The liens are conservative. Usually they will not exceed one-fourth the land's value. The liens are paid off in ten annual installments.

The first crop from the land is frequently sufficient to pay the whole lien—often by several times over. These liens, therefore, have many advantages over the usual farm mortgage.

In addition, the bonds are secured by a first mortgage on all the property which the Irrigation Company owns, and which the proceeds of the bonds help to build and buy.

Some Irrigation bonds are municipal securities, issued by organized districts. Such bonds, like School bonds, form a tax lien on all the real property lying in populous districts.

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In all the projects we finance the security is ample and ideal. One can scarcely conceive of anything better.

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Irrigation bonds pay six per cent interest. This is a larger rate than can be obtained on any large class of bonds issued on equal security.

This high rate is due to the fact that irrigation projects are profitable. The demand for irrigated land exceeds the supply. Many millions of dollars can be utilized at once in these projects, and this liberal rate is paid to obtain the funds.

$100—$500—$1,000

These are serial bonds, running from two to twelve years. So one may make long-time or short-time investments. Every bond paid off increases the security back of the rest.

The bonds are issued in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, so they appeal to both small investors and large.

Ask for the Book

Our book deals with all these facts—and more. It is profusely illustrated. Every investor owes to himself its perusal. Please send this coupon today for it.

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Gentlemen:—Please send me your new Bond Book, "The World's Greatest Industry."

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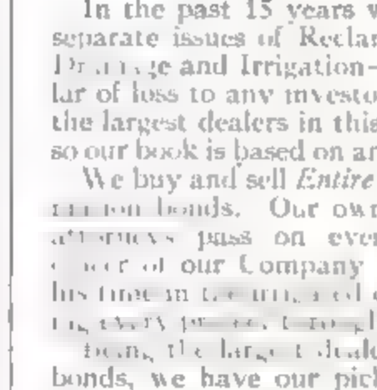

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You men who shave yourselves—you women who dress your own hair, here's absolutely the best time and trouble saver that you can get! It's a mirror that gives you free use of both your hands while throwing the full strength of all your light exactly where you want it. It fits over your shoulders, stands on the dresser, or hangs on the wall. A simple touch adjusts it to any angle imaginable—sideways, up or down, close or removed from the face. No matter where your light is, it can not get away from

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This mirror is by far the most convenient toilet necessity ever devised. It not only combines in one mirror all the useful features of every other, but adds to them several features that were never found in any mirror.

It brings the back of the head in as plain view as the face, and enables the ladies to arrange their back hair as easily as the front. It gives the man who shaves just the right light from every view point, and makes shaving around the ears, under the chin and on the back of the neck as easy and safe as shaving the face.

For Christmas

The Allview Portable Mirror is made of 6¾-inch finest grade German plate mirror, with a strongly jointed, highly polished special nickel steel frame. It folds compactly into a special case, and is extremely handy when traveling. Its many uses, together with its rich appearance, make it an exceptional Christmas gift for men or women—old or young.

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Send for it today. Shows over 300 designs of charming, low-priced, artistic furniture. Tells an interesting story about this unusual and popular style—the handiwork of

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Every piece has our trade mark branded into the wood. Look for it. We will send you the name of the nearest dealer.

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It Brings the Whole World to the Library Table

THE TRAVEL MAGAZINE 365 4th Avenue New York

The Lonely Baby

I'm just a baby angel,
And I'm [illegible] as can be,
I'm waiting for somebody
To come and ask for me.
Perhaps you'll write a letter
[illegible]
And ask if I want fly to you
And perch above your door

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Ask your dealer for this beautiful ivory tinted cast, a fine Christmas gift. 9 in. size, $1.25, express paid. Pedestal 25 cents extra. Classical and historical subjects for SCHOOLS. Send for "Christmas Suggestions." 9-2

Boston Sculpture Co., 807 Main St., Melrose, Mass.

Lawrence Bank at Toronto, to the effect that A. G. Wyman had deposited there one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the use of John Pound in case certain stock was delivered by Pound to Wyman in a manner satisfactory to Wyman.

It seemed to Pound high time to strike The fruit, indeed, was falling into his lap of its own weight; but a quick, dexterous little shake now would bring it down at once, and he was naturally impatient For the moment things were quiet at St. Paul. He resolved to slip down to Toronto and meet the brothers on Saturday He could easily invent a plausible excuse for turning up there. Begirt as he was by enemies, it was obviously imprudent, however, to advertise his movements, and he had no great faith in Eileen's discretion. He told her, therefore, that business called him to Chicago. It was only as he was about to take the train that he wired Tommy Watrous of his coming. In his own office only Patterson knew his destination.

But at Toronto Tommy Watrous met him apologetically. On Thursday evening, it appeared, Wyman had received the long-expected word from his brother Henry, who was in a hunting camp far up in the Province of Quebec. The word was unsatisfactory; Henry had merely said that he couldn't possibly come to Toronto then. Algernon, thereupon, in his impatience to close the bucketshop deal and not knowing Mr. Pound was coming, had set out pellmell to get Brother Henry and bring him back. Tommy showed the note, in Algernon's usual meandering style, which Wyman had mailed him from the train Thursday evening; and the telegram from Brother Henry which was inclosed in the note.

This, of course, was rather disappointing. Having told Eileen that he was going to Chicago instead of to Toronto, he used the bucketshop's private wire to inquire, at the Chicago office, whether any message from Eileen to himself had been received there, and to send her, under Chicago date, a dispatch of conjugal greeting. For this purpose he went to the rear of the office where the telegraph operators sat. To notice and remember faces was fairly an instinct with him. So he noticed the operator who carried out his instructions a sallow young man with an unusually long chin.

Later in the day, returning to the King Edward Hotel, he saw this same operator climbing into a cab. The vehicle contained another occupant of whom Pound had a sufficient glimpse—a swarthy, chubby, jolly-looking little man, whom Pound at once recognized as Billy Brewer, formerly a telegraph operator in the employ of the bucketshop, who had then been a chum of Hamilton.

Pound turned sharply on his heel to look after the cab, which was already rolling away. He saw the two men laughing like people on very good terms.

The incident brought a vague unrest to his mind, because Brewer suggested Hamilton, and Hamilton suggested Emma. It occurred to him that the swarthy, chubby, little telegraph operator must have struck oil somewhere, if he could afford to put up at so expensive a hotel.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Naval Officers' Pay

AMERICAN sea officers receive on the average higher rates of pay than those of the navies of other Powers, and in the lower grades the professional income of the young officer is sufficient for the reasonable requirements of a man of his education and standing. There are few professional men whose incomes, in the first years after graduation from college, equal those of officers of approximate ages; but, given the tremendous responsibilities and thorough technical knowledge necessary adequately to fill their positions, it seems that the superior officers of the Navy do not receive pecuniary reward commensurate with the value of their services. Added to this, it is in the higher grades where the advantage in the matter of pay is sometimes seriously offset through the failure of Congress—except in some rare instances—to provide for the entertainment of the Nation's guests, while liberal allowances for such purposes, in addition to their pay, are made to officers of high rank by all Governments of like importance and dignity with the United States. Be that as it may, the Nation is loyally and unselfishly served by the officers of its Navy.

American Gentleman SHOE $3.50 $4.00 $5.00

Don't be misled into the belief that a loose shoe will be comfortable. It is just as bad for the foot to slip in a shoe as it is to have the shoe pinch. A proper fit is a snug fit at every point of contact with the foot. Try on your size in the

American Gentleman Shoe

and you will know what we mean. This shoe is made on anatomically correct lasts, and in a great variety of styles, making it possible to fit most any foot. The Largest Manufacturers of Shoes in the World have been able to put into the American Gentleman Shoe a quality of materials and workmanship that assures unusual durability and style.

The shoe illustrated is the best quality colt patent leather Blucher. It has a light dull cloth [illegible] edge and medium [illegible] and very popular with those who desire a stylish shoe that is comfortable

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Swift's Premium Calendar for 1910

Four Famous American Songs

This is by far the most beautiful, interesting and valuable calendar we have ever published. Each of the four large sheets (9½ x 15 inches) illustrates in colors the homes and childhood scenes of the authors of the four most famous American songs, giving a portrait, autograph and biography of the author, the history of the song, words of the song, and on the reverse side a full piano music score with the words.

One of These Calendars Should be in Every Home

It is an authentic picture history of songs dear to every American Heart.

Sent postpaid for 10 cents in coin or stamps
Or—One Cap from a Jar of Swift's Beef Extract
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(In Canada 10c. additional is required on account of duty.)

When ordering for the household, remember

Swift's Pride Soap Pride Washing Powder Pride Cleanser and Wool Soap

are always to be depended upon for excellence and are the most economical from the standpoint of *quality and satisfaction.* When you write for the Calendar address

Swift & Company, 4140 Exchange Ave., Chicago, Ill.

THE HEALTH OF WORKING-WOMEN

(Continued from Page 5)

From forty-five to sixty-four the contrast is even more striking. The average for women of all ages is 20.1 per thousand, while that of women employed in gainful occupations ranges from 12 per thousand for mill and factory operatives, 10 for dressmakers and seamstresses, 14 for bookkeepers, clerks and copyists, with the appalling pitch of 53.4 for domestic servants.

In short, every gainful occupation in which woman is employed in the United States shows a lower mortality than that of the total number of females for the same age period, with the single exception of domestic servants. The contrast between the women who work outside of the home and those who work for wages inside the home is positively appalling. The general average for the two classes is 8.3 per thousand at all ages, and 17.1 per thousand for domestic servants!

The employment of women in commercial and public occupations is and has been subject to an enormous amount of abuse, and the various philanthropic agencies that have fought with energy and success against such abuse and exploitation are entitled to the greatest credit for the successful issue of their fight. No one who knows anything about the conditions of women workers and child workers in factories, mills and shops would propose a moment's relaxation of the vigor of factory, women and child-labor legislation. In fact, its standards ought to be steadily raised all along the line.

However, the most serious hygienic indictment against the employment of women in industrial occupations remains yet to be met, and that is its effect upon the vigor and stamina of future generations and upon the birth rate. There can be no question that the general birth rate is steadily decreasing all over the civilized world and that this decrease is more rapid and more noticeable in the classes of women that are or have been employed in public industrial occupations. But there are two important offsets to this admission which decidedly alter its bearing upon the future of the race. The first of these is most obvious and can be readily dismissed namely, that it is an axiomatic statement on the order of the truth that no one body can occupy two different points in space at the same time, and that, therefore, a woman cannot successfully and satisfactorily both earn good wages in a factory and bear and rear children. The employment in factories of married women who have young children to rear is certainly most undesirable from every point of view—hygienic, economic and moral.

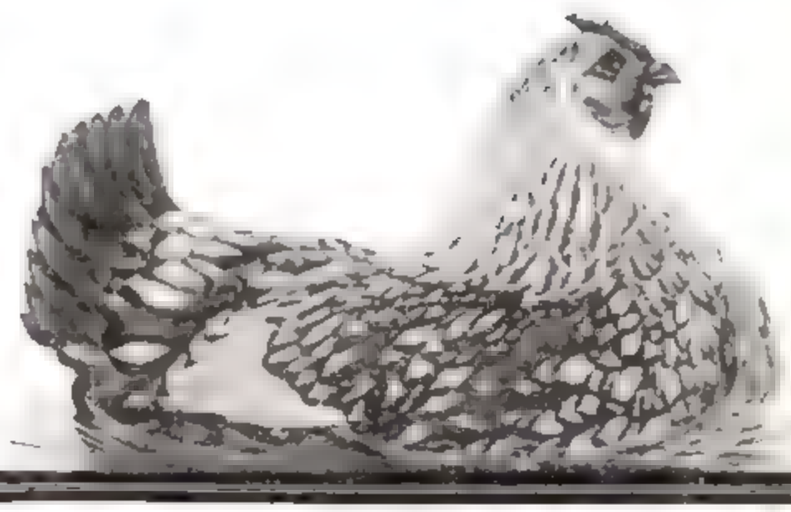
A Simple Remedy

The remedy is a comparatively simple one. Pay the husband a wage that will enable him adequately to support his wife and rear his children without having to demand the assistance of the wife and mother. Or, as is already being proposed in France and Germany, pay the widowed mother a certain pension for staying at home and taking care of her children. It is gradually dawning, though very, very slowly, upon the minds of our legislators and economists that the one thing no community can possibly afford to do is to allow its children to grow up stunted, deformed or kept below their full level of normal possibilities by neglect, starvation, disease or overwork. And that the most remunerative occupation that the community can devise for a mother is the care of her children. She will earn at least three times her factory wages at it.

A large majority of the women employed in industrial occupations marry with the intention of leaving that occupation when they do so. Nor am I able to find any adequate basis for the belief that they are less competent or capable housekeepers, wives or mothers for their industrial experience. On the contrary, so far as their industrial experience has broadened and sharpened their intelligence, has given them a wider knowledge of the world and a more intelligent interest in general affairs, has broadened their horizon and blunted their spites and their prejudices, it has made them capable of more intelligent and more effective wifehood and motherhood and home-making.

So far from public employment driving women away from marriage, one of the

Read how two men make $12,000 a year clear profit on a small egg-farm



FOUR years ago the Cornings, father and son, both in poor health, and with no practical experience, took up egg-raising, on a few acres of land at Bound Brook, N. J., beginning with only thirty hens. To-day they have one of the greatest egg-producing plants in this country, and a business that, with 1953 hens, paid last year a *clear profit of more than twelve thousand dollars.*

Next year they plan to have 4000 hens. What do you think their profits will be? Get the FARM JOURNAL and find out.

The Corning Egg-Book

(entitled **"$6.41 per Hen per Year"**) tells HOW these two men did it. Not theories, but *facts;* not air-castles, not expectations, but *methods*, tested and proved by experience. It tells how they found a market eager to get choice eggs at high prices. It tells how they learned to meet that demand with an *unfailing supply*, in winter as in summer. It tells of their problems and failures, and how they overcame them and won SUCCESS. It gives photographic pictures of their plant, with working drawings of important buildings, etc.

And it gives beginners just the help they need to make money in this unlimited field. Your chances of success are far better than theirs, for you have their experience to guide you. The knowledge which cost the Cornings thousands of dollars and years of experiment is at your command for the price of a dozen eggs.

Here are some of the things that the CORNING EGG-BOOK tells:

- The troubles of great hotels in getting reliable eggs.
- The prices paid for CORNING eggs throughout the year.
- The number of eggs sold each month throughout the year.
- How to get the most eggs when other people get none.
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- How to grow juicy broilers in nine weeks.
- How to mix the feed that makes the most eggs.
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- Why and how they make the hens scratch for food.
- Why they send hens to roost with full crops.
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- Why they raise only white-shelled eggs.
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The Corning Egg-Book is sold in combination with the

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Enclosed find $1.00, for which send The Corning Egg-Book and Farm Journal for five years to

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Include the Poor Richard Almanac free, if this order is received in time.

strongest inducements to many girls and young women to enter these occupations is that it lifts them from what they believe and practically find to be a sort of social stigma, by taking them out of the class of personal domestic servants—the class whose labor is conducted under conditions more nearly resembling the slave labor of more than a century ago than any other form. And the principal value of this improved social position to them is that it will enable them to make a more desirable and advantageous marriage—an ambition that is as desirable and praiseworthy as any that can be imagined.

As to the lower birth rate of women who are or have been employed in public occupations, that is only a part of the great movement toward what might be termed intelligent parenthood, which is swaying every class of society and every nation in the civilized world. The same accusation used to be brought against the college woman, and the woman with the higher education and new woman generally. But the point of these criticisms has been very largely dulled now that time enough has elapsed to show that of the smaller number of children borne by the intelligent and thoughtful mother a far larger percentage survives to reach maturity; and that this percentage is of a height, weight and physical and intellectual vigor distinctly superior to that of the average of the larger family of less adequately-supported and carefully-trained children. In other words, a high birth rate always meant and still means, wherever it occurs, an enormous infant mortality, a lower general average of height, weight and physical and mental vigor at maturity, a higher disease rate and death rate at all ages. Therefore, modern civilized nations, with their distinctly falling birth rates, are—with the exception of France—actually increasing in population, in mental and physical vigor and in influence upon the world at a more rapid rate than ever before.

Calling a Syrian Bluff

THE Syrian boatmen of Jaffa, the port of disembarkation for Jerusalem, are so bold in their demand for *backsheesh*—the polite Turkish word for tips—that on more than one occasion the consular authorities have protested, usually quite in vain, to the central government. Nowhere west of Suez, perhaps, is there a more lawless or dangerous set of men. Banded together in a sort of guild they have long jeered at all efforts to control them, have put the local officials and consular authorities at defiance, and practically hold the disembarkation traffic of Jaffa in their hands.

The configuration of the Syrian coast makes it necessary for vessels to lie a mile or more off the shore at Jaffa, the passengers being conveyed from the ships to the landing stage in small boats manned by crews of a dozen or more lusty ruffians who, whatever else their defects, are magnificent watermen. To reach the port the boats must pass through an opening, scarce a dozen yards in width, in what is otherwise an unbroken line of reef, and against this reef even in comparatively calm weather the waves break viciously. The sea along this portion of the littoral is very generally rough, it being so tempestuous in winter that passengers from ports in Northern Syria who wish to go to Egypt never think of taking passage farther than Jaffa, for in a majority of cases the violence of the waves makes it impossible to land passengers at that port, the ship being compelled to carry them on to Port Said or Alexandria without extra charge. It is during the stormy weather of the early spring when Jaffa is thronged with tourists returning from Jerusalem that the boatmen reap their harvest, for if the sea is at all rough they generally charge the passengers a pound apiece for taking them out to the vessel, not infrequently supplementing this charge while the boat is tossing on the waves midway between ship and land, by threatening that if another pound is not given them as a tip the boat will be capsized. As the passengers are wholly at the mercy of the boatmen, who can themselves swim like fishes, there is generally nothing to do but accede with the best grace possible. This method of obtaining *backsheesh* is taken as matter of course by all inhabitants of Jaffa, and though the foreign consuls will listen to your indignant protests with polite concern, they are really quite helpless in the face of governmental indifference.

Two years ago, however, the boatmen of Jaffa met their match. It was a wild morning, with the wind blowing big guns, when the train from Jerusalem with its load of tourists pulled in and the khedivial mail boat, lying a mile or two off shore, rocked and rolled like a bucking bronco. "Impossible to embark," said the tourist agents decisively. "You'll have to wait for the steamer day after tomorrow." "Impossible, did you say?" asked one of the tourists, a clean-shaven, brown-faced, quick-spoken American. "There's no such word. I've got to get out of here today or I'll miss my connections with the P. & O. at Port Said. Five pounds to the boat's crew that puts me aboard that ship." There was a moment's hesitation, for it was really dangerous weather with a terrific sea running, but five pounds is wealth beyond the dreams of avarice in that part of the world, and an ex-smuggler, named Ali, followed by a crew as disreputable as himself, volunteered. It was easy enough pulling until they got beyond the natural wall formed by the line of reefs; after that things looked decidedly serious.

The water reared itself up in mountains instead of waves, but the boatmen, pulling in rhythm to Ali's "*Ya hoo! Ya hakk!*" made progress notwithstanding. Two-thirds of the way to the steamer and the head man, as though at a prearranged signal, dropped his oar and came clambering aft to where the American, soaked to the skin, clung to the stern with his bag between his feet. "Hard work, *effendi*," said the boatman, "too hard for such poor pay. My men are asking for *backsheesh*—you must give them ten pounds more."

"Absurd!" said the American angrily. "Put me on board and you will be taken care of."

"Ten pounds first!" said the ex-smuggler doggedly. "Ten pounds, here and now!"

"And if I don't give it?" inquired the lone passenger nervously.

"The waves are high, *effendi*, our boat is frail, and without such encouragement my men may not be able to keep it from turning over. It is a long swim to the shore, *effendi*."

"You are right," said the American, "it is a long swim to the shore and I don't intend to take it." Leaning forward he unfastened his valise, the greedy eyes of the boatmen fixed expectantly upon him, put in his hand and withdrew it holding a revolver, one of the long, slim, ugly pattern, blue-black and deadly looking. "By the beard of our lord Mohammed!" said the head boatman afterward, "but I thought it was a cannon." Clinging to the seat with one hand the passenger held his weapon on the crew with the other. "I've six shots in my hand," he said. "Row on to the ship or there'll be six funerals in Jaffa tomorrow." They rowed on. Reaching the ship the head boatman followed his passenger up the swaying gangway. "Our pay, excellency!" he whimpered. "The five liras you promised us." "Here is your pay then," said the American. "And it's more than you and your crew of brigands deserve." Dropping a silver *medjidie* into the boatmen's outstretched hand he disappeared into his cabin.

Your Christmas Gift

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KNO-TAIR hose is not the usual guaranteed kind—it is materially different—A soft feeling, silky hose, SEAMLESS and SHAPELY—fits SNUG and has the STRENGTH to RESIST the STOUTEST WEAR.

KNO-TAIR Pure Silk Lisle Hose is made in SIXTEEN fashionable shades for WOMEN, in EIGHT colors for MEN.

There's a world of satisfaction and a feeling of contentment in knowing that you are giving of the best.

GIVE KNO-TAIR

Order a box of Six Pairs from Your Dealer TO-DAY—if he cannot supply you, make your selection from the following list:

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WOMEN'S Lisle like hose (Black, Tan and Grey), with [illegible] $2.00 the box

MEN'S and WOMEN'S PURE SILK LISLE hose. MEN'S [illegible] Tan, Grey, Navy Blue, Burgundy, Green, Purple and [illegible] Green, Bronze, Old Rose, [illegible] Pink, Navy and Sky Blue, with [illegible] Six Pairs, Guaranteed Six Months [illegible] $3.00 the box

MEN'S Lisle like Hose, Black, Tan and [illegible] $1.50 the box

MEN'S SUPER SILK LISLE—a trifle heavier than the Pure Silk Lisle. Same Colors. [illegible] $3.00 the box

According [illegible] Knotair [illegible] IT'S FREE. Also ask [illegible]

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Toledo, O.

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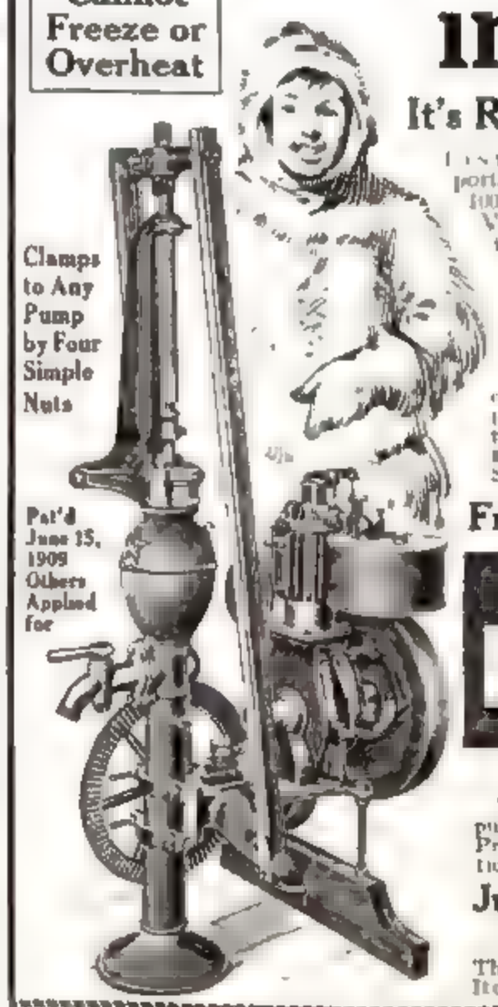

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The engine is different from anything ever known. An air-cooled engine of the most highly perfected design, without fans or cooling attachments. **Complete** in itself, requiring no special platform, no belts, no arms, no shafts, no anchor posts, no pump jacks, no towers. **Ready to run inside of 15 minutes after delivery!** Tank holds a full day's supply of gasoline. Starts or stops **instantly** and needs no attention while running.

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BEAUTIFYING COUNTRY PLACES—By David Buffum

Doing Much With Very Little Money

The Old Buffum Homestead, Near Newport, R. I. These Grounds Were Never Graded, but Simply Smoothed, in the Manner Recommended in This Article

A MAN in comfortable though rather moderate circumstances who had just bought a country place—and it had been the dream of his life to own a little place in the country—recently said to me: "Well, I've got my country place at last—a nice little farm of twenty-five acres where I can not only live in the summer but have a garden and keep poultry and a horse and cow. It is just what I've always wanted, and it cost me only thirty-five hundred dollars. I expected to have the time of my life getting it into shape, making it attractive in appearance and laying out my grounds. Now I find that it will take pretty nearly as much money to get it into proper shape and have it look as if it belonged to somebody who had a little taste as it did to buy it. And, to be quite frank, I can't afford it."

"What are the main items of expense?" I asked.

"Well, in the first place, the buildings don't stand right—the barn and woodshed are too close to the house. But I find it will cost about as much to move them and fill up and obliterate the cellar as it would to build new ones. Then there's the grading and laying out of the grounds. I want to get all the ground around the house into a nice lawn, with flower-beds, shrubbery and so forth—all the humps and hollows smoothed out, you know. The lowest price any landscape gardener is willing to undertake the job for is eight hundred dollars. I'm afraid that if I try to do it myself, getting the plan from a good landscape gardener and having my own man, with a helper or two, do the work, it will cost about as much."

Undesirable Improvements

This complaint is one of many of a similar kind that from time to time have come to my ears. Such complaints show only too plainly how many there are to whom the cost of making the desired changes and improvements has been a serious bugbear, and has not only robbed them of much of the pleasure they expected to have in beautifying their properties, but also has caused many incongruous effects and half-carried-out schemes of landscape gardening. Nor was my friend's complaint by any means ill founded. The estimates given him by the house movers and landscape gardeners were not excessive. The laying out and maintenance of ornamental grounds usually call for a large outlay in both time and money. The grading of land, involving, as it does, the moving of considerable earth, is very costly work, and even when completed the constant use of the lawn-mower and the proper care of flower-beds and graveled walks and driveways cost so much that large grounds of this kind are only possible for people of ample means.

It is my purpose here—at least so far as can be done in a short article—to point out a few of the fundamental principles in the artistic treatment of country properties. I want also to show my readers that a long bank account is by no means necessary to the satisfactory beautifying of their country homes; in fact, that such beautifying often involves no more expense than the labor of the owner himself during his summer vacation and need never be in excess of what any one who is able to buy a country place at all can well afford. The only thing needful is that requisite of every economical and well-ordered undertaking—to know how.

In the first place, let me say what not to do. However small the grounds immediately around your house, always avoid the appearance or suggestion of restriction. The great cost of laying out grounds in the ordinary way naturally causes this cramped look in the grounds of many country dwellers of limited means; for at the usual rate of expenditure one must stop somewhere, and frequently not very far off, either. So the grounds are small and the dividing line between the ornamental and outlying land sharply accentuated. Now the country, of all places, should be suggestive of amplitude, of plenty of elbow-room, rather than restriction, and ornamental grounds should harmonize, rather than contrast, with the surrounding land. The transition from one to the other should never be too sharply defined.

Substitutes for Grading

To carry out this scheme one must first realize that it is the general effect that tells, and not confine his efforts too closely to the particular spot where his domicile stands. He must also know that, for large places, lawns do not necessarily need to be graded, nor even kept down with a lawn-mower—cutting twice a month with a field-mower is sufficient. The graded and closely-clipped lawn, while common in large expanses in the grounds of wealthy people and undeniably a beautiful thing, is only imperatively called for in grounds of small size. To lay out a large lawn, in all ordinary country grounds, all that is needed is to fill the little hollows with earth and roll with a heavy roller. If there chances to be some hillock or mound that seems a little out of harmony with the general sweep of the land, plant it with bushes. This transforms it from an eyesore to an attractive feature and costs far less than to level it down. In like manner, if there be an outcropping ledge or boulder, it is not necessary to blast it out. Plant running vines around it and treat it as a permanent feature. It cannot look bad thus treated, and if in the right place may prove even more attractive than an unbroken lawn—just the needed obstruction, perhaps, for your driveway to sweep around, thus giving it an effective curve, or just the thing to add a pleasing variety to its particular location. In fact, all success in landscape treatment depends upon the turning to account of existing features, rather than in creating new ones. The country dweller who bears this law in mind and carefully studies the lay of his land may be sure

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that he can have, at but little cost, grounds that are more harmonious, effective and beautiful than those of his neighbor who ignores it—though the latter spends four times the amount of money upon them.

The majority of people of moderate means who acquire country places buy them with the buildings already upon them. It very often happens that these buildings are neither of tasteful design nor in the right place, and to remodel or move them would cost altogether too much. But there are very few country places, even the most apparently hopeless in these respects, that cannot by an intelligent study of the situation and by making the most of their possibilities, be made into attractive homes I know, for instance, of a charming country home—a home which cultivated people, when driving by, are very apt to pause to admire. The house, itself not of the best architecture, stands much too close to the highway, probably not more than six feet intervening between its front and the roadside wall, while the farm buildings, all old, stand immediately back of it. When the present owner bought it it stood in a small dooryard; the overnear and shabby farmstead, with its pig-pen, hen-roost and manure heap, was far too much in evidence There are very few people who, on a casual examination, would not have said that, as far as a country home was concerned, it offered about as little encouragement as could well be.

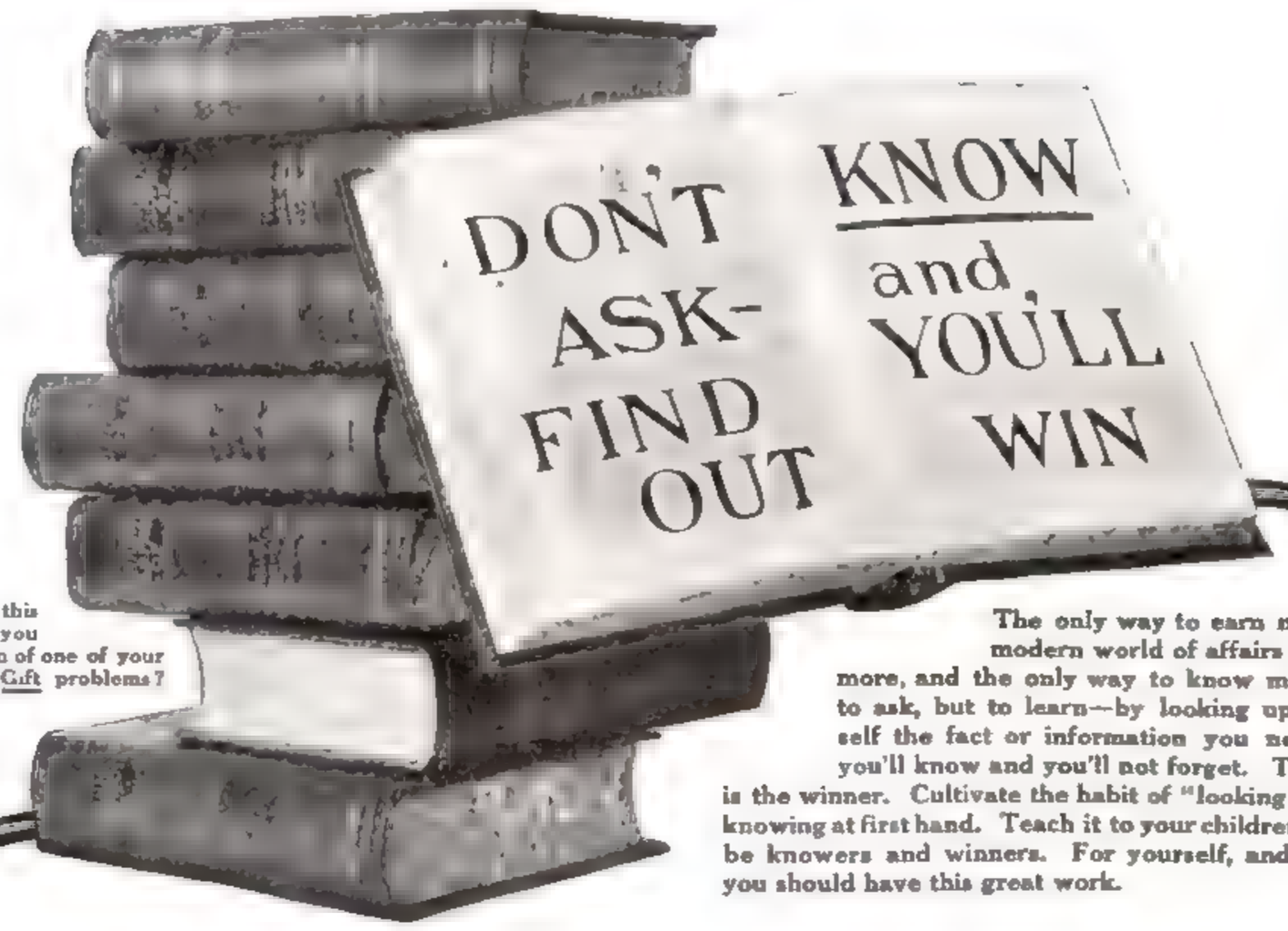
The Working of a Miracle

But look at it now! The house stands as near the highway as ever, it is true, but who thinks of that? It is no longer cramped for room. The inclosing dooryard fence is gone, allowing the adjoining farm field to become a part of the home grounds. A mass of fruit and shade trees, lilac bushes and grape trellises partly conceal the farm buildings, glimpses of whose dull red show attractively through their leaves. Southward from the house is a great, sunny stretch of grass land—the aforetime farm field with here and there a shade tree or clump of bushes, merging at its extremity into cultivated farm lands. And yet all this cost the owner very little. The ample grounds and lawn he obtained by simply removing a few useless fences and cutting down a lot of overcrowded trees, which paid as firewood for the cost of removal. The screen of foliage for the farmstead was formed by merely adding to the trees and lilac bushes already there a few grape trellises and quick-growing shrubs. The little front gateway which once stood immediately opposite the front door was walled up, the only break now in the roadside wall being a handsome carriage entrance near the end of the house. The front piazza, which formerly gave to one sitting on it the impression of being almost in the road itself, is now closely screened by lattice work and a dense growth of vines.

As to the cost of the whole metamorphosis—miracle, some have called it—I cannot speak with accuracy. It is safe to say, however—especially if the value of the firewood is taken into consideration—that it could not have exceeded three hundred or four hundred dollars at the utmost. Had it been done a little more gradually it would not have cost that.

One of the most obvious lessons to be drawn from the study of a place like this is that, if it is not possible to have the house

The View of the Water Was Obtained by Cutting Down the Bushes and Small Trees on the Edge of the Stream



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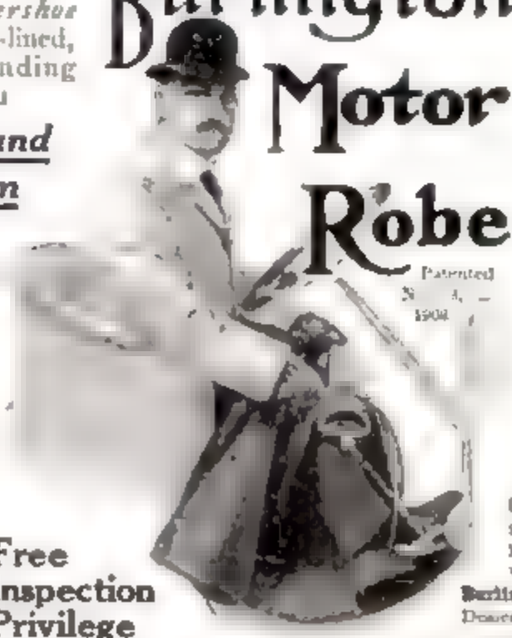

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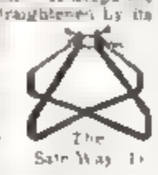

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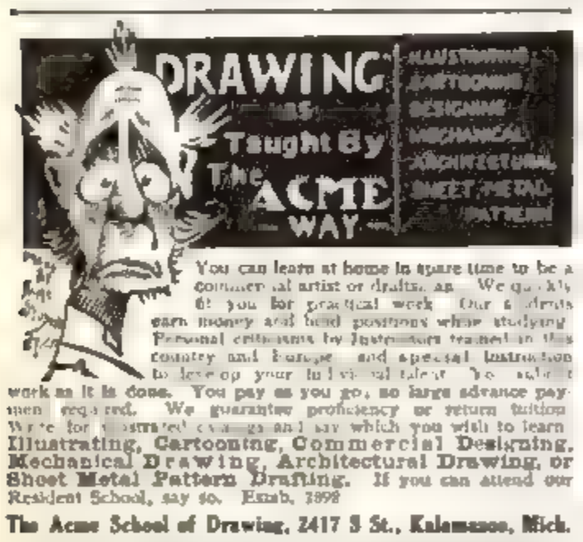

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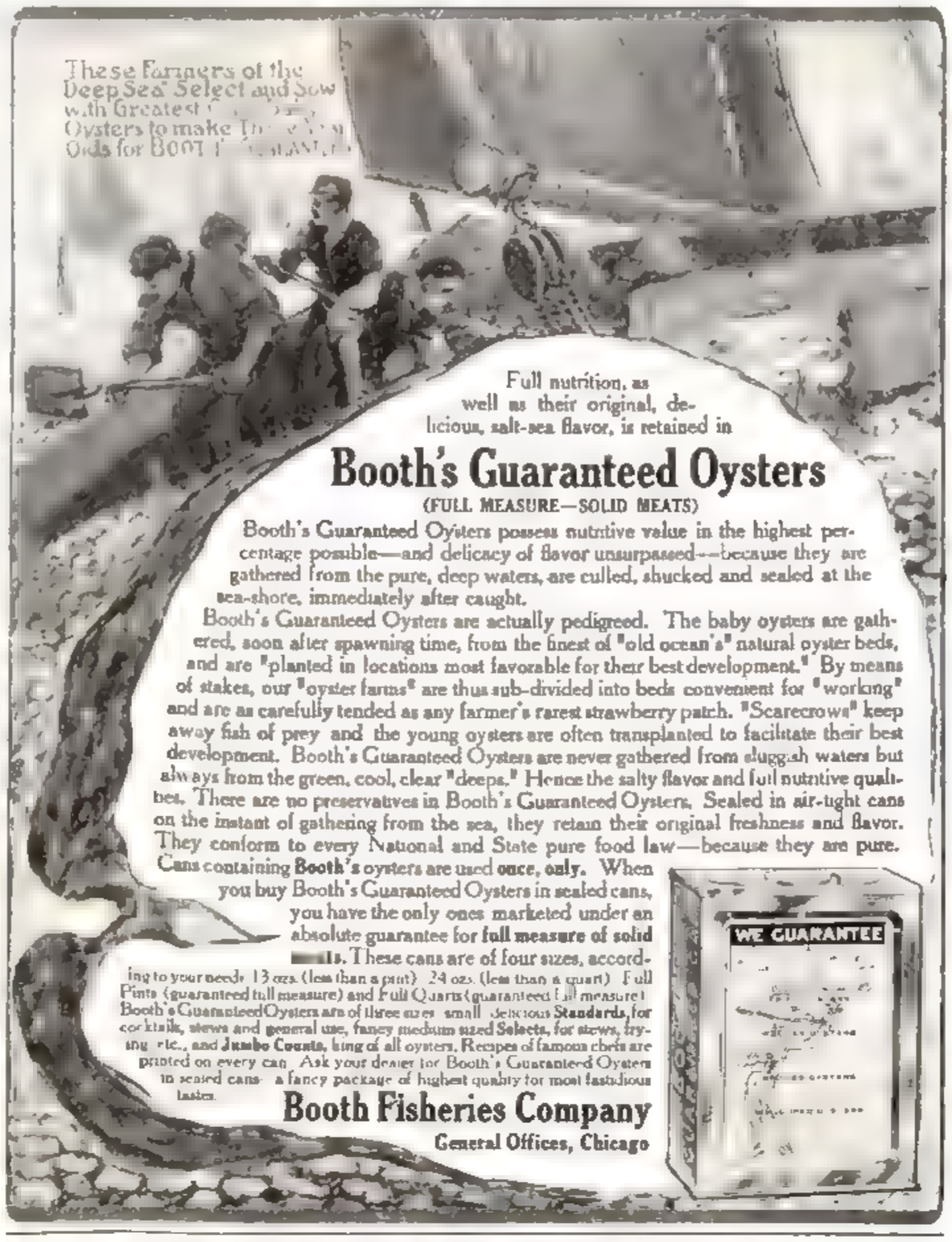
well back from the road, with a suitable proportion of its grounds in front of it, equally good effects may often be had by having the bulk of the grounds to one side or even, in certain cases, at the back. Indeed, I know of at least one case where the rear of the house was so obviously the right place for its frontage, and the lay of the land so clearly favorable to this reversal of the original idea, that the new owner had the great, old-fashioned kitchen transformed into a living-room—and a beautiful living-room it made, too—while the fortunate location of the outbuildings at one end of the house, instead of in their usual place at the rear, enabled him to lay out his home grounds with reference to his new front. But the keynote of all these changes—so effective and yet so inexpensively made—is the observance of the law already alluded to—the seizing upon and turning to advantage of existing features.

It is, perhaps, needless to multiply examples, but the wholly successful landscape treatment of a farm which I recently owned and where I lived for many years prompts me to add it to the examples already cited. The house, though ample in size, was of the plain, ordinary type of farmhouse—its front yard a jungle of trees and bushes, and the fence against the highway a tottering affair of wood. A number of people said when I bought it: "Well, the farm lands are good and the location beautiful, but you can never do anything with that old house and that cramped-up, shut-in wilderness of a dooryard." But the obliteration of the old front yard and the removal of several other useless inclosures gave ample grounds around the house; and all the unnecessary trees and bushes were cut down and grubbed up. This left me a fine lot of very handsome trees in just the places where they were wanted. The ground was now smoothed and seeded, a driveway laid out, and in place of the decrepit wooden fence a substantial stone wall was built from stones already on the farm. The addition of a rather simple but appropriate railing around the roof of the old farmhouse quite lifted it from its ordinary character and gave it a dignified and even distinguished look. The gateway which I designed for the front entrance was, perhaps, a little too costly to come properly under the head of inexpensive beautifying, but it must be remembered that the wall and gateway were the only really expensive things in the whole scheme of treatment, and seemed to be demanded by the general character of the rest of the place. I have many times designed stone gateways that cost very much less and looked really better in the places where they were put than this one would; for a gateway should be in keeping with the house and grounds to which it gives admission.

Amateur Wall-Building

It may be said here that the cost of wall-building may be much or little, according to the way one goes about it. It is commonly considered the most costly of all fences and, as in the case of the one just described, may easily run into considerable money. But on a tract of land that we recently bought on Prudence Island my son and I laid up with our own hands a considerable strip of wall, including two gateways with high-built posts. This wall is not, of course, equal to that of the best professional builders, but it is fully as good as that put up by the average stone-layer; it is so laid as to be substantial and strong, and it looks well. All that it cost was our own labor. We do not claim any extraordinary mechanical ability, and almost any owner of a country place can do the same thing if he chooses. All that is needful is carefully to observe some good workman to see how the thing is done; then go ahead and do it. And an owner always derives an additional pleasure from contemplating any well-carried-out piece of work that has been done by himself.

In this matter of fencing, although needless fencing is, in the abstract, always to be discouraged, a country place should have a substantial fence or, preferably, wall against the highway, whether it needs it or not. It is true that, in very many cases, it does not need it. But it is a fitting part of a landed domain, and it gives a certain impression of privacy and proprietorship that cannot otherwise be had. Grounds lying open to the highway are in good taste in villages or suburbs, but never look quite right in the country.



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But try to get her to order at once—for mothers forget.

Puffed Wheat, 10c **Puffed Rice, 15c**

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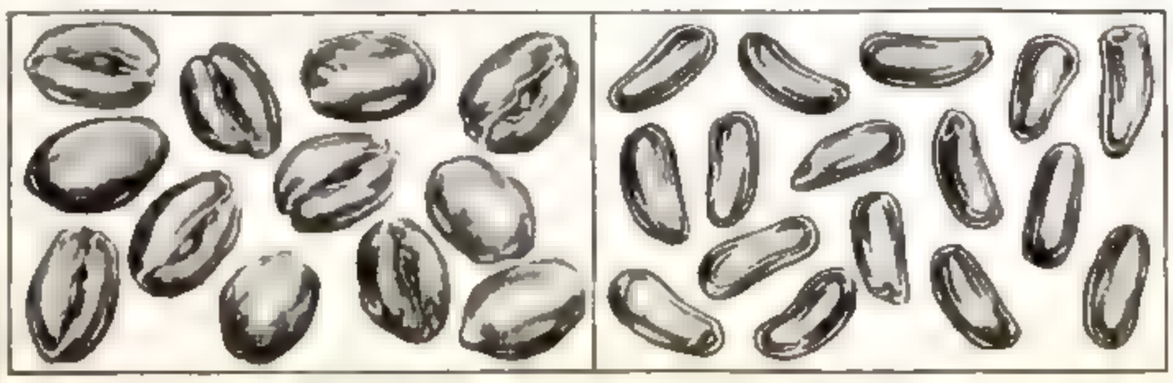

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I have already spoken of the easiest and cheapest way to make a lawn, and of the fact that on all large grounds grading is unnecessary. As almost every place needs at least one driveway, I feel that a few words are in order about the easiest and best way to lay out and build one, saying only, by way of preface, that it is never wise to have any more driveways than are absolutely needed.

As a rule, the easiest and most convenient approach from the highway to your house—the one that you would naturally take if unbiased by any other consideration—will form the best and most artistic driveway. If the house stands well back from the highway and the land is undulating, it is not often that this best line of approach will be perfectly straight. But if—as in the case of a level field, with no intervening obstructions—the simplicity and directness of the straight line is obviously called for, you need give yourself no fear but that it will look right—nothing is worse than meaningless curves. Such a driveway is easily located and needs no instructions for laying out. When the lay of the land calls for a driveway more or less winding, the following is the best method of laying it out and can hardly fail of curves graceful and easy to follow:

Take a horse and buggy and, going at a brisk trot, drive from the road gate to the house by what seems the best and most natural route. Then drive back. Repeat this till the wheel ruts are pretty well established. Now lay a large rope along the ground on each side, exactly parallel with the ruts, and the distance apart of the width of your path—usually eleven feet, but the space should be wider for very long driveways—and with an old axe cut through the sod close to the rope. This marks the edge of your driveway. Remove the sod from your driveway, round it up a little, but not too much, in the middle, and gravel it. In naturally dry lands this is all that is necessary. In wet, it may be necessary to excavate a little and to fill in with coarse gravel or small cobblestones.

For the care of your driveway when finished depend upon a light one-horse harrow or cultivator, followed by a rake. Hand-hoeing and weeding are much too costly and no more effective.

Making Brooks Attractive

Different country properties are so differently situated and vary so much in their distinctive features that it is impossible to give directions for their treatment—other than general ones—that will serve to meet every case. Their possibilities must be determined by the owner himself and worked out accordingly. But there are two features which often present such difficult problems that I think they merit special consideration—swampy land and brooks.

The former, if it is so near the house as to be in plain view and happens to be largely naked of shrubbery, is generally a serious eyesore. By far the best and easiest way out of this difficulty is to induce bushes to grow upon it; and this can generally be accomplished in a very short time by simply keeping out the cattle and letting it alone. The swamp alder will grow in the wettest ground and the bayberry plays it a close second. Of course, from an agricultural viewpoint it might pay to drain the wet land and have it all in cultivated grasses; but this is, by no means, always the case—and we are speaking here of purely decorative effects.

It is wise to remember that Nature is always decorative and that her tendency is to conceal her unsightly spots. One of the prettiest parts of a road that I sometimes drive over is through some swampy land. The road, being elevated a little above the surrounding level, is smooth, hard and dry. It is shaded here and there by swamp maples; a fringe of ferns grows along its edge and the closely-abutting alders, most of them full twenty feet in height, frame it in a solid mass of leaves. And all this decoration, except the roadbed itself, costs absolutely nothing and needs no care for its maintenance.

A brook is a thing that offers, perhaps, greater possibilities for one's home grounds than any other, and yet is often one of the most unsightly. "My brook," said an acquaintance to me lately, "ought to be an attractive feature on my country place, but it isn't. On the contrary, it's an eyesore. The ground on both sides of it is swampy for some distance. When it looks the best it is all concealed by the bushes

"Mother, You're All Right"

The association of mother and daughter is usually very close. Praise of face, or form, or character by either to the other means much more than the casual compliment of friends who want to be polite. When the daughter can look into the fresh, smooth, youthful face of her white-haired mother and say "Mother, you're all right" she is paying sincere tribute to her mother and in most cases she is also giving praise to the wonder-working power of

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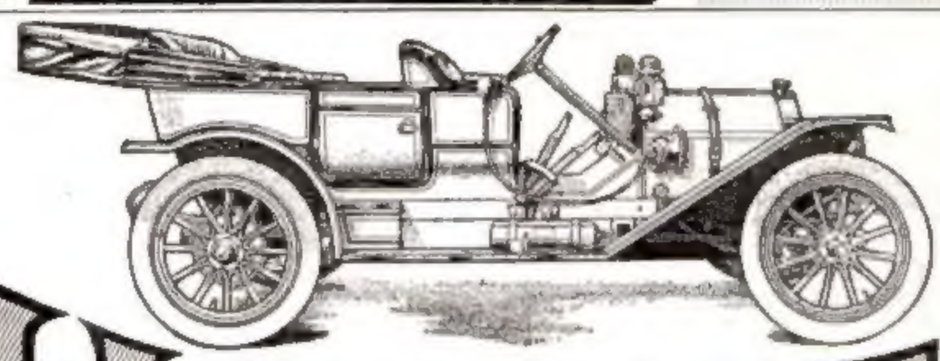

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along its banks, and when we can see it from the house its banks are muddy and poached up by the feet of cattle."

These troubles are easy of remedy. As a rule, all that is needed to drain the land on each side of a brook is to deepen its bed, allowing it to flow freely and well within its banks. And it is all the better for the bushes, for by removing only a part of them—leaving them here and there in clumps on each side—a far better effect can be had than if the banks were all clear. If it is desired to get all that can be had out of a brook—and this is well worth while—span it at some attractive point by a bridge and over this carry your driveway, or, at least, a footpath. Remember that a bridge, to be worthy of the name, should always have a railing. A mere affair of stringpieces, covered with planks, is anything but artistic, while the addition of a very simple railing changes its whole character, and often renders it one of the most attractive features on the grounds.

There is a brook in the grounds of a certain millionaire that has been made the object of much attention. It has been straightened in places, in others reduced to the most perfect curves, and its banks have been carefully sodded and kept closely mown with a lawn-mower. No one could say that it is not a beautiful feature in very beautiful grounds, and quite in place in its costly setting. But in some grounds that I laid out a few years ago, which are equally extensive though treated at far less cost, is a brook with its natural setting of bushes and water grass. This I spanned, at what I deemed its most effective point, with a very simple but not inartistic bridge, over which runs the driveway from the road to the house. I also removed some of the alders, leaving those which most effectively flanked the bridge. Some of the country neighbors, whose idea of rural elegance was a great pagoda of a house stuck on the top of some wind-swept hill where there was a view, were inclined to sneer at my driveway and bridge. But when they noticed that several artists made sketches of the spot and that it was admired by certain city people whose taste was presumably superior to their own, they began to regard it with different eyes.

I shall be glad if the few hints I have here given prove helpful to those who have country places, for I love the country and am a believer in having all of one's surroundings as attractive as may be. I wish to say that I am by no means decrying the elaborately-kept grounds that most wealthy people affect; indeed, all of my early training in the beautifying of country properties was along these lines, and many of these places are exceedingly beautiful. But I contend that for by far the greater number of country places the simpler treatment that I have recommended is best. And you and I who are not millionaires, but who, nevertheless, want our share of the good things of life—and if we are doing our allotted work are entitled to them, too—are not looking for artificiality, however beautiful, but for Nature, trained just enough to conform to our uses in home-making and to the fuller gratification of our sense of beauty and proportion. And when we learn that we can have this without a long bank account and a lot of grubbing gardeners, we shall have less envy of the man of millions, who, after all, has no more of what life can give than we have, but only in a different way.

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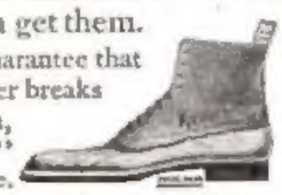

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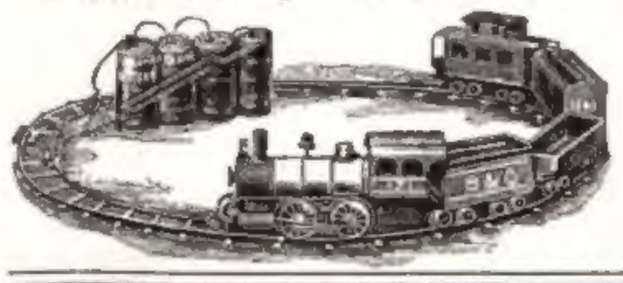

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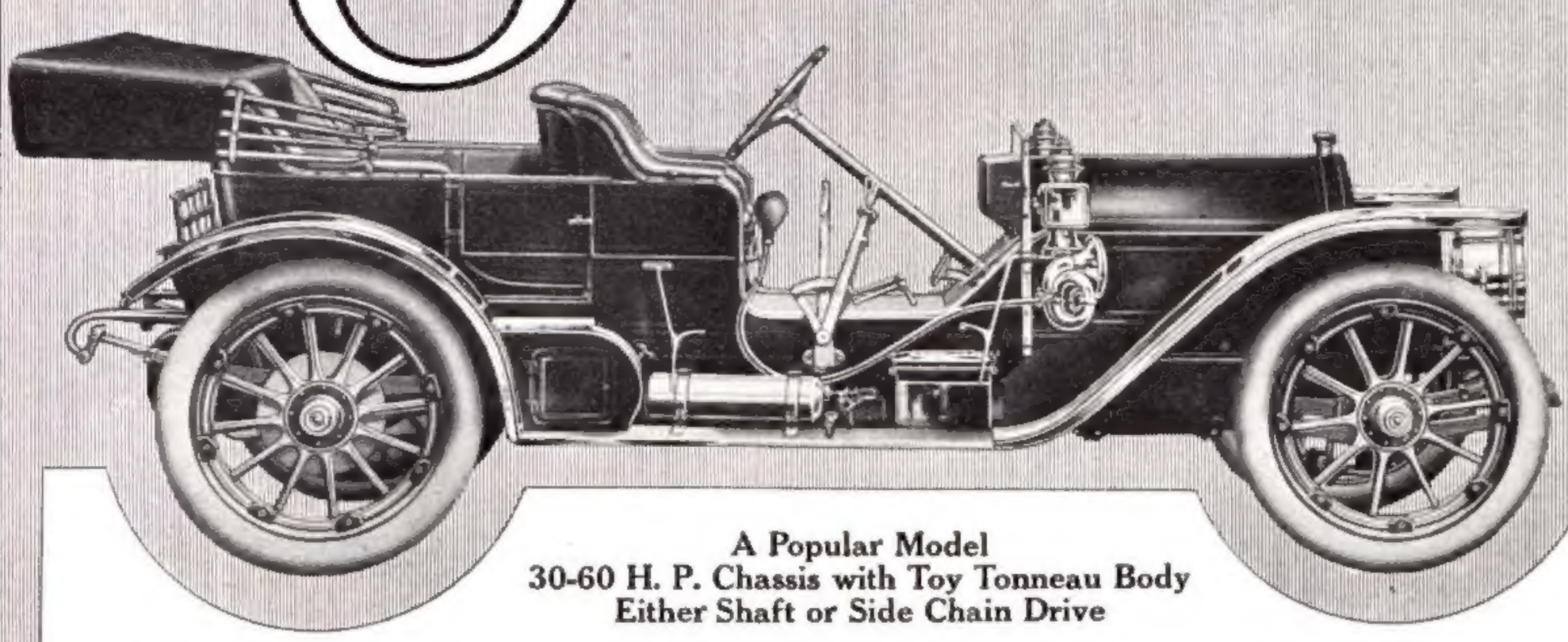
Awarded GRAND PRIZE, Seattle Exposition.
No other make of Saws merited or won equal award.
SIMONDS MFG. CO., Fitchburg, Mass.

The Sturdiest Car—is The Stearns



A Popular Model
30-60 H. P. Chassis with Toy Tonneau Body
Either Shaft or Side Chain Drive

NO ONE knows how long a Stearns will last, for no Stearns has ever worn out. Stearns cars have been made continually for the past 13 years. Each car, before it is sent from the factory, is given a rigorous road test for endurance. It is tested out in the country where every resistance that any car will ever encounter is met. It is tested out with a dead weight of half a ton of sand in the tonneau.

Built for Severe Service

We build and test Stearns cars for service that a motor car seldom encounters. But the mere fact that you drive a Stearns is motor car insurance.

We spend extravagantly in the making, where the expenditure adds to the strength. We pay three times the ordinary cost of many parts to insure long life.

That's why the Stearns costs more than common cars.

But that's why the Stearns endures.

It's good to have this extra strength; the Stearns is the safest car that's made.

The One Really Up-to-Date Car

The Stearns is always the latest in motor car construction. Yet we get out no new yearly models

But we maintain an experimental department that costs $40,000 a year. When we perfect a real improvement we add it at once to the car. Nothing's withheld for next year.

So, no matter when you buy a Stearns, you have the very latest advantages that a motor car can offer.

The Choice of Post-Graduate Motorists

Most of our owners have owned other makes. They have finally come to the Stearns because, as they say, "It's the ultimate car."

They have tired of buying new cars every year. People are buying the Stearns to keep and to use 'til they wear it out.

They have come to see that it's most economical to figure costs of upkeep by the year.

The Richest Looking Car

We have carried our quality through to the lines—the finish and the upholstering. All of this work is done in our own factory, so we know it's right up to Stearns standard.

Our roadsters and touring cars are low and rakish—our limousines and landaulets are luxurious and handsome.

There's a master touch in these cars.

They're the cars to take the most pride in as well as the cars that give the best and the most economical service.

All Stearns models are furnished with demountable rims without extra charge. The Stearns is the first car to include demountable rims in the regular equipment.

No prospective buyer will be disappointed if he sends for the latest catalog, No. 47.

THE F. B. STEARNS CO. (Member A. L. A. M.) CLEVELAND, OHIO

"The White Line Radiator Belongs to the Stearns"

'Ever-Ready' Safety Razor

With 12 Blades

$1

Complete

TRADE MARK FACE

Here Is a Safety Razor For Every Man and Every Beard

The **Ever-Ready** has already proven to two million users that it is the *one* safety razor *you* can depend on, that won't disappoint, that can't disappoint—that has a guarantee that compels it to make good.

The **Ever-Ready** is simple, quick, clean, sanitary, economical—time saving, money saving—a positive necessity. Impossible to cut or scratch the face.

The **Ever-Ready** safety frame is a scientifically adjusted model of simplicity that is rust-proof, tarnish-proof and guaranteed through years of service.

There are 12 blades in each **Ever-Ready** safety razor outfit at $1.00 (*Twelve* of them, mind you)—individually guaranteed to be perfect. Each blade is made best. It must pass a test that would astonish you for critical care. *In the* **Ever-Ready** *the blade is the greatness of the razor.*

Each **Ever-Ready** blade reaches the user in the same perfect state that it leaves the factory. A patented, rust-proof, dust-proof, sanitary edge-protecting package guarantees this. No other blade has this package. Exposed blades should be avoided. Common sense understanding explains why.

Today is the day to begin the **Ever-Ready** habit.

Go or send to the nearest CUTLERY STORE, HARDWARE STORE, DRUG STORE, JEWELER or GENERAL STORE, and secure an **Ever-Ready 12 bladed, $1.00 outfit**, like the one in the picture. If your dealer does not have it in stock and does not offer to order the **Ever-Ready** for you, send $1.00 direct to us and we will forward the complete outfit to your home address, all prepaid, with privilege of money back.

Do not ask for *a* dollar safety razor. Ask for the **Ever-Ready**—the one with 12 blades—there is a heap of difference.

Extra blades, 10 for 50c, on sale everywhere or direct from the makers.

10 *for* 50¢

The Improved Outfit

American Safety Razor Co., Inc., 320 Broadway, New York City

INTERNATIONAL DISTRIBUTING COMPANY, 991 St. Catherine St., Montreal, Canada.
2-3 Stonecutter St., London, England.

RAZOR SET When wrapped